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VOLUME XIX

POEMS OF GOETHE

REYNARD THE FOX

"Sitting at Ease beneath the Gate"

Photogravure from the painting by A. V. Ramberg

Poetical Works

VOLUME II.

Reynard the Fox

BY

J. W. Von Goethe

Translated by

John Storer Cobb

Edited by Nathan Haskell Dole

Boston Francis A. Niccolls
& Company *Publishers*

Leipzig Edition de Luxe

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REYNARD THE FOX

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"And abundance was furnished [illegible]" [illegible]

"And covered with fat and with oil." [illegible]

Poems of Goethe

Part II.

HERMANN AND DOROTHEA.

FORTUNE AND LOT.

NEVER before have I seen our market and streets so deserted;
Truly the town is as though 'twere swept out, or dead: for not fifty
Still are remaining behind, methinks, of our whole population.
What will not curiosity do? Thus runneth and rusheth,
Each one now to see the train of the poor wretched exiles.
Up to the causeway on which they travel, is nigh an hour's journey.
Still runs thither the crowd, in the dust and heat of the midday;
Yet, should not I like to stir from my place to see what affliction

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And we are getting in the fruit, as the hay is in already,
Dry: — the sky is clear, no cloud can be seen in the heavens,
And from the East the wind is blowing with loveliest coolness;
This is indeed settled weather! the corn over-ripe is already,
And we begin to-morrow to cut down the glorious harvest."

Whilst he thus spake, still swelled the troops of men and of women
Who, through the market square, to their homes were now seen returning;
And thus, too, at full speed returning along with his daughters,
Came to the other side of the square, where his new house was standing,
Riding in open carriage of handsome landau pattern,
Richest amongst his neighbours, the foremost of all the town's merchants.
Lively grew the streets; for the place was well peopled, and in it
Many a factory worked, and many a business was thriving.

Thus, then, under the gateway still sat the couple familiar,
And in many remarks on the passing crowd found amusement.
But the worthy housewife at length spoke out, thus commencing:
"See! there comes the vicar, and there, too, our neighbour, the druggist,

Coming along with him; a full account they shall give us,
What they have seen out yonder, and what gives no pleasure to look on."

Friendly they both came on, and greeted the good married couple;
Seated themselves on the benches, — the wooden ones under the gateway, —
Shook off the dust from their feet, and fanned for a breeze with their 'kerchiefs.

Then the druggist first, after many mutual greetings,
Thus began to speak, and said, in a tone almost fretful:
"So is it ever with men! and one is still just like the other,
In that he loves to stare, when misfortune befalleth his neighbour;
Each one runs to behold the flames breaking out with destruction,
Each the poor criminal marks who is dragged to a death of keen torture;
Each one is walking out now to gaze on the woes of the exiles.
No one thinking, meanwhile, that himself by a similar fortune,
If not next, yet at least, in the course of time may be stricken.
Levity such as this I pardon not: yet man displays it!"

Then observed in reply the honoured, intelligent vicar, —
He, the pride of the town, still young in his earliest manhood.
He was acquainted with life, and knew the wants of his hearers.

Thoroughly was he impressed with the value supreme
of the Scriptures,
Which man's destiny to him reveal, and what feelings
best suit it;
While he was also well versed in the best of secular
writings.
He then said: "I am loath to find fault with an inno-
cent instinct,
Which hath at all times been given to man by good
Mother Nature;
For what prudence and sense cannot always do, may
be often
Done by such fortunate impulse as irresistibly guides
us.
Were not man strongly induced by curiosity's ardour,
Say, would he ever have learnt how natural things
hold together
In such lovely connection? For, first, he craved what
was novel,
Then with unwearied pains continued his search for
the useful,
Longing at last for the good, which exalts him, and
gives him new value.
Levity in his youth is his gladsome companion, to
danger
Ever shutting his eyes, and the traces of pain and of
evil
Blotting with wholesome speed, so soon as their forms
have past by him.
Truly may that man be praised, in whose riper years
is developed
Out of such jovial temper the steady and strong
understanding,
Which in joy or in sorrow exerts itself, zealous and
active;
For he will bring forth good, and atone for each hour
he has wasted."

Suddenly then began the hostess, with friendly impatience,
"Tell us what you have seen; for that's what I wish to be hearing."

"Hardly," replied thereupon the druggist, with emphasis speaking,
"Shall I in short space again feel happy since all I have witnessed.
Who could describe it aright, — that manifold scene of disaster?
Clouds of dust from afar, ere yet we came down to the meadows,
Saw we at once; though the train, from hill to hill as it progressed,
Still was hid from our sight, and we could but little distinguish.
But when we reached the road which goes across through the valley,
Truly great was the crowding and din of the travellers' wagons.
Ah! we saw then enough of the poor men, while they passed by us,
And could but learn, how bitter is flight, with such sorrows attended,
And yet how joyous the sense of life, when hastily rescued.
Piteous was it to see the goods of every description,
Which the well-furnished house contains, and which a good landlord
In it has placed about, each thing in its proper position,
Always ready for use (for all things are needed and useful),
Now to see all these loaded on wagons and carts of all fashions,

One thing thrust through another, in over-haste of removal.
Over the chest there lay the sieve, and the good woollen blankets
In the kneading-trough, the bed and the sheets o'er the mirror.
Ah! and, as at the fire twenty years ago we all noticed,
Danger took from man altogether his powers of reflection,
So that he seized what was paltry, and left what was precious behind him.
Just so in this case, too, with a carefulness lacking discretion,
Worthless things took they on, to burden their oxen and horses,
Such as old boards and casks, the goose-coop, and with it the bird-cage.
Women and children, too, gasped as they dragged along with their bundles,
Under baskets and tubs filled with things of no use to their owners;
Since man is still unwilling the last of his goods to abandon.
Thus on the dusty road the crowding train travelled onward,
Orderless and confused with ill-matched pairs of faint horses,
One of which wished to go slow, while the other was eager to hasten,
Then there arose the cry of the squeezed-up women and children,
Mixed with the lowing of cattle, and dogs all barking in chorus,
And with the wail of the aged and sick, all seated and swaying
High aloft upon beds, on the hard and overpacked wagons.

But, driven out of the rut, to the very edge of the highway,
Wandered a creaking wheel; — upsetting, the vehicle rolled down
Into the ditch, with the swing its human freight quick discharging
Far in the field, — with dire screams, yet with fortunate issue.
After them tumbled the chests, and fell by the side of the wagon.
Truly, he who saw them in falling, expected to find them
Crushed and shattered beneath the load of the boxes and cupboards.
Thus, then, they lay, — the wagon all broken, the people all helpless —
For the others went on, and with speed drew past, each one thinking
Only about himself, while the stream still hurried him forward.
Then did we hasten to them, and found the sick and the aged,
Who, when at home and in bed, scarce bore their continual sufferings,
And now injured here on the ground lay moaning and groaning,
Scorched at once by the sun, and choked by the dust thickly waving."

Moved by the tale, thereupon replied the humane-hearted landlord:
"O that Hermann may find them, to give both comfort and clothing!
Loath should I be to see them; the sight of misery pains me.
Though deeply moved by the first report of such a disaster,

When, in my business journeys engaged, once more I approached it!
Grander it always seemed, and exalted my thoughts and my spirits!
But I could never think that his bank, in loveliness smiling,
Soon should prove a rampart to guard off Frankish invasion.
Thus doth Nature guard us, thus guard us our brave-hearted Germans,
Thus the Lord himself; who, then, would lose heart, like a dotard?
Tired are the combatants now, and to peace is everything pointing.
And when the feast long wished for within our church shall be holden,
And the bells' solemn peal shall reply to the swell of the organ,
Mixed with the trumpet's sound, keeping time with the soaring Te Deum,
Then may our Hermann, too, on that day of rejoicing, Sir Vicar,
Stand resolved with his bride before you in front of the altar,
And so the happy feast-day, observed alike in all countries,
Seem in future to me a glad home-anniversary likewise!
But I am sorry to see the lad, who always so active
Shows himself for me at home, out of doors so slow and so bashful.
Little desire hath he amongst people to make his appearance;
Nay, he avoids altogether the company of our young maidens,
And the frolicsome dance, in which youth ever rejoiceth."

Thus he spake and then listened. The noise of clattering horses,
Distant at first, was heard to draw near, and the roll of the carriage,
Which with impetuous speed now came thundering under the gateway.

HERMANN.

When now the well-formed son came into the parlour and joined them,
Keen and direct were the glances with which the vicar surveyed him,
And remarked his manner, and scanned the whole of his bearing
With the observant eye which easily reads through each feature:
Then he smiled, and with words of cordial purport addressed him:
"Surely, an altered man you come in! I never have seen you
Look so sprightly before, with a gleam of such animation.
Joyous you come and gay; 'tis clear you divided your presents
Ably amongst the poor, and received in return their rich blessing."

Quickly then the son with words of earnestness answered:
"Whether I merited praise, I know not; but my own feelings
Bade me to do what now I wish to relate to you fully.
Mother, you rummaged so long your old stores in searching and choosing,
That it was not till late that the bundle was all got together,

And the wine and the beer were slowly and carefully packed up.
When to the gate at length, and along the street I proceeded,
Streaming back came the mass of the townsmen, with women and children,
Right in my way; and now far off was the train of the exiles.
Therefore I held on faster, and quickly drove to the village,
Where they would halt, as I heard, for the night, and rest their poor bodies.

When now, as I went on, I reached the new road through the valley,
There was a wagon in sight, constructed with suitable timbers,
Drawn by two oxen, the largest and strongest that foreigners boast of;
Close by its side with steps full of strength was walking a maiden,
Guiding with a long rod the pair of powerful cattle,
Urging on now, and again holding back, as she skilfully led them.
Soon as the maiden saw me, she calmly came near to my horses,
Saying: 'It is not always we've been in such doleful condition
As you behold us to-day along these roads of your country;
Truly I am not accustomed to ask the donations of strangers,
Which they oft grudgingly give, to be rid of the poor man's petitions:
But I am urged to speak by necessity. Stretched on the straw here,

"Close by His Side . . . Was Walking a Maiden"

Photogravure from painting by A. V. Ramberg

Newly delivered, the wife of a once rich proprietor lieth,
Whom, with child as she was, I scarce saved with the steers and the wagon.
Slowly we follow the rest, while in life she hath hardly continued.
Naked now on her arm the new-born infant is lying,
And with but scanty means our people are able to help us,
If in the village hard by, where we think of resting, we find them;
Though I am greatly in fear they already are gone along past it.
If from these parts you come, and a store of superfluous linen
Anywhere have at command, on the poor it were kind to bestow it.'

Thus she spake; and, faint and pale, from the straw the poor woman
Rising showed herself to me; when thus in return I addressed them:
'Good men, surely, oft are warned by a spirit from heaven,
So that they feel the need which o'er their poor brother is hanging:
For my mother, your trouble thus feeling beforehand, a bundle
Gave me, wherewith at once to supply the wants of the naked.'
Then I untied the knots of the cord, and the dressing-gown gave her,
Once our father's, and with it I gave the chemises and flannel,
And she thanked me with joy, and exclaimed: 'The prosperous think not
Miracles still are wrought; for man in misery only

Sees God's hand and finger, which good men guideth to good men.
What through you He is doing to us, may He do to you likewise!'
And I saw the glad mother the different pieces of linen
Handling, but most of all, the gown's soft lining of flannel.
Then said the maiden to her: 'Now speed we on to the village,
Where for the night our people already are halting and resting.
There the baby-clothes, one and all, I'll quickly attend to.'
Then she greeted me, and thanks the most cordial expressing,
Drove on the oxen, and so the wagon went forward. I waited,
Still holding back my horses; for doubt arose in my bosom,
Whether with hurrying steeds I should go to the village, the viands
'Mongst the rest of the crowd to dispense, or here to the maiden
All deliver at once, that she with discretion might share it,
But within my heart I quickly decided, and gently
After her went, and o'ertook her soon, and quickly said to her,
'Tis not linen alone, good maiden, to bring in the carriage,
That my mother gave me, wherewith to cover the naked;
But she added thereto both meat and drink in abundance,
And I have plenty thereof packed up in the box of the carriage,

But now I feel inclined these presents, as well as the others,
Into thy hand to give, thus best fulfilling my mission:
Thou wilt dispense them with judgment, while I by chance must be guided.'
Then replied the maiden: 'With all fidelity will I
There dispose of your gifts, and the poor shall richly enjoy them.'
Thus she spake, and quickly I opened the box of the carriage,
Bringing out therefrom the loaves, and the hams weighing heavy,
Bottles of wine and beer, and all the rest, to give to her;
More would I fain have given her still, but the box was now empty.
Then she packed them all by the feet of the mother, and so went
Onward, while with all speed to the town I came back with my horses."

When now Hermann had ended, at once the talkative neighbour,
Taking up the discourse, exclaimed: "Oh, that man is happy,
Who in these days of flight and confusion alone in his house lives,
Having nor wife nor children to cringe before him in terror.
Happy I feel myself now; nor would I to-day for much money
Bear the title of father, and have wife and children to care for.
Often ere now about flight have I thought with myself, and have packed up
All the best of my goods together, — the chains and the old coins

Of my late mother, whereof not a thing has been sold
to this moment.
Much, to be sure, would be left behind not easy to
furnish;
Even my simples and roots, collected there with much
trouble,
I should be sorry to lose, though things of no very
great value.
Still, only let the dispenser remain, and I go with some
comfort.
Let me but rescue my cash and my body, and all is
then rescued.
Easiest from such troubles escapes the man that is
single."

"Neighbour," replied thereupon young Hermann, with
emphasis speaking,
"Not at all do I think as thou, and thy speech I must
censure.
Is, then, he the best man, who in prosperous days and
in adverse
Thinks of himself alone, and to share his joys and his
sorrows
Knows not, nor feels thereto in his heart the least
inclination?
Sooner now than ever could I determine to marry.
Many a good maid now stands in need of a man to
protect her:
Many a man needs a wife to cheer him when troubles
are threatening."

Smiling, said thereupon the father: "I hear thee
with gladness;
Such a sensible word in my presence thou seldom hast
spoken."

But the mother at once chimed in, her part quickly taking;
"Son, in good truth thou art right; and thy parents set the example.
For they were no days of joy in which we chose one another,
And our most sorrowful hour but joined us the closer together.
Next Monday morning — I know it full well; for the day before happened
That most terrible fire which gave our dear town to destruction —
It will be twenty years. It was, like to-day, on a Sunday;
Hot and dry was the season, and in the place little water.
All the people were out, taking walks in their holiday clothing,
Scattered about the hamlets, and in the mills[1] and the taverns,
Then at the end of the town the fire commenced, and the flames ran
Quickly through the streets, with the wind themselves had created.
And the barns were burnt, with the rich and new-gathered harvest.
And the streets were burnt; right up to the market; my father
Lost his house hard by, and this one soon perished with it.
Little saved we in flight. I sat the sorrowful night through
Out of the town, on the green, taking care of the beds and the boxes.
Sleep at length fell o'er me; and when the cold of the morning,

[1] The mills in Germany are generally places of refreshment.

Falling down ere the sun was up, from my slumber awoke me,
There I saw the smoke, and the flame, and the old walls and chimneys.
Then was my heart in anguish, until, more splendid than ever,
Up came the sun once more, and into my soul shed new courage.
Then I arose with haste, for I longed the spot to examine,
Where our dwelling had stood, and see if the fowls had been rescued,
Which I so fondly loved; for childish still were my feelings.
As, then, I thus stepped on, o'er the ruins of house and of homestead,
Smoking still, and so found my home, and beheld its destruction;
Thou, too, searching the spot, camest up in the other direction,
Thou hadst a horse buried there in his stall; the timbers and rubbish
Glimmering lay upon him, and nought could be seen of the poor beast.
Thoughtful thus and sad we stood o'er against one another;
For the wall was fallen which erst had divided our houses.
Then by the hand thou took'st me, and saidst: 'Louisa, poor maiden,
How camest thou here? Go thy way! thou art burning thy soles in the rubbish;
For it is hot, and singes e'en these strong boots I am wearing.'
And thou didst lift me up, and carry me through thine own homestead.

Still there was standing the gate of the house, with its high vaulted ceiling,
As it now stands; but that alone of all was remaining.

And thou didst set me down, and kiss me, although I forbade it.
But upon that thou spakest with kindly words full of meaning:
'See, the house lies low. Stay here, and help me to build it;
And let me help, in return, to build thy father's up likewise.'
Yet did I not understand thee, until to my father thou sentest,
And through my mother full soon the vows of glad wedlock were plighted.
Joyfully still to this day I remember the half-consumed timbers,
And still joyfully see the sun arise in his splendour;
For it was that day gave me my husband; the son of my youth was
First bestowed upon me by those wild times of destruction.
Therefore I praise thee, Hermann, that thou, with bright trust in the future,
In these sorrowful times of a maid for thyself, too, art thinking,
And hast courage to woo in the war, and over its ruins."

Quickly then the father replied, with much animation:
"Laudable is the feeling, and true, too, each word of the story,
Mother, dear, which thou hast told, for so it happened exactly;

But what is better is better. It is not becoming that each one
Should from the past be content to form his whole life and condition,
Nor should every one choose, as we did, and others before him.
Oh, how happy is he, to whom his father and mother
Leave the house well furnished, and who with success then adorns it,
Every beginning is hard, — the beginning of housekeeping hardest.
Things of many a kind man wants, and all things grow daily
Dearer; then let him in time provide for increasing his money;
And thus I cherish a hope of thee, my Hermann, that quickly
Into the house thou wilt bring thy bride with fine marriage-portions,
For a high-spirited man deserves a well-endowed maiden;
And it gives so much pleasure, when with the dear wife of his wishes
Come in the useful presents, too, in baskets and boxes.
'Tis not in vain that the mother through many a year is preparing
Linen of ample store, of web fine and strong, for her daughter.
'Tis not in vain that sponsors present their silver donations,
And that the father lays by in his desk a gold-piece, though seldom,
For in due time shall she thus delight with her goods and her presents
That young men have made her, before all others, his chosen.
Yes, I know, in her house how pleasant the dear wife must find it,

Both in kitchen and parlour, to see her own furniture standing,
And herself her own bed, herself her own board, to have covered.
May I but see in the house the bride that is handsomely portioned!
For the poor one at last is only despised by her husband,
And as a servant she's treated, who, servant-like, came with a bundle.
Men continue unjust, and the season of love passeth by them.
Yes, my Hermann, thou wouldst to my age grant highest enjoyment,
If to my house ere long thou shouldst bring me a dear little daughter
From the neighbourhood here, — from the house painted green over yonder.
Rich is the man, that's sure; and his trade and factories make him
Daily richer; for what does not turn to gain for the merchant?
And there are only three daughters to share his possessions amongst them.
Won already, I know, is the eldest, and promised in marriage;
But the second and third may be had, though not long may they be so.
Had I been in your place, till now I would not have tarried,
One of the girls myself to bring here, as I did your mother."

Modestly then the son to his august father made answer:
"Truly, my wish, too, was, as yours is, one of the daughters

Of our neighbour to choose; for we all were brought
up together;
Round the spring in the market in former times have
we sported,
And from the town-boys' rudeness I often used to pro-
tect them.
But that was long ago; and girls at length, when they
grow up,
Stay, as is proper, at home and avoid such wild sport-
ive meetings.
Well brought up they are, to be sure; still, from for-
mer acquaintance,
As you wished it, I went from time to time over
yonder:
But in their conversation I never could feel myself
happy,
Since they would always be finding fault, which
taxed my endurance.
Quite too long was my coat, the cloth was too coarse,
and the colour
Quite too common; and then my hair was not cut and
curled rightly;
So that at last I thought of bedecking myself like the
shopboys
Over there, who on Sunday are always displaying their
figures,
And whose lappets in summer, half silk, hang so
loosely about them.
But I observed soon enough that they always to ridi-
cule turned me;
Which offended me much, for my pride was wounded.
More deeply
Still did it vex me to find they misunderstood the
kind feeling
Which I cherished for *them*, — especially Minnie, the
youngest,
For I went the last time at Easter to pay them a visit,

And had donned my new coat, which now hangs up
in the wardrobe,
And my hair I had got well curled, like the rest of the
fellows.
When I went in they tittered; but I to myself did not
take it.
At the piano sat Minnie; her father also was present,
Hearing his dear daughter sing, — entranced and in
excellent spirits.
Much was expressed in the songs that surpassed my
poor comprehension,
But I heard a great deal of Pamina and of Tamino;
But since I did not like to sit dumb, as soon as she
finished,
Questions I asked on the words and the two chief
characters in them.
Then they all at once were silent, and smiled; but the
father
Said, 'Our friend, sure, with none but Adam and Eve
is acquainted.'
No one then refrained, but loud was the laugh of the
maidens,
Loud the laugh of the boys, while the old man held
tightly his stomach.
Then I let fall my hat through embarrassment, and
the rude titter
Still went on and on, in spite of the singing and playing.
Then did I hurry back to my home in shame and vex-
ation,
Hung up my coat in the wardrobe, and drew my hair
with my fingers
Down to my head, and swore never more to pass over
the threshold.
And I was perfectly right; for vain they all are and
loveless,
And I hear that with them my name is always
Tamino."

Then replied the mother, "Thou shouldst not, Hermann, so long time
Angry be with the children, for children they are all together,
Minnie is certainly good, and for thee always showed an affection,
And but lately she asked after thee; thou oughtest to choose her."

Thoughtfully then the son replied: "I know not; that insult
Hath so deep an impression made on me that truly I wish not
At the piano again to see her, and list to her singing."

Then the father broke out, and spoke with wrathful expressions:
"Slight is the joy I receive from thee; I have ever asserted
That thou couldst show no taste but for horses and field operations.
Just what a servant does for a man of ample possessions,
That dost thou; and meanwhile the son must be missed by the father,
Who still showed himself off to his honour before all the townsmen.
Early thus with vain hope of thee did thy mother deceive me,
When in the school never progressed thy reading and writing and learning
As did that of the rest, but thy place was always the lowest.
That must happen, of course, when no ambition is stirring
In the breast of a youth, and he cares not to raise himself higher.

Had my father for me shown the care which on thee I
have lavished,
Had he sent me to school, and for me engaged the best
masters,
Then had I been something else than the host of the
Golden Lion."

But the son rose up and approached the door in deep
silence,
Slow, and without any noise; while the father, with
wrath still increasing,
After him called: "Ay, begone! I know thine obsti-
nate temper;
Go, and attend henceforth to the business, or fear my
displeasure.
But never think thou wilt bring, as a daughter-in-law
to thy father,
Into the house where he lives, a boorish girl and a
trollop.
Long have I lived, and with men I know how to deal
as I should do,
Know how to treat both ladies and gentlemen, so that
they leave me
Gratified, — know how to flatter, as always is welcome
to strangers.
But now at length I must find a dear daughter-in-law
to assist me,
And to sweeten the toil which I still shall bear in
abundance.
On the piano too, must she play to me, while are as-
sembled,
Listening around her with pleasure, our burghers, the
best and the fairest,
As on Sunday is done in the house of our neighbour."
Then Hermann
Softly lifted the latch, and so went out of the parlour.

THE BURGHER.

Thus, then, the modest son escaped that passionate language;
But the father went on in the selfsame way he began in:
"That which is not in man comes out of him; and I can hardly
Ever expect to bring my heart's dearest wish to fulfilment,
That my son might be, not his father's equal, but better.
For, now, what were the house, and what were the town, did not each one
Always think with desire of upholding and of renewing,
Ay, and improving too, as time and travel instruct us?
Must not man in such case grow out of the ground like a mushroom,
And as quickly decay on the spot which lately produced him,
No single vestige behind him of vital activity leaving?
Surely, one sees in a house the mind of the master as clearly
As in the town, where one walks, of the magistrate's wisdom he judgeth.
For, where the towers and the walls are falling, where in the trenches
Dirt is piled up, and dirt in all the streets, too, lies scattered!
Where the stone from the joining protrudes, with none to replace it,
Where the beam is decayed, and the house, all idle and empty,
Waits to be underpinned, afresh, — that place is ill-governed,

For, where the rulers work not for order and cleanliness always,
Easily there the townsmen to dirty sloth grow accustomed;
Just as his tattered clothes to the beggar become most familiar,
Therefore is it my wish that Hermann, my son, on a journey
Soon should set out, and at least have a sight of Strasburg and Frankfort,
And the agreeable Manheim, with cheerful and regular outlines,
For whoever hath seen cities large and cleanly, will rest not
Till his own native town, however small, he embellish.
Do not strangers commend our gateways since their improvement,
And our whitened tower, and our church restored so completely?
Does not each one extol our pavements, and mains rich with water,
Covered and well-divided, for usefulness and for assurance
That on its first breaking out a fire might at once be kept under?
Has not all this been done since that terrible conflagration?
Six times I acted as builder, and won the praise of the Council,
And the most hearty thanks of the townsmen, for having suggested,
And by assiduous efforts completed, that good institution,
Which honest men now support, but before had left unaccomplished.
Thus at length the desire possessed each member of Council;

All alike at present exert themselves, and the new causeway
Is decided on quite, with the great highroads to connect us.
But I am much afraid our youth will not act in this manner,
Some of whom only think of the pleasure and show of the moment,
While others sit in the house, and behind the stove still are brooding;
And what I fear is to see such a character always in Hermann."

Then replied at once the good and sensible mother:
"Father e'en so toward our son thou art ever prone to injustice;
And e'en so least of all will thy wish for his good find fulfilment.
After our own inclinations we cannot fashion our children,
But as God gave them to us, e'en so must we keep them and love them,
Training them up for the best, and then leaving each to improve it.
Gifts of one kind to one, of another belong to another;
Each one doth use them, and each is still only good and successful
In his peculiar way. Thou shalt not find fault with my Hermann,
Who, I am sure, will deserve the fortune he'll some day inherit
And be an excellent landlord, a pattern of townsmen and farmers,
And not the last in the Council, — I see it already beforehand.
But in the poor boy's breast with thy daily blaming and scolding,

As hast thou done to-day, thou checkest all feeling of courage."
Then she left the room, and after her son quickly followed,
That, having somewhere found him, she might with soft words of kindness
Cheer him again; for he, her excellent son, well deserved it.

When she had thus gone away, at once the father said, smiling:
"Truly a marvellous race are women — as much so as children!
Each of them loves so to live just after her own proper liking;
And one must do nothing then but always be praising and fondling,
But once for all holds good that truth-speaking proverb of old time,
'Who will not foremost go, he comes in hindmost.' So is it."

Then replied to him the druggist, with great circumspection:
"Gladly, neighbour, I grant you this, and for all that is better
Ever myself do look out, — if 'tis new without being dearer.
But is it really good, when one has not abundance of money,
Active and bustling to be, and *in* doors and *out* to be mending?
Nay, too much is the burgher kept back: increase his possessions
E'en if he could, he may not: his purse is ever too slender,

And his need is too great; and so he is always impeded.
Many a thing had I done, but the cost of such alterations
Who does not wish to avoid? above all in times of such danger.
Long, in time past, my house in its dress of new fashion was laughing;
Long with ample panes throughout it the windows did glitter,
But does the man who in this would vie with the merchant, know also,
As *he* does, the best way to make his property greater?
Only look at the house over there — the new one; — how handsome
Shows on its ground of green each white compartment of stucco!
Large are the lights of the windows; the panes are flashing and gleaming,
So that the rest of the houses throughout the square stand in darkness.
And yet, after the fire, were *ours* at first quite the finest,
Mine with the Golden Angel, and yours with the Golden Lion.
So was my garden, too, throughout the whole neighbourhood famous,
And each traveller stood, and looked through the red palisading
At the beggars in stone and the pigmies coloured so gayly.
Then, when I gave a friend coffee within the glorious shell-work,
Which, to be sure, now stands all dusty and ready to tumble,
Great was the pleasure he took in the coloured sheen of the mussels,

Ranged in beautiful order; and even the connoisseur, gazing,
Looked with dazzled eye on the crystals[1] of lead and corals.
So did the paintings, too, in the drawing-room gain admiration,
When fine lords and ladies were taking a walk in the garden.
And with their taper fingers the flowers were giving and holding.
Yes, who would now any more cast an eye upon that? For vexation
Scarce do I ever stir out: for all must be modern and tasteful,
As it is called, — the pails must be white, and the seats must be wooden.
All now is simple and plain; carved work and gilding no longer
Will they endure; and now foreign wood is of all things most costly.
Were I, now, so disposed to have my things newly-fashioned,
Even to go with the times, and my furniture often be changing,
Yet does every one fear to make e'en the least alterations,
For who now can afford to pay the bills of the workmen?
'Twas but lately I thought of having Michael the Angel,
Who is the sign of my shop, again embellished with gilding,
And the green dragon, too, winding under his feet; but I left him
Dingy still, as he is; for the sum that they asked quite alarmed me."

[1] The original word signifies properly a combination of lead and sulphur, often found in crystalline form.

MOTHER AND SON.

Thus spake together the men in friendly converse. The mother
Went meanwhile in front of the house, to search for her Hermann
On the bench of stone, the seat he most often frequented.
When she found him not there, she went and looked in the stable,
Whither the noble steeds of high courage claimed his attention,
Which he had bought when foals, and which he entrusted to no one.
Then the servant said: "He is gone away into the garden."
Quickly then she stepped across the long double courtyard,
Left the stables behind, and the barns all built of good timber,
Into the garden went, which extended right up to the town walls;
Passed straight through it, enjoying meanwhile the bloom of each object,
Upright set the props on which the apple-trees' branches
Rested, o'erladen with fruit, and the burdened boughs of the pear-tree,
And from the strong smelling kale picked a few caterpillars in passing;
For the industrious wife takes no single step that is useless.
Thus had she come to the end of the garden, and up to the arbour,
Covered with honeysuckles; but there no more of her Hermann
Saw she, than she had seen in the garden she just now traversed,

But on the latch was left the wicket, which out of the arbour,
As an especial favour, their trusty forefather, the mayor,
Had in times gone by through the walls of the town got erected.
Thus without any trouble she passed across the dry trenches,
Where from the road close at hand went up the steep path of the vineyard,
Well enclosed, and straight to the sun's rays turning its surface,
This, too, she traversed throughout, and enjoyed the sight, while ascending,
Of the abundant grapes, beneath their leaves scarcely covered.
Shaded and roofed-in with vines was the lofty walk in the centre,
Which they ascended by steps of slab-stones rough from the quarry,
And within it were hanging Gutédel and Muscatel bunches,
Wondrous in size, and e'en then displaying tints red and purple,
Planted all with care, to the guests' dessert to add splendour.
But with single plants the rest of the vineyard was covered,
Bearing smaller grapes, from which flows wine the most costly.
Thus, then, she mounted up, with glad thoughts already of autumn,
And of that festal day when the country in jubilee gathers,
Plucking and treading the grapes, and in casks the sweet must collecting;
While, in the evening, fireworks light up each spot and each corner,

Flashing and cracking; and so full honour is paid to the vintage.
Yet she went ill at ease, when the name of her son she had shouted
Twice or thrice, and echo alone in manifold voices
From the towers of the town with great loquacity answered.
It was so strange for her to seek him; he never had wandered
Far; or he told it to her, — the cares of his dear loving mother
Thus to prevent, and her fears lest aught of ill should befall him,
And she was still in hope that on the way she should find him;
For the doors of the vineyard, the lower and also the upper,
Open alike were standing. And so the field she next entered,
With whose further slopes the back of the hill was all covered.
Still on ground of her own all the time she was treading, and pleasant
Was it for her to see her own crops and corn nodding richly,
Which over all the land with golden vigour was waving.
Right between the fields she went, on the green sward, the foot-path
Keeping still in view, and the great pear-tree on the summit,
Which was the bound of the fields her house still held in possession.
Who had planted it none could tell. Far and wide through the country
There it was to be seen, and the fruit of the tree was most famous.

'Neath it the reaper was wont to enjoy his meal in the midday,
And in its shade the neatherd to wait the return of his cattle,
Benches of rough stone and turf the seats they there found to sit on.
And she was not mistaken; there sat her Hermann, and rested —
Sat with his arm propped up, and seemed to gaze o'er the country
Far away tow'rd the mountain, his back turned full on his mother.
Softly she stole up to him, and shook quite gently his shoulder;
And, as he quickly turned round, she saw there were tears on his eyelids.

"Mother," he said, disconcerted, "your coming surprised me." Then quickly
Dried he up his tears — that youth of excellent feelings.
"What! thou art weeping, my son," his mother replied, with amazement,
"And must I to thy grief be a stranger? I ne'er was thus treated.
Say, what is breaking thy heart? What urges thee thus to sit lonely
Under the pear-tree here? What brings the tears to thine eyelids?"
Then the excellent youth collected himself, and thus answered:
"He who beareth no heart in his brazen bosom now feels not,
Truly, the wants of men who are driven about in misfortune:
He in whose head is no sense, in these days will take little trouble

Studying what is good for himself and the land of his fathers.
What I had seen and heard to-day filled my heart with disquiet;
And then I came up here, and saw the glorious landscape
Spreading afar, and winding around us with fruit-bearing uplands.
Saw, too, the golden fruit bowing down, as if for the reaping,
Full of promise to us of rich harvest and garners replenished.
Oh, but, alas, how near is the foe! The Rhine's flowing waters
Are, to be sure, our guard: yet what now are waters and mountains
To that terrible people which comes on thence like a tempest?
For they are calling together from every corner the young men,
Ay, and the old, and onward are urging with might, and the masses
Shun not the face of death, but masses still press upon masses.
And does a German, alas! in his house still venture to linger?
Hopes he, forsooth, alone to escape the menacing ruin?
Dearest Mother, I tell you it fills me to-day with vexation,
That I was lately excused, when from out our townsmen were chosen
Men for the wars. To be sure, I'm the only son of my father,
And our household is large, and of great importance our business;
But were I not doing better to take my stand far out yonder

On the borders, than here to wait for affliction and bondage?
Yes, my spirit hath spoken, and in my innermost bosom
Courage and wishes are stirred, to live for the land of my fathers,
Ay, and to die, and so set a worthy example to others.
Truly, were but the might of our German youth altogether
On the borders, and leagued not an inch to yield to the stranger,
Oh, they should not be allowed to set foot on our glorious country,
And before our eyes consume our land's fruitful produce,
Lay their commands on our men, and rob us of wives and of maidens.
See, then, mother; within the depth of my heart I'm determined,
Quickly to do, and at once, what seems to me right and judicious;
For not always is his the best choice who thinks of it longest.
Lo! I will not return to my home from the spot that I stand on,
But go straight into town, and devote to the ranks of our soldiers
This good arm and this heart, to serve the land of my fathers.
Then let my father say if my breast by no feeling of honour
Be enlivened, and if I refuse to raise myself higher."

Then with deep meaning replied his good and intelligent mother,
Shedding the gentle tears which so readily came to her eyelids:

"Son, what change is this that hath come o'er thee and thy spirit,
That to thy mother thou speakest not, as yesterday and as ever,
Open and free to tell me what 'tis that would suit with thy wishes?
Should a third person hear thee at present discoursing, he doubtless
Would both commend thee much, and thy purpose praise, as most noble, —
Led away by thy words, and thy speech so full of deep meaning.
Yet do I only blame thee; for, lo! I know thee much better.
Thou art concealing thy heart, and thy thoughts from thy words widely differ,
For it is not the drum, I know, nor the trumpet that calls thee,
Nor in the eyes of the girls dost thou wish to shine in regimentals.
For, whatever thy valour and courage, 'tis still thy vocation
Well to guard the house, and the field to attend to in quiet.
Wherefore tell me, with frankness, what brings thee to this resolution?"

Earnestly said the son: "You err, dear mother; one day is
Not just like another; the youth into manhood will ripen,
Better oft ripen for action in quiet, than midst all the tumult
Of a wild, roving life, which to many a youth has been fatal.
Thus, then, however calm I am, and was, in my bosom

Still hath been moulded a heart which hateth wrong
and injustice.
Work, too, strength to my arm and power to my feet
hath imparted.
This, I feel, is all true, and boldly I dare to main-
tain it.
And yet, mother, you blame me with justice, since
you have caught me
Dealing with words but half true, and with half dis-
guises of meaning.
For, let me simply confess it, it is not the coming of
danger
That from my father's house now calls me, nor
thoughts great and soaring,
Succour to bring to the land of my sires, and its foes
strike with terror.
All that I spoke was mere words alone, intended to
cover
Those bitter feelings from thee, which my heart are
tearing asunder.
Oh, then, leave me, my mother; for since all vain are
the wishes
Cherished here in my bosom, in vain may my life, too,
be wasted,
For I know that himself the individual injures
Who devotes himself, when all for the common weal
strive not."

"Do but proceed," so said thereupon the intelli-
gent mother,
"All to relate to me, the chief thing alike and the
smallest.
Men are hasty, and think on the end alone; and the
hasty
Easily out of their path the least impediment driveth.
But a *woman* is apt to look at the *means*, and to
travel

Even by roundabout ways, and so to accomplish her purpose.
Tell me then all: what has moved thee to such excitement as never
Thou hast displayed before, — the blood in thy veins fiercely boiling,
And, in spite of thy will, the tears from thine eyes gushing thickly?"

Then the good youth to his pain his whole being surrendered, and weeping,
Weeping aloud on his mother's breast, said with deepest emotion:
"Truly, my father's words of to-day did grievously wound me,
Undeserved as they were, alike this day and all others;
For 'twas my earliest pleasure to honour my parents, and no one
Cleverer seemed, or wiser, than they whom I thanked for my being,
And for their earnest commands in the twilight season of childhood.
Much, in truth, had I then to endure from my playfellows' humours,
When for my good will to them full oft with spite they repaid me.
Many a time when struck by stone, or hand, I o'erlooked it.
But if they ever turned my father to sport, when on Sunday
Out of church he came, with step of dignified slowness;
If they e'er laughed at the band of his cap, and the flowers on his loose gown,
Which he so stately wore, and ne'er till to-day would abandon;

Fearlessly then did I clench my fist, and with furious passion
Fell I upon them, and struck and hit, with blind, reckless onset,
Seeing not where my blows fell; they howled, and with blood-dripping noses
Hardly escaped from the kicks and strokes which I dealt in my fury.
And thus grew I up, with much to endure from my father,
Who full often to me, instead of to others, spoke chiding,
When he was moved to wrath in the Council, at its last sitting;
And I still had to pay for the strifes and intrigues of his colleagues.
Ofttimes did you yourself commiserate all that I suffered,
Wishing still from my heart to serve and honour my parents,
Whose sole thought was for our sake to add to their goods and possessions,
Often denying themselves in order to save for their children.
Oh, but it is not saving alone, and tardy enjoyment,
Not heap piled upon heap, and acre still added to acre,
All so compactly enclosed, — it is not this that makes happy.
No, for the father grows old, and with him the sons, too, grow older,
Void of joy for to-day, and full of care for to-morrow.
Look down there, and say how rich and fair to the vision
Lies yon noble expanse, and beneath it the vineyard and garden,

Then the barns and stables, — fair ranges of goodly possessions.
Further on still I see the house-back, where, in the gable,
Peeping under the roof my own little room shows its window.
And I reflect on the times when there the moon's late appearing
Many a night I awaited, and many a morning the sunrise,
When my sleep was so sound that only a few hours were sufficient.
Ah! all seems to me now as lonely as that little chamber, —
House, and garden, and glorious field outstretched on the hillside,
All lies so dreary before me: I want a partner to share it."

Then replied to him his good and intelligent mother:
"Son, thou dost not more wish to lead a bride to thy chamber,
That the night may yield thee a lovely half of existence,
And the work of the day be more free and more independent,
Than thy father and I, too, wish it. We always advised thee,
Ay, and have urged thee also, to make thy choice of a maiden.
Yet do I know it well, and my heart this moment repeats it,
That till the right hour come, and with the right hour the right maiden
Make her appearance, this choice must remain still in the distance,

And in most cases meanwhile fear urges to catch at the wrong one.
If I must tell thee, my son, I believe thou hast chosen already;
Since thy heart is smitten, and sensitive more than is common.
Speak it then plainly out, for thy soul already declares it;
Yonder maiden is she, — the exile, — whom thou hast chosen."

"Dearest mother, thou sayest it," the son then quickly made answer,
"Yes, it is she; and unless as my bride,[1] this day I may bring her
Home to our house, she goes on, and perhaps will vanish for ever,
In the confusion of war and sad journeyings hither and thither.
Then ever vainly for me our rich possessions will prosper,
And for these eyes ever vainly the years to come will be fruitful.
Yes, the familiar house and the garden become my aversion,
Ah! and the love of his mother, e'en that her poor son fails to comfort.
For love loosens, I feel, all other ties in the bosom,
When it makes fast her own; nor is it only the maiden
That leaves father and mother to follow the youth she has chosen;
But the youth, too, knows no more of mother and father,

[1] The titles of "bride" and "bridegroom" are given in Germany to persons who are only engaged to be married.

When he sees his maiden, his only beloved, go from him.
Wherefore let me depart where desperation now drives me;
For my father hath spoken the words that must needs be decisive.
And his house is no longer mine, if from it the maiden,
Whom alone I wish to bring home, by him is excluded."

Quickly then replied the good and sensible mother:
"Two men, surely, stand like rocks in stern opposition;
Still unmoved and proud will neither advance toward the other;
Neither move his tongue the first to words of good feeling.
Wherefore I tell thee, son, in my heart the hope is still living,
That if she be but worthy and good, to thee he'll betroth her
Though she is poor, and he the poor hath so stoutly forbidden.
Many a thing he says, in his passionate way, which he never
Cares to perform; and so it may be with this his refusal.
But he demands a soft word, and may with reason demand it;
For he's thy father. We know, too, that after dinner his anger
Makes him more hastily speak, and doubt the motives of others,
Giving no reason; for wine the whole strength of his hot wilful temper
Then stirs up, nor lets him attend to what others are saying;
Only for what he says himself has he hearing or feeling,

But the evening is now coming on, and long conversations
Have ere this been exchanged by him and his friendly companions.
Gentler, I'm sure, he must be, when the fumes of the wine have now left him,
And he feels the injustice he showed so keenly to others.
Come! let us venture at once; nought speeds like the quickly-tried venture;
And we require the friends who now sit with him assembled;
But, above all, the support of our worthy pastor will help us."

Quickly thus she spoke, and herself from the bench of stone rising,
Drew, too, her son from his seat, who willingly followed. In silence
Both descended the hill, on their weighty purpose reflecting.

THE CITIZENS OF THE WORLD.

Meanwhile sat the three still incessantly talking together,
With the pastor the druggist, and each by the side of the landlord.
Ay, and the theme of their talk was still the selfsame as ever,
Carried backwards and forwards, and well examined on all sides.
Then the excellent vicar replied, with worthy reflections:
"I will not contradict you. I know man must ever be striving

After improvement, and still, as we see, he will also be striving
After what is higher; at least he seeks something novel.
But ye must not go too far. For close by the side of this feeling
Nature hath also given the wish to linger mid old things,
And to enjoy the presence of what has long been familiar.
Each condition is good that is sanctioned by nature and reason.
Man wisheth much for himself, and yet he wanteth but little;
For his days are but few and his mortal sphere is contracted.
Ne'er do I blame the man, who, constantly active and restless,
Urged on and on, o'er the sea and along each path of the mainland,
Passes busy and bold, and enjoyment finds in the profits
Which are so richly heaped up, alike round himself and his children.
But *that* character, too, I esteem, — the good quiet yeoman,
Who with tranquil steps o'er the fields which his sires left behind them
Walks about, and attends to the ground, as the hours may require him.
Not for him each year is the soil still altered by culture;
Not for him does the tree, newly planted, with hastiest increase
Stretch forth its boughs to heaven with blossoms most richly embellished.
No, the man has need of patience, — has need, too, of simple,

Quiet, unvarying plans, and an intellect plain and straightforward.
Small is the measure of seed he commits to the earth which supports him,
Few are the beasts he is taught to raise by his system of breeding;
For what is useful is still the only object he thinks of.
Happy the man to whom nature hath given a mind so decided!
He supporteth us all. And joy to the small town's good burgher,
Who with the countryman's trade the trade of the burgher uniteth.
On him lies not the pressure which cripples the countryman's efforts;
Nor is he crazed by the care of the townsmen with many requirements,
Who, though scanty their means, with those who are richer and higher
Ever are wont to vie, — most of all their wives and their maidens.
Bless, then, for ever, say I, the tranquil pursuits of thy Hermann,
And of the like-minded partner who by him will some day be chosen."

Thus he spake; and just then came in with her son the good mother,
Whom she led by the hand, and placed in front of her husband.
"Father," said she, "how oft have we thought, when chatting together,
Of that jovial day which would come, when Hermann hereafter,
Choosing a bride for himself, completed at length our enjoyment;

Backward and forward then ran our thoughts; now this one, now that one,
Was the maiden we fixed on for him, in converse parental.
Now, then, that day is come; now heaven itself hath before him
Brought and pointed out his bride, and his heart hath decided.
Did we not always, then, say he should choose for himself unrestricted?
Didst thou not just now wish that his feelings might for some maiden
Clear and lively be? Now is come the hour that you wished for;
Yes, he hath felt, and chosen, and come to a manly decision.
That is the maiden, — the stranger, — the one who met him this morning;
Give her him; or, he hath sworn, he remains in single condition."

Then spake to him his son: "Yes, give her me, father; my heart hath
Clearly and surely chosen; you'll find her an excellent daughter."

But the father was silent. Then, rising quickly, the pastor
Took up the talking, and said: "A single moment doth settle
All concerning man's life, and concerning the whole of his fortune.
After the longest counsel, yet still each single decision
Is but a moment's work; but the wise man alone takes it rightly.
Perilous is it always, in choosing, this thing and that thing

Still to consider besides, and so bewilder the judgment.
Hermann is clear in his views, from his youth long ago
have I known him.
E'en as a boy, he stretched not his hands after this
thing and that thing,
But what he wished did always become him, and firmly
he held it.
Be not alarmed and astonished, that now at once is
appearing
What you so long have wished. 'Tis true that just
now that appearance
Wears not the form of the wish which by you so long
hath been cherished;
For from ourselves our wishes will hide what we wish;
while our blessings
Come to us down from above in the form that is
proper to each one.
Then misjudge not the maid, who the soul first woke
to emotion
In your well-beloved son, so good and so sensible like-
wise.
Happy is that man to whom her hand by his first love
is given,
And whose fondest wish in his heart unseen doth not
languish.
Yes, I see by his look, his future lot is decided.
Youth to full manhood at once is brought by a genuine
passion.
He is no changeling; I fear, that if this maid you deny
him,
All his best years will then be lost in a life of deep
sorrow."

Quickly then replied the druggist, so full of dis-
cretion,
From whose lips the words to burst forth, long had
been ready:

"Let us still only adopt the middle course in this juncture,
'Speed with slow heed!' 'twas the plan pursued e'en by Cæsar Augustus.
Gladly I give up myself to serve the neighbour I value,
And for his use exert the best of my poor understanding;
And above all does youth stand in need of some one to guide it.
Let me, then, go yonder, and I will examine the maiden,
And will question the people with whom she lives, and who know her.
No one will easily cheat me; on words I can put the true value."

Then with wingèd words the son immediately answered:
"Do so, neighbour, and go, and inquire. At the same time my wish is
That our respected vicar should also be your companion;
Two such excellent men will bear unimpeachable witness.
Oh! my father, she hath not run wantonly hither,—that maiden;
She is not one through the country to whisk about on adventures,
And to ensnare with her tricks the inexperienced youngster.
No, but the savage doom of that all-ruinous conflict
Which is destroying the world, and many a firmly-built structure
Hath from the ground up-torn, this poor maid also hath banished.
Are not noblemen of high birth now roving in exile?

Princes fly in disguise, and kings are doomed to live outlawed.
Ah! and so, too, is she, the best of all her good sisters,
Out of our country driven; and her own misfortune forgetting,
Aids she the wants of others, and though without help, yet is helpful.
Great are the woe and the need which over the earth are now spreading;
Should not, then, from misfortune like this some good fortune follow?
And should I not, in the arms of my bride, my trustworthy partner,
Reap good fruits from the war, as you from the great conflagration?"

Then replied the father, and spake with words full of meaning:
"How now, my son, hath thy tongue been loosed, which many a long year
Stuck to thy mouth, and moved in speech but on rarest occasions?
But I must prove to-day the doom which threatens each father,
That the passionate will of the son is favoured right gladly
By the all-gentle mother, supported by each of her neighbours;
If but the father be made an object of blame, or the husband.
But I will not resist you, thus banded together. What good were it?
For, in truth, I see here beforehand defiance and weeping.
Go, and examine, and with you, in God's name, bring me my daughter

Home to my house; if not, he may then think no more of the maiden."

Thus the sire. Then exclaimed the son, with features so joyous:
"Now before night shall you have an excellent daughter provided,
E'en as the man must wish, in whose breast lives a mind full of prudence.
Happy will be, too, then my good maiden, — I venture to hope so.
Yes, she will ever thank me for having both father and mother
Given her back in you, as sensible children would have them.
But I must tarry no more; I'll go and harness the horses
Quickly, and take out with me our friends on the track of my loved one,
Then leave it all to the men themselves and their own good discernment;
Whose decision, I swear, I will entirely abide by,
And never see her again, until she is mine — that sweet maiden."
Thus went he out. Meanwhile the others were weighing with wisdom
Many a point, and quickly discussing each matter of moment.

Hermann, then, to the stables sped, where the high-mettled horses
Quietly standing, their feed of clean white oats were enjoying,
And their well-dried hay, that was cut in the best of the meadows.
Quickly, then, in their mouths he put the bright bits of their bridles,

Drew at once the straps through the buckles handsomely plated,
Then, the long broad reins to the bridle fastening securely,
Led the horses out to the yard, where the quick willing servant,
Guiding it well by the pole, the coach had already drawn forward.
Then with ropes so clean, and fitted exactly in measure,
Fastened they to the bar the might of the swift-drawing horses.
Hermann took the whip, sat down, and drove to the gateway,
And as soon as the friends their roomy places had taken
Speedily rolled on the carriage, and left the pavement behind them,
Left behind them the walls of the town and the towers whitely shining.
Thus drove Hermann on to the causeway now so familiar,
Quickly, and did not loiter, but still drove up hill and down-hill.
But when once again he descried the tower of the village,
And at no distance once more lay the houses garden-surrounded;
Then he thought with himself it was time to pull in the horses.

Shaded by linden-trees, which, in worthy pride high-exalted,
Had for hundreds of years on the spot already been rooted,
There was a wide-spreading space of green sward in front of the village,

Where the peasants and burghers from neighbouring towns met for pleasure.
There, beneath the trees, was a well at slight depth from the surface.
As one went down the steps, the eye did light on stone benches,
Placed all round the spring, which still welled forth living waters,
Pure, and enclosed in low walls, for the comfort of those who were drawing.
There, beneath the trees, to stay with the carriage and horses
Hermann now determined, and thus addressed his companions:
"Step now forth, my friends, and go and gain information,
Whether, indeed, the maid be worthy the hand which I offer.
Truly I think it, and so ye would bring me no new and strange tidings.
Had I to act for myself, I would go straight on to the village,
And with words short and few the good girl should decide on my fortune.
And amongst all the rest you will soon be able to know her;
For it were hard, indeed, for any to match her in figure.
But I will give you, further, some marks from her dress clean and simple.
Red is the bodice that gives support to the swell of her bosom,
Well laced up; and black is the jacket that tightly lies o'er it;
Neat the chemise's border is plaited in form of a collar,
Which encircles her chin, so round with the charms of its whiteness;

Freely and fairly her head displays its elegant oval;
Twisted strongly and oft are her plaits round hairpins of silver;
Full and blue is the skirt which beneath the bodice commences,
And, as she walks along, flaps round her neatly-shaped ankles.
One thing still will I say, and from you expressly request it:
Do not speak to the maiden, nor let your purpose be noticed;
But you must question the others, and listen to all they may tell you.
When you get tidings sufficient to quiet my father and mother,
Then come back to me, and we'll think of our further proceedings.
This is what I planned on the way, as we drove along hither."

Thus he spake. But his friends forthwith went on to the village,
Where in gardens, and barns, and houses the mass of people
Crowded, while cart upon cart along the wide road was standing.
There to the lowing cattle and teams the men gave attention;
On all the hedges the women their clothes were busily drying;
And in the brook's shallow water the children delighted to dabble.
Thus they went pressing on through wagons, through men, and through cattle,
Looking about right and left, as spies despatched for the purpose,

Whether they might not descry the form of the girl they had heard of;
But not one of them all seemed to be that excellent maiden.
Soon they found the crush become greater. There, round the wagons,
Threatening men were at strife, while the women mixed with them screaming.
Quickly then an elder, with steps full of dignity walking,
Up to the brawlers came, and at once the hubbub was silenced,
As he commanded peace, and with fatherly earnestness threatened.
"Hath not misfortune," he cried, "e'en yet so tamed our fierce spirits,
That we should understand at length, and bear with each other,
Living in peace, — though not each one by this rule metes out his conduct?
Careless of peace, to be sure, is the prosperous man; but shall trouble
Fail to teach us, no more, as erst with our brother to quarrel.
Nay, to each other give place on the stranger's soil, and together
Share what ye have, that so ye may meet with compassion from others."

Such were the words of the man, and they all in silence and concord,
Thus appeased once more, arranged their cattle and wagons.
When now the clergyman heard the speech which the elder had spoken,
And the pacific views of the stranger judge had discovered,

Straight up to him he went, and addressed him with words full of meaning:
"Father, 'tis true that when men live in prosperous days in their country,
Gaining their food from the earth, which far and wide opes her bosom,
And through years and months renews the gifts that they wish for,
All then comes of itself, and each in his own eyes is wisest,
Ay, and best; and this is their standing, one with another,
And the most sensible man is esteemed but the same as his neighbour;
Since in quiet proceeds, as if of itself, all that happens.
But should distress disturb the usual modes of existence,
Tear the buildings down, and root up the garden and corn-field,
Drive the man and his wife from the site of their dwelling familiar,
And, as wanderers, drag them through days and nights full of anguish;
Ah! then look they around for the man of the best understanding,
And no longer he utters his excellent words to no purpose.
Tell me, father; you are, no doubt, the judge of these exiles,
Who so quickly did shed the calm of peace o'er their spirits;
Yes, you appear to me as one of those leaders of old-time,
Who the exiled people through deserts and wanderings guided;
Surely, methinks I am talking with Joshua, if not with Moses."

Then with earnest look the judge addressed him in answer,
"Truly, our times may compare with those of rarest occurrence
Noted in history's page, alike the profane and the sacred.
He who in days like these his life but from yesterday reckons,
Hath already lived years: so crowd the events in each story.
If but a short way back I travel in thought, on my head seems
Gray-haired age to be lying; and yet my strength is still lively.
Oh, we may well compare ourselves with those others so famous,
Who, in solemn hour, in the fiery bush saw appearing
God, the Lord; to us, too, in clouds and fire He appeareth."

While now the vicar was fain the discourse still further to lengthen,
Longing to hear from the man his own and his countrymen's fortunes,
Quickly with whispered words in his ear observed his companion:
"Talk on still with the judge, and turn the discourse on the maiden,
While I am walking about to look for her; and I will come back,
Soon as I find her." The vicar, with nod, expressed his approval,
And through the hedges, and gardens, and sheds the spy began seeking.

THE AGE.

When the clergyman thus to the stranger judge put his questions,
What were his people's woes, and how long from their land they were driven;
Then the man replied: "Of no short date are our troubles;
For of continuous years the bitter dregs we have drunken,
All the more dreadful, because our fairest hopes were then blasted.
For, indeed, who can deny that his heart was highly elated,
And in his freer bosom far clearer pulses were beating,
When first rose o'er the world that new-born sun in its splendour,
When we heard of the rights of man, which to all were now common,
Heard how freedom inspired, and equality won the world's praises?
Then did each man hope to live for himself; and the fetters,
Deemed to be loosed, which had thrown their links over many a country,
And in the land of sloth and selfishness long were held tightly.
Did not each man look, in those days of pressing excitement,
Toward the city which long the world its capital reckoned,
And which now more than ever deserved the magnificent title?
Were not, too, those men who first proclaimed the good tidings

Equal in name to the highest beneath the stars up in heaven?
Did not every man's mind, and spirit, and language, grow greater?

And, as their neighbours, we first were fired with lively emotion.
Then the war began, and the columns of newly-armed Frenchmen
Nearer drew; but they seemed to bring with them nothing but friendship.
Ay, and they brought it, too; for the souls of them all were elated,
And for all with pleasure they planted the gay tree of freedom,
Promising each man his own, and that each should be his own ruler.
Great was then the enjoyment of youth, and great that of old age.
And the gay merry dance began around the new standard.
Thus did they quickly win — those Frenchmen surpassing in talent —
First the souls of our men by their fiery reckless adventure,
Then our women's hearts by their irresistible graces.
Light we deemed e'en the pressure of war, with its wants great and many;
Since, before our eyes, bright hope hovered over the distance,
And allured on and on our look to the new-opened courses.

Oh! how glad is the time, when along with his bride the gay bridegroom
Lightly trips in the dance, his longed-for marriage awaiting!

But more glorious still was the time, when the loftiest objects
Man can think of appeared nigh at hand, and of easy attainment.
Then was every one's tongue untied, and loudly they uttered,
Graybeards, and men, and youths, their high intentions and feelings.

But the heavens were clouded too soon; for the prize of dominion,
Strove a corrupted race, unmeet to produce what was noble.
Then they slew one another, and crushed with the yoke of oppression,
Then new neighbours and brothers, and sent forth the self-seeking masses.
And amongst us the high were debauching and robbing by wholesale,
And the low were debauching and robbing, e'en down to the lowest;
Each man seemed not to care, if but something were left for the morrow.
Great, indeed, was our need; and greatly increased our oppression;
No one heeded our cry; of the day they were absolute masters.
Then fell vexation and rage upon even the tranquillest spirit;
Each one but thought and swore for all his wrongs to take vengeance,
And for the bitter loss of his hope thus doubly defrauded.
Fortune changed at length to the side of the suffering Germans,
And with hasty marches the Frenchman fled back tow'rd his country.

Ah! but never till then did we feel the sad doom of warfare!
Great, and generous, too, is the victor, — at least he appears so, —
And he doth spare, as one of his own, the man he has vanquished,
When he is daily of use, and with all his property serves him.
But the fugitive knows no law, if but death he may ward off;
And without any regard he quickly destroys what is precious,
Since his spirit is heated, and desperation brings forward
Out of the depth of his heart each lurking villainous purpose.
Nought thinks he sacred now, but he robs it. His wildness of passion
Rushes by force upon woman, and takes a delight in all horrors.
All around he sees death, and in cruelty spends his last moments,
Finding enjoyment in blood, and in misery's loud lamentations.

Wrathful then in our men rose up the spirit of daring,
Both to avenge the lost, and to save their remaining possessions.
All then seized on their arms, allured by the haste of the flying,
And by their faces so pale, and their looks so timid and doubtful.
Ceaselessly now rang out the sound of the sullen alarm-bell,
Nor did the danger before them repress their furious courage.

Quickly into weapons the peaceful tools of the farmer
Now were turned; with blood the fork and scythe were all dripping.
None showed grace to the foe in his fall, and none showed forbearance.
Everywhere raved courage or weakness malignant as timid.
O may I never again in such contemptuous madness
Look upon man! The beast in his rage is a pleasanter object.
Ne'er let him speak of freedom as though himself he could govern!
Loosed from their bands appear, when the checks are gone that restrained them,
All bad things, which the law into holes and corners had driven."

"Excellent sir," replied the vicar, with emphasis speaking,
"If you have misjudged man, I cannot on that account blame you.
Evil enough, to be sure, have you borne from that wild undertaking.
Still, if you would but look once more through the days of your sorrow,
You would yourself confess, how often you saw what was good, too,
Many an excellent thing, which remains in the heart deeply hidden,
Should not danger incite it, and man by need be pressed forward
E'en as an angel, or guardian-god, to seem to his neighbour."

Smiling then replied the judge so aged and worthy:
"Sensibly do you remind me, as oft, when a house has been burnt down.

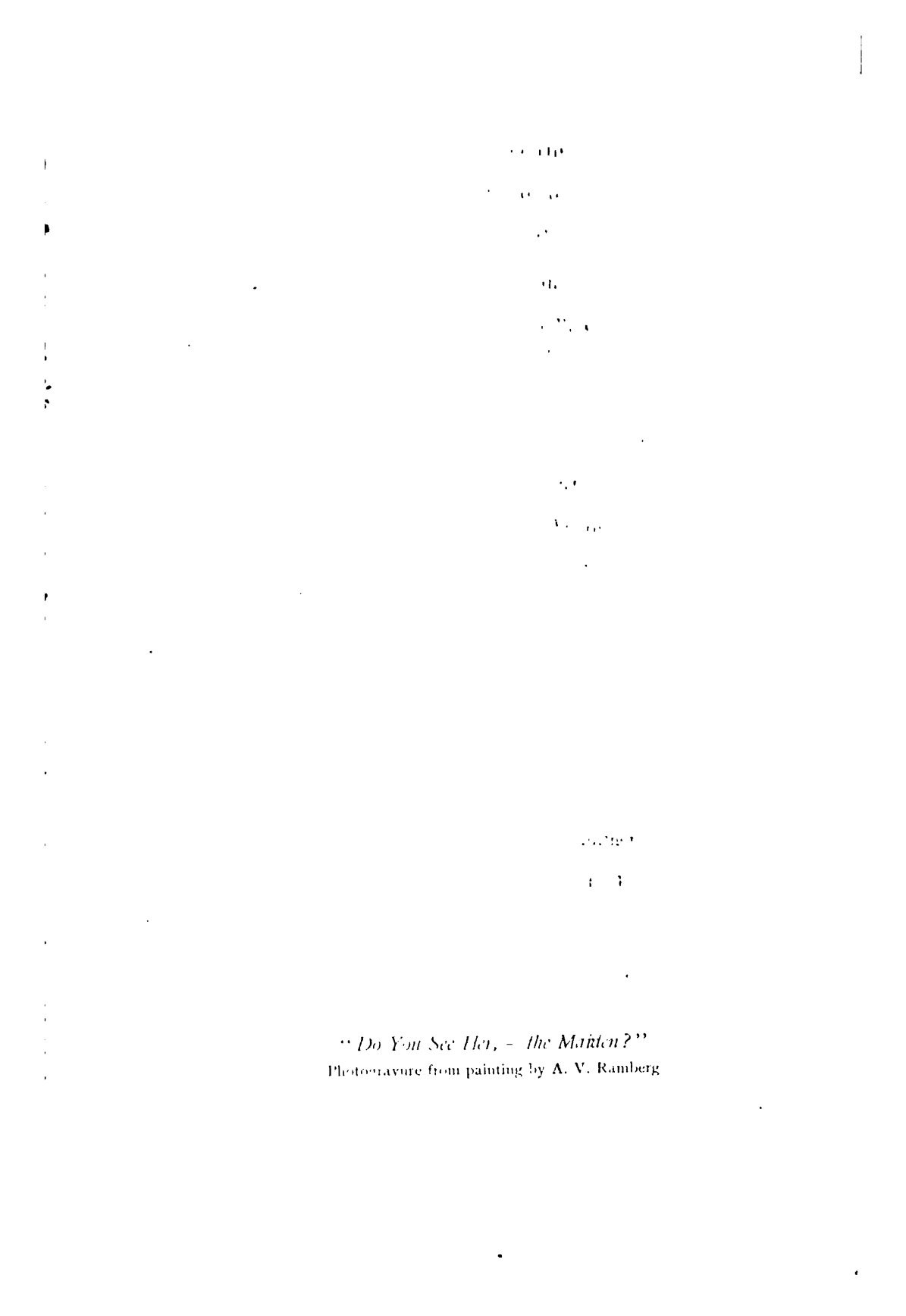
Men to the owner recall in his sadness the gold and the silver,
Which, though molten and scattered, lies still preserved in the rubbish;
Little it is, to be sure, but even that little is precious,
And the poor man digs for it, and when he has found it rejoices.
And just so am I glad to turn my thoughts, full of brightness,
Back to those few good deeds which memory still loves to cherish.
Yes, I have seen, I will not deny it, foes joining in concord,
That they might save the town from threatening evil! seen friends, too,
And dear parents and children on what was impossible venture;
Seen the stripling at once grow up into manhood, — the gray-beard
Young once more, — and e'en the child into stripling develop;
Ay, and the weaker sex, as 'tis our custom to call it,
Show itself valiant and strong, and for presence of mind justly famous.
Thus let me now relate, above all, that action most noble,
Which with high soul a maiden performed, — the excellent virgin —
Who in the large farmhouse stayed behind along with the young girls;
Since the men had all gone, like the rest, to fight with the strangers.
Then came into the yard a troop of wandering rabble,
Bent upon plunder, and quickly rushed into the women's apartment.

There they marked the form of the well-grown beautiful maiden
And those lovely girls, — or, to call them more properly, children.
Then, with wild passion possessed, they made an assault without feeling,
On that trembling band and on the magnanimous maiden.
But from the side of one she instantly tore the bright sabre,
Brought it down with might, and before her feet he fell bleeding.
Then with manly strokes the girl she valiantly rescued,
Wounding four more of the robbers, though these escaped death by flying;
Then she secured the yard, and with weapon in hand waited succour."

When the clergyman thus had heard the praise of the maiden,
Hope for the friend he loved at once mounted high in his bosom;
And he was on the point of asking her subsequent fortunes,
Whether along with the people she now were in sorrowful exile.

But with hasty steps just then the druggist came to them,
Pulled the clergyman's arm, and with whispered words thus addressed him:
"Surely at last I have found the maid out of many a hundred,
As the description ran! So come yourself to behold her,

And bring with you the judge to tell us still further about her."
Purposing this they turned; but the judge meanwhile had been summoned
By his own people away, who, in want of counsel, required him.
But the vicar at once prepared to follow the druggist,
Up to the gap in the hedge; and the latter, cunningly pointing,
Said: "Do you see her, — the maiden? The doll she has swaddled already,
And well enough do I know, now I see it again, the old satin,
And the old cushion-cover, which Hermann brought in the bundle.
These are significant marks, and the rest are all in accordance.
For the red bodice affords support to the swell of her bosom,
Well laced up; and there lies the jacket of black tightly o'er it;
Neat the chemise's border is plaited in form of a collar,
Which encircles her chin so round with the charms of its whiteness;
Free and fairly her head displays its elegant oval;
And the thick plaits are twisted and fastened round hairpins of silver.
Though she is sitting, we still can see the height of her stature,
And the blue skirt, which in full and numerous folds from the bosom
Gracefully waves below, and extends to her neatly-shaped ankle.
Without doubt it is she. So come that we may examine
Whether she virtuous be and good, — a maiden domestic."



"Do You See Her, - the Maiden?"
Photogravure from painting by A. V. Ramberg

Then the vicar replied as he looked at the sitting girl keenly,
"That she enchanted the youth is to me, most surely, no wonder;
For she stands proof to the eye of the man of finest perception.
Happy to whom mother-nature a pleasing person hath given!
It doth commend him always, and nowhere is he a stranger;
Each one likes to be near him, and each one would gladly detain him,
If but the grace of his manner to that of his person be suited.
Be well assured the youth has succeeded in finding a maiden
Who o'er the future days of his life will shed glorious lustre,
And with the truth and vigour of woman at all times support him.
Thus, sure, perfection of body the soul also keepeth in brightness,
And thus a vigorous youth of a happy old age still gives promise."

But to that made reply the druggist, inclined to be doubtful:
"Yet doth appearance more often deceive; I trust not the outside;
Since in times past so oft I have proved the truth of the proverb,
'Ere thou hast eaten a bushel of salt with thy new-made acquaintance,
Lightly thou must not trust him; 'tis time alone can assure thee,
What thy position is with him, and what thy friendship's endurance.'

Let us, then, first address to honest people some questions,
Who both know the maid, and will give us intelligence of her."

"I, too, approve of foresight," the pastor replied, as he followed,
"Nor do we woo for ourselves; and wooing for others is ticklish."
And upon that they went to meet the good judge, who was coming
Back again up the road, intent, as before, on his business.
Then the vicar at once addressed him with words of precaution:
"Say! we have seen a maiden, who, in the garden close by here,
Under the apple-tree sits, and makes up clothing for children
Out of some worn-out satin, received, I suppose, as a present.
We were well pleased with her form; she seems one of those full of spirit.
What, then, you know of her, tell us; we ask from a laudable motive."

When now the judge straightway went into the garden to see her,
"Nay, ye know her," he said, "already; for when I related
Of the most noble deed which that young maiden accomplished,
When she seized the sword, and herself and those with her defended,
This was she! You may see by her look that robust is her nature
But as good as strong; for she nursed her aged relation

Up to the day of his death, when torn away by affliction
For the distress of the town, and fear for his threatened possessions.
Ay, and with silent courage she bore her heart's bitter anguish
At her bridegroom's death, who, a youth of generous feeling, —
In the first glow of high thoughts, for precious freedom to struggle,
Even departed to Paris, and terrible death soon encountered;
For, as at home, so there he opposed the tyrant and plotter."
Thus, then, spake the judge. With thanks both were going to leave him,
When the pastor drew forth a gold piece (the silver already
Had, some hours before, left his purse in kind distribution,
When he saw the poor exiles in sorrowful crowds passing by him),
And to the judge he held it out, and said: "This poor farthing
Share thou amongst the needy, and God to the gifts grant an increase!"
Yet did the man refuse, and said: "Nay, but many a dollar
And much clothing and stuff from the wreck of our fortunes we rescued,
And shall again, I trust, go back before all is exhausted."

Then replied the vicar, and into his hand pressed the money,
"No one should wait to give in these days of trouble, and no one

Should refuse to accept what to him in kindness is offered.
No one knows how long he may hold his peaceful possessions,
No one how long still in foreign lands he may wander,
And be without the field and the garden, which ought to maintain him."

"Ay, indeed," then observed the druggist, that keen man of business,
"Did now my pocket but hold any money, you quickly should have it,
Large coin or small alike; for your people's wants must be many.
Yet will I not let you go without a gift; that my wishes
Still may be seen, however the deed may fall short of the wishes."
Thus he spake, and forward the leathern pouch well embroidered
Drew by the string, in which was kept his tobacco, and opening,
Nicely shared it with him; and many a pipeful was found there.
"Small is the gift," he added; to which the judge quickly answered,
"Nay, but good tobacco to travellers ever is welcome."
And upon that the druggist began to praise his Kanaster.

But the good vicar then drew him away, and the judge they now quitted.
"Haste we," said the man of good sense; "the youngster is waiting
Painfully; let him then hear with all possible speed the good tidings."

So they hastened and came, and found their young friend on the carriage
Leaning there beneath the lindens. The horses were stamping
Wildly upon the turf, and he held them in check, and stood thoughtful,
Silently looking before him, nor saw his friends till the moment
When they came to him with shouts and signs of their gladly returning,
Even when still at a distance the druggist began to address him;
Yet still they approached unperceived. Then his hand the good vicar
Seized, and said, thus snatching away the word from his comrade:
"Joy to thee now, young man! Thine eye and thy heart truly guided
Rightly have chosen. Good luck to thee and thy youth's blooming partner.
Worthy is she of thee! Then come and turn round the carriage,
That we may drive with all speed, till we come to the end of the village,
And, having wooed her, at once may take to your house the good maiden."

Yet did the youth stand still, and without any tokens of pleasure
Heard the messenger's word, though of heavenly power to give comfort.
Then with a deep sigh he said: "We came with hurrying carriage,
And we shall drive back home, perhaps, with shame and full slowly.
For, while waiting here, a load of care hath come o'er me,

Doubt and suspicion, and all that afflicts a lover's heart only.
Think ye, that if we but go, the maiden will surely come with us,
Since we are rich, and she a poor and wandering exile?
Poverty, undeserved, e'en makes men prouder. Contented
Seems the maiden and active, and so has the world at her summons.
Think ye there ever grew up a woman of beauty and feeling
Such as hers, without luring some good youth on to adore her?
Think ye she hath not yet her heart to love ever opened?
Go not thither so fast; we might, to our shame and confusion,
Turn back slowly home our horses. The fear doth possess me
That some youth owns her heart, and the excellent maiden already
Hath both plighted her hand and her true love breathed to that blessed one.
Ah! then, indeed, shall I stand before her ashamed of my offer."

To console him the vicar his mouth already had opened,
But, in his talkative way, his companion did thus interrupt him:
"Surely in former times we should not have thus been embarrassed,
When in its own proper way each business was brought to completion.
Then, if e'er for their son a bride the parents had chosen,

First a friend of the house in whom they trusted was summoned.
He, then, as wooer was sent, and begged to confer with the parents
Of the selected bride; and, dressed in his finest apparel,
After dinner on Sunday he paid the good burgher a visit,
Interchanging with him at first on general topics
Friendly words, and well skilled to direct and lead round the subject.
After much beating about, the daughter was at length commended,
And the man and his house from whom he received his commission.
Sensible people perceived his object; the sensible envoy
Soon perceived their wishes, and might explain himself further.
If they disliked the offer, there then was no painful refusal.
But if it proved successful, the wooer was then ever after
First to be seen in the house at each domestic rejoicing:
For the good married couple their whole life through did remember
That the first knots were tied by the hands commissioned to tie them.
But all that is now, with other such excellent customs,
Quite gone out of fashion, and each for himself is the wooer.
Wherefore let each himself in person receive the refusal
Destined for him, and stand with shame before the proud maiden."

"Be it e'en as it may!" replied the youth, who had scarcely
Heard all the words, and in silence had formed his own resolution.
"I will in person go, and in person learn what my doom is,
Out of the maiden's mouth, in whom my trust is the greatest
Man ever yet toward woman within his bosom did cherish.
What she says must be true, and according to reason; I know it.
If for the last time now I must see her, yet once, and once only,
Will I the open gaze of that black eye go to encounter.
Though to my heart she may ne'er be pressed, yet that breast and those shoulders
Will I yet once more see, which my arm so longs to encircle;
Once more will see that mouth, from which one kiss and one 'Yes' would
Make me happy for ever, — one 'No' for ever undo me.
But now leave me alone; you must not wait, but returning,
Go to my father and mother, that they may learn from your story
That their son did not err, and that there is worth in the maiden.
And so leave me alone. By the foot-path over the hillside
Will I go back by a nearer way. And, oh, that my dear one
I may with joy and speed lead home! But perhaps by that foot-path
I may slink lonely home, and never again tread it gladly."

Thus he spake, and put the reins in the hand of the vicar,
Who received them with skill and command o'er the foam-covered horses,
Quickly mounted the carriage, and sat in the seat of the driver.
But thou still didst tarry, thou prudent neighbour, and saidest:
"Gladly, my friend, with soul, and mind, and heart, would I trust thee;
But thy body and limbs are not preserved most securely,
When to the secular rein the ghostly hand makes pretension."

But thou didst smile at that, thou sensible vicar, and saidest:
"Take but your seat, and your body commit to me, e'en as your spirit.
Long ago has this hand been trained to wield the reins deftly,
And this eye is well skilled to hit the turn most artistic.
For 'twas our custom at Strasburg to drive full oft in the carriage,
When I accompanied thither our good young barons; and daily
Rolled through the sounding gateway our carriage, with me as the driver,
Out on the dusty roads, far away to the meadows and lime-trees,
Right through the midst of the crowds who the live-long day spend in walking."

Half assured, upon that, the druggist mounted the carriage,
Sitting as one who prepared a prudent leap to accomplish;

And the steeds galloped home, with thoughts intent on the stable.
Under their powerful hoofs were clouds of dust streaming upward.
Long stood the youth there yet, and watching the dust as it mounted,
Watched it still as it fell, and stood devoid of reflection.

DOROTHEA.

As the traveller, ere the sun sank below the horizon,
Fixed once more his eyes on the orb now fast disappearing,
Then in darkling copse and along the side of the mountain
Sees its hovering form, and where'er his glance he now turneth,
There it speeds on, and shines, and wavers in glorious colours;
So before Hermann's eyes did the lovely form of the maiden
Softly move on, and seemed in the path to the cornfield to follow.
But from his dream of rapture he woke, and slowly proceeded
Toward the village, and then was enraptured again, for again came,
Meeting him there in the way, the glorious maiden's tall figure.
Closely he marked her, — it was no ghost, but her own very person,
Bearing in either hand her larger jug by the handle,
And a smaller one, thus she walked to the well, full of business.
Joyfully went he up to meet her; the sight of her gave him

Courage and strength; and thus he spake to his wondering dear one:
"Do I then find thee here, brave maiden, so soon again busy,
Helping others, and gladly still comforting all that is human?
Say, why comest thou alone to the spring, which lies at such distance,
While with the village water the others all are contented?
This, I suppose, must be of particular virtue and flavour.
Perhaps to that sick woman, so faithfully rescued, thou bearest it."

Then the good maiden at once, with friendly greeting, thus answered:
"Surely my coming thus here to the well is already rewarded,
Since I find the good youth who before with so much supplied us;
For, as the gifts themselves, the sight of the giver is pleasant.
Come now, and see for yourself who hath reaped the fruits of your kindness;
And receive the calm thanks of all to whom you gave comfort.
But, that you now may learn at once my object in coming
Here to draw, where the spring flows pure and ever increasing,
This is the reason I give. Our thoughtless men in the village
Everywhere have disturbed the water, with horses and oxen,
Trampling right through the spring which supplied the whole population.

Just in the same way, too, have they soiled, with washing and cleaning,
All the troughs in the village, and all the wells have corrupted;
For to provide with all speed for himself and the want next before him,
This alone each man studies, and thinks not of what may come after."

Thus she spake, and then at once to the broad steps descended
With her companion, and there they sat them both on the low wall,
Down to the spring. To draw the water she then did lean over;
And of the other jug he laid hold, and leant over likewise;
And their mirrored forms they saw in the bright blue of heaven,
Hov'ring with nods to each other, and greeting, like friends, in the mirror.
"Let me drink," then said the youth in the joy of his feelings;
And she held him the jug. Then both of them trustingly rested,
Leaning over the vessels; and then her friend she thus questioned:
"Say, how find I thee here, without the carriage and horses,
Far away from the spot where I saw thee at first? What has brought thee?"

Thoughtfully Hermann looked on the ground, then raised up his glances
Quickly tow'rds the girl, and with friendly gaze in her dark eye
Felt himself calm and assured. Yet to speak of love to her now was

Put quite out of his power; her eye not love was now looking,
But clear sense, and demanded such sense in their whole conversation.
Thus he was soon collected, and said with confidence to her:
"Let me speak, my child, and give a reply to your question.
It was for you I came here; and why should I wish to conceal it?
For with both my parents, who love me, I live and am happy.
Faithfully helping them manage their house and other possessions,
As their only son; and manifold are our employments.
All the fields are my care, — the house my diligent father's, —
And my active mother gives life to the whole of the business.
But thou hast doubtless, like others, observed how sorely the servants,
Whether through lack of thought, or of honesty, trouble the mistress,
Ever compelled to change, and take one fault for another.
Wherefore my mother long wished in her house to keep such a servant
As not with hand alone, but also with heart would assist her,
In the place of the daughter she lost long ago, to her sorrow.
Now, when I saw thee to-day by the wagon so joyously active,
Saw the strength of thine arm and thy limb's perfection of soundness,
When to thy words I listened, so full of good sense, it all struck me,

And I hastened back home, to my parents and friends for that service
To commend the stranger. But now I am come to inform thee
Of their wishes and mine. Forgive me my faltering language."

"Shrink not," then she said, "from speaking what yet should be spoken;
No offence do you give, but with grateful feelings I've listened.
Speak it then plainly out; your words can never affright me.
You would like to engage me as maid to your father and mother,
Over your well-furnished house entrusted with full supervision;
And you believe that in me you would find a capable maiden,
Well adapted for work, and not of a rough disposition.
Briefly your offer was made, — as brief shall be, too, my answer;
Yes, I will go with you, and follow where destiny leads me,
Here my duty is done; the new-born infant's poor mother
I have restored to her own, and they all rejoice in their rescue,
Most of them here already, the rest soon hoping to join them.
All of them think, indeed, in a few short days they shall hasten
Back to their home; for so is the exile ever self-flattered.
But with hopes light as this I dare not cheat my own bosom

In these sorrowful days which still portend days of sorrow.
For the bands of the world are loosened, and what shall rebind them,
But the most urgent need, such as that which o'er us is hanging?
If in the worthy man's house I can gain my bread as servant,
Under the eye of his wife so industrious, gladly I'll do it;
Since the wandering maiden hath still a repute that is doubtful.
Yes, I will go with you, so soon as the jugs of the strangers
I have restored, and, further, have asked from those good friends a blessing.
Come, you must see them yourself, and straight from their hands receive me."

Glad was the youth to hear the willing maiden's decision,
Doubting whether he now should not own the truth fully to her;
But it appeared to him best to leave her still to her fancy,
And to conduct her home, and there first woo her affection.
Ah! and he marked the gold ring, which the maiden wore on her finger,
And he let her still speak on, while he paid to her words deep attention.

"Let us now hasten back," she thus continued; "the maidens
Always fall into blame who linger too long at the fountain.
Yet by the running spring to chat is still so delicious!"

Thus they arose, and looked yet once more, standing together,
Into the well; and sweet was the longing that seized on their bosoms.

Silently, then, the maid, taking hold of both jugs by the handles,
Mounted again the steps, while Hermann followed his loved one,
Wishing to take a jug, and bear his share of the burden.
"Nay, let it be," she said, "all loads are lightest when even;
And I must not be served by the master who soon will command me.
Look not so serious at me, as though my fortune were doubtful;
Woman should learn in time to serve, — 'tis her natural calling;
For through serving only attains she at length to commanding,
And to what well-earned power she wields by right in the household.
Gladly the sister serves her brother, the daughter her parents;
And so her life is still a continual coming and going,
Still a lifting and bearing, arranging and doing for others.
Well for her, if her habits be such that no path is too irksome;
That the hours of the night are to her as the hours of the daytime;
That her work never seems too fine, or her needle too tiny;
But that herself she entirely forgets, and can live but in others.
Then, as a mother, in truth she needs one and all of the virtues,

When in her sickness the babe awakes her, for nourishment craving,
Weak as she is, and care to her pains is abundantly added,
Twenty men together would not endure so much trouble;
Nor are they bound; but they're bound, when they see it, to show themselves thankful."

Thus she spake, and now, with her thoughtful, silent companion,
Passing on through the gardens she came to the site of the barn-floor,
Where the poor mother lay, whom she left so glad with her daughters,
Those very girls she had saved, — the pictures of innocent beauty.
Both of them then walked in, and soon, in the other direction,
Leading a child in each hand, the honoured judge also entered.
These had been hitherto lost to the eyes of their sorrowing mother,
But by the worthy elder had now in the crowd been discovered;
And they eagerly sprang to kiss their dearly-loved mother,
And to rejoice in their brother, their yet unknown little playmate.
On Dorothea next they sprang, and kissed her right friendly,
Asking for bread and fruit, and for something to drink, above all things.
Then she handed the water round, and of it the children
Drank, and so did the mother and daughters, and so did the elder.

All were pleased with their draught, and praised the excellent water,
Which a slight mineral taste for man made refreshing and wholesome.

Then with serious looks the maid replied, and addressed them,
"This is perhaps the last time, my friends, that I ever shall carry
Round to your mouths the jug, and moisten your lips with its water,
But when henceforth ye quaff a draught in the heat of the midday,
And in the shade enjoy your rest and the pure-gushing fountain,
Oh, then think too of me, and my friendly service amongst you,
Which from feelings of love I rendered, even more than of kindred.
Through the rest of my life shall I own all the kindness you showed me.
Truly I grieve to leave you; though now is each to his neighbour
More a burden than comfort; and still in the land of the stranger
Must we all look to die, if return to our home be denied us.
See, here stands the youth to whom we owe thanks for the presents, —
Both for the baby's clothing here, and those viands so welcome.
Hither he comes to beg that in his house he may see me,
Acting as servant there to his rich and excellent parents:
And I have not refused; for a maiden must serve in all cases,

And to sit quiet at home and be waited on she would deem irksome.
Wherefore I follow him gladly; in sense the youth seems not deficient,
Nor will his parents be, — as befits their wealthy condition.
Wherefore now, my dear friend, farewell! and long may the baby
Live to delight your heart, who now in such health looks up to you.
But whenever to your bosom he's pressed in these bright-coloured wrappers,
Oh, then think of the youth so kind, who with them supplied us,
And will henceforth to me, too, your kinsman, give food and clothing.
And do you, excellent sir" (she turned to the judge while thus speaking),
"Take my thanks for having so often been to me a father."

And upon that she kneeled down to the new-born infant's good mother,
Kissed the weeping woman, and took the blessing she whispered.
Meanwhile to Hermann said the judge most worthy of honour:
"Well may'st thou claim, my friend, to be numbered with sensible landlords,
Who with capable persons are anxious to manage their household;
For I have marked full oft, that sheep, and horses, and cattle,
Are with the nicest care by touching and handling examined;
While that human aid, which, if able and good, saveth all things,

But destroys and demolishes all by its wrong interference,
That men take to their house by chance and accident only,
And, when too late, repent of an over-hasty arrangement.
But you seem to know this; for you have chosen a maiden
Who is good, in your house to serve yourself and your parents.
Keep her well, for while she an interest takes in your business
You will not miss the sister you lost, nor your parents their daughter."

Meanwhile many came in, — near relatives of the good mother, —
Bringing many a gift, and news of more suitable lodging.
All heard the maiden's resolve, and gave their blessing to Hermann,
With significant looks, and thoughts of peculiar meaning,
For the poor exiles there were whispering one to another:
"If of the master a bridegroom come, then, indeed, is she rescued."
Then did Hermann take hold of her hand, and said to her, quickly,
"Let us begone; the day is declining, the town is far distant."
Then, with liveliest talk, the women embraced Dorothea;
Hermann drew her away; yet with many a kiss was she greeted.
But all the children still, with screams and terrible weeping,

Clung to her clothes, and would not their second mother relinquish.
But the women thus spake, first one, then another, commanding:
"Silence, children! she's going away to the town, and will bring you
Plenty of good sugar-bread, which your little brother there ordered,
When past the baker's shop by the stork[1] he lately was carried.
And you will soon see her back, with her paper-bags handsomely gilded."
Thus, then, the children released her; and Hermann though not without trouble,
Tore her away from their arms, and their far-off beckoning 'kerchiefs.

HERMANN AND DOROTHEA.

Thus the two went away toward the sun now declining,
Who, storm-threatening, in clouds his form had deeply enveloped,
And from the veil, now here, now there, with fiery glances
Shot forth over the land the gleams of the ominous lightning.
"Oh! may this threatening weather," thus Hermann said, "not soon bring us
Storms of hail and furious rain! for fine is the harvest."

[1] The reader who has not lived in Germany may require to be informed that, according to the nursery belief in that country, all babies are carried to the house and carefully dropped down the chimney by the storks, instead of being brought in the doctor's pocket, as in England.

And they both rejoiced at the sight of the corn high and waving,
Which well-nigh reached up to the tall figures then passing through it.

Then the maiden said to the friend who was guiding her footsteps:
"Kind one, whom first I've to thank for a pleasant, portion-safe shelter,
While 'neath the open sky the storm threatens many exiles,
Tell me now, first of all, and teach me to know both your parents,
Whom to serve in future with all my soul I am anxious.
For, if one knows his master, he better can give satisfaction,
When he thinks of the things which to him seem of greatest importance,
And upon which his mind he sets with most earnest attention.
Wherefore tell me, I pray, how to win your father and mother."

Then replied thereto the good youth of clear understanding:
"Oh, how right do I deem thee, thou good and excellent maiden,
Asking first, as thou hast, concerning the views of my parents!
For in my father's service in vain till now have I striven,
While to his business, as though 'twere my own, myself I devoted,
Early and late to the field and the vineyard giving attention.

But my mother I pleased well enough, for she knew how to prize it.
Ay, and thee, too, no less will she think the most excellent maiden,
If thou take care of the house as though 'twere thine own to attend to.
But with my father not so, for he loves appearances likewise.
Do not take me, good girl, for a son that is cold and unfeeling,
If so soon I unveil my father to thee, quite a stranger.
Nay, but I swear that this is the first time such an expression
E'er hath escaped from my tongue, which is not given to prattling.
But, since thou dost from my bosom elicit each proof of reliance,
There are some graces in life for which my father is anxious, —
Outward marks of love, as well as respect, which he wishes;
And he would be, perhaps, pleased with quite an inferior servant,
Who could make use of this, and would angry be with the better."

Cheerfully then she said, as along the darkening pathway
Now with a quicker step and lighter movement she hurried,
"Surely to both at once I hope to give ample contentment;
Since thy mother's mind accords with my own disposition,
And to external graces from youth I have ne'er been a stranger.

Those French neighbours of ours, in former times, of politeness
Made no little account; to the nobleman and to the burgher,
Ay, and the peasant, 'twas common, and each to his own did commend it.
And just so amongst us, on the German side, e'en the children
Brought with kissings of hand and courtseyings every morning
Wishes of joy to their parents, and all the day long would repeat them.
All which I then did learn, to which from my youth I'm accustomed,
And which comes from my heart, to my elder master I'll practise.
But now who shall tell me to thee what should be my behaviour, —
Thee, their only son, and to me in future a master?"

Thus she spake, and just then they arrived at the foot of the pear-tree.
Glorious shone the moon, at her full, down on them from heaven;
For it was night, and the sun's last gleam was totally hidden.
Thus were spread out before them in masses, the one by the other,
Lights as bright as the day, and shades of the night that are darkest.
And that friendly question was heard with pleasure by Hermann
Under the noble tree, in the spot so dear to his fancy,
And which that selfsame day had witnessed his tears for the exile.
Thus while there beneath it they sat for a short time to rest them,

Seizing the maiden's hand, the enamoured youth said in answer:
"Let thine own heart tell thee, and follow it freely in all things."
But no further word did he risk, though the hour so much favoured;
For he feared that his haste might only bring a refusal.
Ah! and he felt, too, the ring on her finger, — that token so painful.
Thus, then, sat they still and in silence beside one another.
But the maiden began, and said, "How sweet do I find it
Watching the glorious light of the moon! The day is scarce brighter.
Yonder I clearly see in the town the houses and homesteads,
And in the gable or window methinks the panes I can number."

"What thou seest," then replied the youth, restraining his feelings,
"Is the place where we dwell, and down to which I lead thee;
And that window there in the roof belongs to my chamber,
Which will, perhaps, now be thine, for some change we shall make in the household.
These are our fields, now ripe for the harvest beginning to-morrow.
Here in the shade will we rest, and enjoy our meal in the noontide;
But let us now go down, proceeding through vineyard and garden;
For see yonder! the storm is coming on heavily o'er us,
Flashing lightning, and soon will extinguish the full moon so lovely."

So they arose, and pursued their way o'er the fields that lay under,
Through the magnificent corn, in the night's clear splendour rejoicing,
Till to the vineyard next they came, and entered its darkness.

And down its many slabs he thus fain to conduct her,
Which were laid there unhewn, as steps in the leaf-covered pathway.
Slowly walked she down, now resting her hands on his shoulders,
While with wavering lustre the moon through the leaves overlooked them,
Till, in storm-clouds concealed, it left the couple in darkness.
Carefully thus the strong youth the dependent maiden supported;
But not knowing the path, and unused to the rough stones along it,
Missing her step, she twisted her foot, and well-nigh had fallen.
Hastily then stretching out his arm, the youth, quick and clever,
Held his beloved one up, when she gently sank on his shoulder,
Bosom reclining on bosom, and cheek on cheek. Yet he stood there
Stiff as a marble statue, his earnest wishes restraining;
Still not pressing her closer, and still her dear weight supporting.
Thus, then, he felt that glorious burden — the warmth of her young heart,
And the balm of her breath, on his lips exhaling its fragrance,
And with the feeling of man bore woman's heroical greatness.

But she concealed her pain, and said in jocular language:
"That betokens trouble,—so say all scrupulous people,—
When, on entering a house, not far from the threshold a foot twist.
Truly, I well could have wished for myself a happier omen.
But let us wait a short time, that thou be not blamed by thy parents
For the poor limping maid, and be thought an incompetent landlord."

PROSPECT.

Muses, ye who the heart's true love so gladly have favoured,
Who thus far on his way the excellent youth have conducted,
And to his bosom have pressed his maiden before the betrothal,
Help still further to perfect the tie of the love-worthy couple,
Parting at once the clouds which over their happiness gather!
But, before all, relate what within the house is now passing.

There for the third time already the impatient mother returning
Entered the men's room, which first she had left with anxiety, speaking
Of the approaching storm, and the moon's quick veiling in darkness;
Then of her son's remaining abroad, and the dangers of night-time,
While she well chided the friends, who, without a word to the maiden,

Wooing her in his behalf, from the youth so quickly had parted.
"Make not the evil worse," replied the dispirited father,
"For we ourselves, thou seest, tarry here, and abroad do not venture."

But their neighbour began to speak as he sat there so tranquil,
"Truly in hours of disquiet, like these, I always feel grateful
To my departed father, who rooted up all my impatience,
While I was yet a boy, and left not a fibre remaining;
Ay, and not one of the sages so quickly learnt to wait quiet."
"Say," replied the vicar, "what means the old man had recourse to?"
"That will I gladly tell you, since each for himself may well mark it,"
Answered then the neighbour. "I stood one Sunday impatient,
When I was yet a boy, for the carriage eagerly waiting
Which was to take us out to the well 'neath the shade of the lime-trees.
Still it came not, and I, like a weasel, ran backward and forward,
Stepping up and down, and from window to door, without ceasing.
Oh, how my hands did tingle! and how I was scratching the table,
Tramping and stamping about, and ready to burst into crying!
All was seen by the tranquil man; but at length, when I acted

Quite too foolish a part, by the arm he quietly took me,
Leading me up to the window, with words of dubious purport:
'Seest thou, closed for the day, the carpenter's workshop o'er yonder?
It will be opened to-morrow, and plane and saw will be busy;
And so will pass the industrious hours from morning till evening.
But bethinks thee of this: the morrow will one day be coming,
When the master will stir him with all his workmen about him,
Making a coffin for thee, to be quickly and deftly completed;
And over here all so busy that house of planks they will carry,
Which must at last receive the impatient alike and the patient,
And a close-pressing roof very soon to bear is appointed.'
All straightway in my mind I saw thus really happen,
Saw the planks joined together, the sable colours preparing,
And once more sitting patient, in quiet awaited the carriage.
Thus, whenever I now see others in doubtful expectance,
Awkwardly running about, I needs must think of the coffin."

Smiling, the vicar replied: "The picture of death, ever busy,
Strikes not the wise with fear, nor is viewed as an end by the pious;

Back into life it urges the one, for its dealings instructed,
And for the other in sorrow it strengthens the hope of the future.
Death becomes life to both. And so it was wrong in your father
Death to present as death to the eye of sensitive boyhood.
Nay, rather show youth the worth of old age ripe in honours,
And to the old man show youth; that so the ne'er-ending circle
Both may enjoy, and life in life may be fully accomplished."

But now the door was thrown open, and showed the magnificent couple;
And astonishment seized the friends and affectionate parents
At the form of the bride, nearly equalling that of the bridegroom.
Yea, the door seemed too small to allow the tall figures to enter,
Which, as they came on together, were now seen crossing the threshold.
Hermann with hurried words presented her then to his parents:
"Here," he said, "is a maiden brought into your house, my dear father,
Just as you wished; give her welcome, for that she deserves. And, dear mother,
She hath already inquired the whole extent of our business;
So that you see how well henceforth she deserves to be near you."
Hastily then aside he drew the excellent vicar,
Saying, "Most worthy sir, now help me in this my dilemma

Quickly, and loosen the knots whose entanglement
makes me quite shudder;
For I have not yet dared as my bride to sue for the
maiden,
But as a servant she weens she is come to the house;
and I tremble
Lest she refuse to stay, as soon as we think about mar-
riage.
But let it be quickly decided; no longer in error
Shall she remain; nor can I any longer endure to be
doubtful.
Haste, then, and show in this case the wisdom for
which we revere thee."
Then the pastor at once went away, and returned to
the party.
But already the soul of the maiden was grievously
troubled
Through the father's address, who at once, with
kindly intention,
Words of sprightly purport in joking manner had
spoken:
"Ay, this is pleasant, my child! I am glad to see that
my son is
Blessed with good taste, like his sire, who (as those of
his day knew) did always
Lead the finest girl to the dance, and at length
brought the finest
Into his house as his wife, — and that was my Her-
mann's dear mother.
For by the bride a man chooses it needs not long to
discover
What a spirit he's of, and whether he feels his own
value.
But you required, I suppose, but a short time to form
your conclusion,
For, sure, it seems to me that he's not such a hard one
to follow."

Hermann but slightly caught these words, but his limbs to the marrow
Quivered, and all at once the whole circle was hushed into silence.

But the excellent maiden by words of such cruel mocking,
(As they appeared), being hurt and deeply wounded in spirit,
Stood there, her cheeks to her neck suffused with quick-spreading blushes.
Yet her feelings she checked, and, her self-possession regaining,
Though not entirely concealing her pain, thus spake to the old man:
"Truly, for such a reception your son quite failed to prepare me,
Painting to me the ways of his father, that excellent burgher.
And I am standing, I know, before you, the man of refinement,
Who with judgment behaves to each one, as suits their positions;
But for the poor girl, methinks, you have not sufficient compassion,
Who has now crossed your threshold, and comes prepared for your service;
Else with such bitter mocking you surely would not have shown me
How far my lot from your son, and from yourself is now severed.
Poor, indeed, and with this small bundle, I come to your dwelling,
Which is furnished with all that marks a prosperous owner;
But I well know myself, and thoroughly feel my position.

Is it noble to make me at once the butt of such mocking
As, on the very threshold, well-nigh from your house drove me backward?"

Much was Hermann alarmed, and made signs to his good friend the pastor,
That he should interfere, and at once put an end to the error.
Quickly the prudent man stepped up, and saw in the maiden
Silent chagrin, and pain subdued, and tears on her eyelids.
Then his soul urged him on, not at once to end the confusion,
But still further to test the afflicted heart of the maiden.
And upon that he addressed her with words of searching intention:
"Surely, thou foreign maiden, thou didst not wisely consider,
When with all haste thou resolvedst to be a servant to strangers,
What is it to live with a master, subject to orders;
For, but once strike the hand and thy whole year's doom is decided,
And the 'yes' but once spoken to much endurance will bind thee.
Truly, wearisome days are not the worst part of service,
Nor the bitter sweat of work everlastingly pressing;
Since the freeman, if active, will labour as hard as the bond-slave.
But to endure the whims of the master who blames without reason,
Wanting now this, now that, with himself still ever at discord;
Ay, and the pettish mood of the mistress, who soon waxes angry,

Joined to the children's rough and insolent want of
good manners;
This is hard to bear, and still be performing your duty
Undelaying and prompt, and without any sullen
objections.
Truly, thou seem'st not well-suited for this, since the
jokes of the father
Wound thee so deeply at once; and yet there is
nothing more common
Than to tease a girl about finding a youth to her fancy."

Thus he spake: but his cutting words were felt by
the maiden,
And she no longer refrained, but her feelings displayed
themselves strongly,
Causing her bosom to heave, while groanings burst
their way from it.
And with hot gushing tears she at once addressed him
in answer:
"Oh! the wise man ne'er knows, when he thinks in
pain to advise us,
How little power his cold words can have to release
our poor bosoms
From the woes which the hand of imperious doom
lays upon them.
Happy are ye, and glad; and how should a joke then
e'er wound you?
But by the man who is sick e'en the gentle touch is
felt painful.
No, 'twould avail me nothing, e'en though my disguise
had succeeded.
Let, then, at once be seen, what later had deepened
my sorrow,
And had brought me, perhaps, to misery silently-
wasting.
Let me again begone! In the house no more may I
tarry.

I will away, and go to seek my poor people in exile,
Whom I forsook in their trouble, to choose for my own profit only.
This is my firm resolve; and now I may dare to acknowledge
That which else in my heart full many a year had lain hidden.
Yes, the father's mocking hath deeply wounded me; not that
I am peevish and proud (which would ill become a poor servant),
But that, in truth, I felt in my heart a strong inclination
Tow'rds the youth who to-day had appeared as my saviour from evil.
For when first on the road he had gone and left me, his image
Lingered still in my mind, and I thought of the fortunate maiden,
Whom, perhaps, as his bride in his heart he already might cherish.
And when I found him again at the well, the sight of him pleased me
Not at all less than if I had seen an angel from heaven;
And my consent was so glad, when he asked me to come as a servant!
Yet my heart, it is true, on the way (I will freely confess it),
Flattered me with the thought that I might perhaps earn his affection,
If I should some day prove a stay the house could not dispense with.
Oh! but now for the first time I see the risk I encountered,
When I would dwell so near to an object of silent devotion.
Now for the first time I feel how far a poor maiden is severed

From the youth who is rich, although she were never so prudent.
All this now have I told, that you may not my heart misinterpret,
Hurt as it was by a chance which has brought me back to my senses.
For, while my silent wishes were hid, I must needs have expected
That I should next see him bring his bride to her home here conducted,
And how then had I borne my unseen burden of sorrow?
Happily have I been warned, and happily now from my bosom
Has the secret escaped, while yet there were cures for the evil.
But I have spoken enough. And now no more shall aught keep me
Here in the house where I stand in shame alone and in anguish,
Freely confessing my love and the hope which sprang from my folly, —
Not the night, far and wide in brooding clouds now enveloped,
Nor the roaring thunder (I hear it) shall keep me from going;
No, nor the gush of the rain, which abroad drives down with such fury,
Nor the whistling storm. All this ere now have I suffered
In our sorrowful flight, with the enemy closely pursuing;
And I will now go forth again, as I've long been accustomed,
Caught by the whirlwind of time, to part from all I could cherish.
Fare ye well! I can stay no longer, but all is now over."

Thus she spoke, and again to the door was quickly returning,
Still keeping under her arm the little bundle brought with her.
But with both her arms the mother laid hold of the maiden,
Clinging round her waist, and cried in wondering amazement:
"Say, what meanest thou by this, and these tears now shed to no purpose?
No, I will not permit thee, — thou art my son's own betrothed one."
But the father stood there displeased with what was before him,
Eying the weeping women, and spoke with the words of vexation:
"This, then, befalls me at last, as the greatest test of forbearance,
That at the close of the day what is most unpleasant should happen!
For I find nothing so hard to bear as the weeping of women,
And the passionate scream, that with eager confusion commences, —
Scenes which a little good sense might soften down with more comfort.
Irksome is it to me still to look on this wondrous beginning;
Ye must conclude it yourselves, for I to my bed am now going."

And he quickly turned round, and hastened to go to the chamber
Where his marriage bed stood, and where he was still wont to rest him.
But his son held him back, and said with words of entreaty:

"Father, make not such haste, nor be angry because of the maiden.
I alone have to bear the blame for all this confusion,
Which our friend, by dissembling, made unexpectedly greater.
Speak, then, worthy sir, for to you is the matter confided.
Heap not up trouble and grief, but rather bring all to good issue;
For, in truth, I might never in future so highly respect you,
If but pleasure in mischief you practised for glorious wisdom."

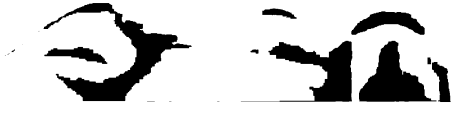
Speaking then with a smile, the worthy vicar made answer:
"Say, what cleverness, then, could have won so fair a confession
From the good maiden here, and her heart before us uncovered?
Has not thy sorrow at once been turned into bliss and rejoicing?
Wherefore but speak for yourself: what need of a stranger's explaining?"
Hermann now coming forward with joyful words thus addressed her:
"Do not repent of thy tears, nor of pains so fleeting as these are,
For they but bring my joy, and thine, too, I hope, to perfection.
Not to hire as a servant the stranger, the excellent maiden,
Came I up to the well; — I came thy dear love to sue for.
Oh, but out on my bashful glance! which thy heart's inclination

Was not able to see, but saw in thine eye nought but friendship,
When in the calm well's mirror thou gavest me there such kind greeting.
Merely to bring thee home the half of my happiness gave me,
And thou art now completing it quite; my blessing be on thee!"
Then did the maiden look at the youth with deepest emotion,
And refused not the embrace and kiss, — the crown of rejoicing,
When they at length afford to lovers the long-wished assurance
Of their life's future joy, which now seems of endless duration.

All meanwhile to the rest had been explained by the vicar,
But the maiden came with vows of hearty affection
Gracefully made to the father; and kissing his hand, though retracted,
Said: "It is surely but right that you pardon a poor surprised maiden,
First for her tears of pain, and now for her tears of rejoicing.
Oh! forgive me that feeling, forgive me this present one also;
And let me comprehend my happiness newly imparted.
Yes, let the first annoyance which in my confusion I caused you
Be now at once the last! That service of faithful affection
Which was your maid's bounden duty, your daughter shall equally render."

Hiding then his tears, the father quickly embraced her;
And the mother came up with kisses familiar and hearty,
Shaking her hand in her own, while the weeping women were silent.
Speedily then laid hold the good and intelligent vicar
First, of the father's hand, and drew the wedding-ring off it
(Not so easily, though; for the plump round finger detained it),
Then the mother's ring he took, and affianced the children;
Saying: "Once more let the rings of gold discharge their glad office,
Closely securing a tie which exactly resembles the old one.
Deeply this youth is pierced through and through with love of the maiden,
And the maiden hath owned that the youth, too, hath called forth her wishes.
Wherefore I here betroth you, and bless you for ever hereafter,
With your parents' consent, and with this true friend to bear witness."

And the neighbour at once bowed his head, with wishes for blessings.
But when the reverend man the golden ring was now placing
On the maiden's finger, he saw with amazement the other,
Which before, at the well, had been viewed with sorrow by Hermann:
And he said thereupon with words of friendly jocoseness:



"What! for the second time art thou now betrothed?
May the first youth
Not appear at the altar, with words forbidding the marriage!"

But she said in reply: "Oh, let me to this dear memento
Consecrate one short moment; for well did the good man deserve it,
Who, when departing, gave it, and never came back for the nuptials.
All was foreseen by him at the time when his longing for freedom,
And his desire to act in the scenes of a novel existence,
Urged him quickly to Paris, where dungeon and death he encountered.
'Live, and be happy,' said he, 'I go; for all that is earthly
Now is changing at once, and all seems doomed to be severed.
In the most settled states the primary laws are departing;
Property is departing from even the oldest possessor;
Friend is departing from friend, and love from love, in like manner.
I now leave thee here; and where I may e'er again find thee,
Who can tell? Perhaps this may be our last conversation.
Man, it is rightly said, on earth is only a stranger;
More a stranger than ever has each one in these days been rendered.
Even our soil is ours no longer; our treasures are wandering;
Gold and silver are melted from forms which time had made sacred.

All is moving, as though the world, long formed, would dissolve back
Into chaos and night, and be formed anew for the future.
Thou wilt for me keep thy heart; and if we meet again hereafter,
Over the wreck of the world, we both shall then be new creatures,
Quite transformed and free, and no longer dependent on fortune;
For what fetters could bind the man who survived such an epoch?
But if it is not to be, that happily freed from these dangers
We should one day again with joy return to each other,
Oh, then, keep in thy thoughts my image still hovering before thee,
That thou with equal courage for joy and grief mayest be ready,
Should a new home appear, and new connections invite thee;
Then enjoy thou with thanks whate'er by thy fate is provided:
Love them well that love thee, and for kindness show thyself grateful;
Yet, e'en then set thy foot but lightly, where all is so changeful;
For the redoubled pain of new loss still near thee is lurking.
Holy be that thy day! Yet esteem not life of more value
Than aught else that is good: and all that is good is deceitful.'
Thus he spake, and before me the noble one ne'er reappeared.
All meantime have I lost, and a thousand times thought of his warning;

And now I think of his words, when so splendidly love is preparing
Joy for me here, and disclosing most glorious hopes for the future.
Oh! forgive me, my excellent friend, if I tremble while leaning
E'en on thine arm! So deems the sailor, at length safely landed,
That the firmly set base of the solid ground is still rocking."

Thus she spoke, and placed the rings, one close to the other.
But the bridegroom said, with noble and manly emotion:
"All the firmer be, in this shaking of all things around us,
Dorothea, this tie! Yes, we will continue still holding,
Firmly holding ourselves and the good things we have in possession;
For in wavering times the man whose views also waver
Does but increase the evil and spread it further and further;
While he who firmly stands to his views moves the world to his wishes.
Ill becomes it the German the fear-inspiring commotion
Still to prolong, and still to be staggering hither and thither.
'This is ours!' so let us assert, and maintain our assertion!
Men of resolute minds are still ever valued the highest,
Who for God and the law, for parents, for wives and for children
Battled, against the foe together standing till vanquished.
Thou art mine, and now what is mine is more mine than ever.

Not with vexation of heart will I keep, and with sorrow enjoy it,
But with courage and might. And should our foes threaten at present,
Or in future, equip me thyself, and hand me my weapons
Knowing that thou wilt attend to my house, and affectionate parents.
Oh! I shall then 'gainst the foe stand with breast of fearless assurance,
And if but each man thought as I think, then quickly would stand up
Might against might, and of peace we all should share the enjoyment."

WEST-EASTERN DIVAN.

Who the song would understand,
Needs must seek the song's own land.
Who the minstrel understand,
Needs must seek the minstrel's land.

The poems comprised in this collection are written in the Persian style, and are greatly admired by Oriental scholars, for the truthfulness with which the Eastern spirit of poetry is reproduced by the Western minstrel. They were chiefly composed between the years 1814 and 1819, and first given to the world in the latter year. Of the twelve books into which they are divided, that of Suleika will probably be considered the best, from the many graceful love-songs which it contains. The following is Heine's account of the "Divan," and may well serve as a substitute for anything I could say respecting it:

"It contains opinions and sentiments on the East, expressed in a series of rich cantos and stanzas full of sweetness and spirit, and all this as enchanting as a harem emitting the most delicious and rare perfumes, and blooming with exquisitely lovely nymphs with eyebrows painted black, eyes piercing as those of the antelope, arms white as alabaster, and of the most graceful and perfectly formed shapes, while the heart of the reader beats and grows faint, as did that of the happy Gaspard Debaran, the clown, who, when on the highest step of his ladder, was enabled to peep into the Seraglio of Constantinople — that recess concealed from the inspection of man. Sometimes, also, the reader may imagine himself indolently stretched on a carpet of Persian softness, luxuriously smoking the yellow tobacco of Turkistan through a long tube of jessamine and amber, while a black slave fans him with a fan of peacock's feathers, and a little boy presents him with a cup of genuine Mocha. Goethe has put these enchanting and voluptuous customs into poetry, and his verses are so perfect, so harmonious, so tasteful, so soft, that it seems really surprising that he should ever have been able to have brought the German language to this state of suppleness. The charm of the book is inexplicable; it is a votive nosegay sent from the West to the East, composed of the most precious and curious plants: red roses, hortensias like the breast of a spotless maiden, purple digitales like the long finger of a man, fantastically formed ranunculi, and in the midst of all, silent and tastefully concealed, a tuft of German violets. This nosegay signifies that the West is tired of thin and icy-cold spirituality, and seeks warmth in the strong and healthy bosom of the East."

Translations are here given of upwards of sixty of the best poems embraced in the "Divan," the number in the original exceeding two hundred.

I. MORGANNI NAMEH.

BOOK OF THE MINSTREL.

TALISMANS.

GOD is of the east possessed,
God is ruler of the west;
North and south alike, each land
Rests within His gentle hand.

HE, the only righteous one,
Wills that right to each be done.
'Mongst His hundred titles, then,
Highest praised be this! — Amen.

ERROR seeketh to deceive me,
Thou art able to retrieve me;
Both in action and in song
Keep my course from going wrong.

THE FOUR FAVOURS.

THAT Arabs through the realms of space
May wander on, light-hearted,
Great Allah hath, to all their race,
Four favours meet imparted.

The turban first — that ornament
All regal crowns excelling;
A light and ever-shifting tent,
Wherein to make our dwelling,

A sword, which, more than rocks and walls
Doth shield us, brightly glistening;
A song that profits and enthrals,
For which the maids are listening.

DISCORD.

WHEN by the brook his strain
  Cupid is fluting,
And on the neighbouring plain
  Mavors disputing,
There turns the ear ere long,
  Loving and tender,
Yet to the noise the song
  Soon must surrender.
Loud then the flute-notes glad
  Sound 'mid war's thunder;
If I grow raving mad,
  Is it a wonder?
Flutes sing and trumpets bray,
  Waxing yet stronger;
If, then, my senses stray,
  Wonder no longer.

SONG AND STRUCTURE.

LET the Greek his plastic clay
  Mould in human fashion,
While his own creation may
  Wake his glowing passion;

But it is our joy to court
  Great Euphrates' torrent,
Here and there at will to sport
  In the watery current.

Quenched I thus my spirit's flame,
  Songs had soon resounded;
Water drawn by bards whose fame
  Pure is, may be rounded. [1]

[1] This Oriental belief in the power of the pure to roll up water into a crystal ball is made the foundation of the interesting "Pariah Legend" that will be found elsewhere amongst the "Ballads."

II. HAFIS NAMEH.

BOOK OF HAFIS.

Spirit let us bridegroom call,
And the Word the bride;
Known this wedding is to all
Who have Hafis tried.

THE UNLIMITED.

THAT thou canst never end, doth make thee great,
And that thou ne'er beginnest, is thy fate.
Thy song is changeful as yon starry frame,
End and beginning evermore the same;
And what the middle bringeth, but contains
What was at first, and what at last remains.
Thou art of joy the true and minstrel-source,
From thee pours wave on wave with ceaseless force.
A mouth that's aye prepared to kiss,
A breast whence flows a loving song,
A throat that finds no draught amiss,
An open heart that knows no wrong.

And what though all the world should sink!
Hafis, with thee, alone with thee
Will I contend! joy, misery,
The portion of us twain shall be;
Like thee to love, like thee to drink, —
This be my pride, — this, life to me!

Now, Song, with thine own fire be sung, —
For thou art older, thou more young!

TO HAFIS.

Hafis, straight to equal thee,
One would strive in vain;
Though a ship with majesty
Cleaves the foaming main,
Feels its sails swell haughtily
As it onward hies,
Crushed by ocean's stern decree,
Wrecked it straightway lies.

Tow'rd thee, songs, light, graceful, free,
Mount with cooling gush;
Then their glow consumeth me,
As like fire they rush.
Yet a thought with ecstasy
Hath my courage moved;
In the land of melody
I have lived and loved.

III. USCHK NAMEH.

BOOK OF LOVE.

THE TYPES.

List, and in memory bear
These six fond loving pair.
Love, when aroused, kept true
Rustan and Rodawu!
Strangers approach from afar
Jussuf and Suleika;
Love, void of hope, is in
Ferhad and Schirin.

Born for each other are
Medschun and Leila;
Loving, though old and gray,
Dschemil saw Boteinah.
Love's sweet caprice anon,
Brown maid [1] and Solomon!
If thou dost mark them well,
Stronger thy love will swell.

ONE PAIR MORE.

Love is, indeed, a glorious prize!
What fairer guerdon meets our eyes? —
Though neither wealth nor power are thine,
A very hero thou dost shine.
As of the prophet they will tell,
Wamik and Asra's tale as well. —
They'll tell not of them, — they'll but give
Their names, which now are all that live.
The deeds they did, the toils they proved,
No mortal knows! But that they loved,
This know we. Here's the story true
Of Wamik and of Asra, too.

Love's torments sought a place of rest,
Where all might drear and lonely be;
They found ere long my desert breast,
And nestled in its vacancy.

[1] The Queen of Sheba.

IV. TEFKIR NAMEH.

BOOK OF CONTEMPLATION.

FIVE THINGS.

WHAT makes time short to me?
Activity!
What makes it long and spiritless?
'Tis idleness!
What brings us to debt?
To delay and forget!
What makes us succeed?
Decision with speed!
How to fame to ascend?
Oneself to defend!

FOR woman due allowance make!
Formed of a crooked rib was she. —
By Heaven she could not straightened be.
Attempt to bend her, and she'll break;
If left alone, more crooked grows madam;
What well could be worse, my good friend Adam? —
For woman due allowance make;
'Twere grievous, if thy rib should break!

FIRDUSI (*speaks*).

O WORLD, with what baseness and guilt thou art rife!
Thou nurturest, trainest, and killest the while.
He only whom Allah doth bless with his smile
Is trained and is nurtured with riches and life.

SULEIKA (*speaks*).

THE mirror tells me I am fair!
Thou sayest, to grow old my fate will be.
Nought in God's presence changeth e'er, —
Love Him, for this one moment, then, in me.

V. RENDSCH NAMEH.

BOOK OF GLOOM.

IT is a fault oneself to praise,
And yet 'tis done by each whose deeds are kind;
And if there's no deceit in what he says,
The good we still as good shall find.

Let, then, ye fools, that wise man taste
Of joy, who fancies that he's wise;
That he, a fool like you, may waste
The insipid thanks the world supplies.

VI. HIKMET NAMEH.

BOOK OF PROVERBS.

CALL on the present day and night for nought,
Save what by yesterday was brought.

THE sea is flowing ever,
The land retains it never.

BE stirring, man, while yet the day is clear;
The night when none can work fast draweth near.[1]

WHEN the heavy-laden sigh,
Deeming help and hope gone by,
Oft with healing power is heard,
Comfort-fraught, a kindly word.

HOW vast is mine inheritance, how glorious and sublime!
For time mine own possession is, the land I till is time!

ENWERI saith, — ne'er lived a man more true;
The deepest heart, the highest head, he knew, —
"In every place and time thou'lt find availing
Uprightness, judgment, kindliness unfailing."

THOUGH the bards whom the Orient sun hath blessed
Are greater than we who dwell in the west,
Yet in hatred of those whom our equals we find,
In *this* we're not in the least behind.

WOULD we let our envy burst,
Feed its hunger fully first!
To keep our proper place,
We'll show our bristles more;
With hawks men all things chase
Except the savage boar.

BY those who themselves more bravely have fought
A hero's praise will be joyfully told.
The worth of man can only be taught
By those who have suffered both heat and cold.

[1] This fine couplet is given as the motto to an early edition of "Wilhelm Meister."

"WHEREFORE is truth so far from our eyes,
Buried as though in a distant land?"
None at the proper moment are wise!
Could they properly understand,
Truth would appear in her own sweet guise,
Beauteous, gentle, and close at hand.

WHY these inquiries make,
Where charity may flow?
Cast in the flood thy cake, —
Its eater, who will know?

ONCE when I a spider had killed,
Then methought: was't right or wrong?
That we both to these times should belong,
This had God in His goodness willed.

MOTLEY this congregation is, for, lo!
At the communion kneel both friend and foe.

IF the country I'm to show,
Thou must on the housetop go.

A MAN with households twain
Ne'er finds attention meet;
A house wherein two women reign
Is ne'er kept clean and neat.

BLESS, thou dread Creator,
Bless this humble fane;
Man may build them *greater*, —
More they'll not contain.

LET this house's glory rise,
Handed to far ages down,
And the son his honour prize,
As the father his renown.

O'ER the Mediterranean sea
Proudly hath the Orient sprung;
Who loves Hafis and knows him, he
Knows what Calderon hath sung.

IF the ass that bore the Saviour
Were to Mecca driven, he
Would not alter, but would be
Still an ass in his behaviour.

THE flood of passion storms with fruitless strife
'Gainst the unvanquished solid land —
It throws poetic pearls upon the strand,
And thus is gained the prize of life.

WHEN so many minstrels there are,
How it pains me, alas, to know it!
Who from the earth drives poetry far?
Who but the poet!

VII. TIMUR NAMEH.

BOOK OF TIMUR.

THE WINTER AND TIMUR.

So the winter now closed round them
With resistless fury. Scattering
Over all his breath so icy,
He inflamed each wind that bloweth
To assail them angrily.
Over them he gave dominion
To his frost-ensharpened tempests;
Down to Timur's council went he,

And with threatening voice addressed him —
"Softly, slowly, wretched being!
Live, the tyrant of injustice;
But shall hearts be scorched much longer
By thy flames, — consume before them?
If amongst the evil spirits
Thou art gone, — good! I'm another.
Thou a graybeard art — so *I* am;
Land and men we make to stiffen.
Thou art Mars! And I Saturnus, —
Both are evil-working planets,
When united, horror-fraught.
Thou dost kill the soul, thou freezest
E'en the atmosphere; still colder
Is my breath than thine was ever.
Thy wild armies vex the faithful
With a thousand varying torments!
Well! God grant that I discover
Even worse, before I perish!
And, by God, I'll give thee none.
Let God hear what now I tell thee!
Yes, by God! from Death's cold clutches
Nought, O graybeard, shall protect thee,
Not the hearth's broad coal-fire's ardour,
Not December's brightest flame."

TO SULEIKA.

FITTING perfumes to prepare,
And to raise thy rapture high,
Must a thousand rosebuds fair,
First in fiery torments die.

One small flask's contents to glean,
Whose sweet fragrance aye may live,
Slender as thy finger e'en,
Must a world its treasures give;

Yes, a world where life is moving
  Which, with impulse full and strong,
Could forbode the Bulbul's loving,
  Sweet and spirit-stirring song.

Since they thus have swelled our joy,
  Should such torments grieve us, then?
Does not Timur's rule destroy
  Myriad souls of living men?

VIII. SULEIKA NAMEH.

BOOK OF SULEIKA.

Once, methought, in the night hours cold,
  That I saw the moon in my sleep;
But as soon as I wakened, behold
  Unawares rose the sun from the deep.

THAT Suleika's love was so strong
  For Jussuf, need cause no surprise;
  He was young, youth pleaseth the eyes, —
  He was fair, they say, beyond measure,
  Fair was she, and so great was their pleasure.
But that thou, who awaitedst me long,
Youthful glances of fire dost throw me,
Soon will bless me, thy love now dost show me,
This shall my joyous numbers proclaim,
Thee I for ever Suleika shall name.

HATEM.

NOT occasion *makes* the thief;
  She's the greatest of the whole;
For Love's relics, to my grief,
  From my aching heart she stole.

She hath given it to thee, —
All the joy my life had known,
So that, in my poverty,
Life I seek from thee alone.

Yet compassion greets me straight
In the lustre of thine eye,
And I bless my new-born fate,
As within thine arms I lie.

SULEIKA.

THE sun appears! A glorious sight!
The crescent-moon clings round him now.
What could this wondrous pair unite?
How to explain this riddle? How?

HATEM.

May this our joy's foreboder prove!
In it I view myself and thee;
Thou callest me thy sun, my love, —
Come, my sweet moon, cling thou round me!

LOVE for love, and moments sweet,
Lips returning kiss for kiss,
Word for word, and eyes that meet;
Breath for breath, and bliss for bliss.
Thus at eve, and thus the morrow!
Yet thou feelest, at my lay,
Ever some half-hidden sorrow;
Could I Jussuf's graces borrow,
All thy beauty I'd repay!

HATEM.

O SAY, 'neath what celestial sign
The day doth lie,
When ne'er again this heart of mine
Away will fly?
And e'en though fled (what thought divine!)
Would near me lie? —
On the soft couch, on whose sweet shrine
My heart near hers will lie!

HATEM.

HOLD me, locks, securely caught
In the circle of her face!
Dear brown serpents, I have nought
To repay this act of grace,

Save a heart whose love ne'er dies,
Throbbing with aye-youthful glow;
For a raging Etna lies
Neath its veil of mist and snow.

Yonder mountain's stately brow
Thou, like morning beams, dost shame;
Once again feels Hatem now
Spring's soft breath and summer's flame.

One more bumper! Fill the glass;
This last cup I pledge to thee! —
By mine ashes if she pass,
"He consumed," she'll say, "for me."

THE LOVING ONE SPEAKS.

AND wherefore sends not
The horseman captain
His heralds hither
Each day, unfailing?
Yet hath he horses,
He writeth well.

He writeth Talik,
And Neski knows he
To write with beauty
On silken tablets.
I'd deem him present,
Had I his words.

The sick one *will* not,
Will not recover
From her sweet sorrow;
She when she heareth
That her true lover
Grows well, falls sick.

THE LOVING ONE AGAIN.

WRITES he in Neski,
Faithfully speaks he;
Writes he in Talik,
Joy to give seeks he;
Writes he in either,
Good! — for he loves!

THESE tufted branches fair
Observe, my loved one, well!
And see the fruits they bear
In green and prickly shell.

They've hung rolled up, till now,
Unconsciously and still;
A loosely-waving bough
Doth rock them at its will.

Yet, ripening from within,
The kernel brown swells fast;
It seeks the air to win,
It seeks the sun at last.

With joy it bursts its thrall,
The shell must needs give way;
'Tis thus my numbers fall
Before thy feet, each day.

SULEIKA.

WHAT is by this stir revealed?
Doth the East glad tidings bring?
For my heart's deep wounds are healed
By his mild and cooling wing.

He the dust with sports doth meet,
And in gentle cloudlets chase;
To the vine-leaf's safe retreat
Drives the insects' happy race,

Cools these burning cheeks of mine,
Checks the sun's fierce glow amain,
Kisses, as he flies, the vine,
Flaunting over hill and plain.

And his whispers soft convey
  Thousand greetings from my friend;
Ere these hills own night's dark sway,
  Kisses greet me without end.

Thus canst thou still onward go,
  Serving friend and mourner, too!
There, where lofty ramparts glow,
  Soon the loved one shall I view.

Ah, what makes the heart's truth know, —
  Love's sweet breath, — a new-born life, —
Learn I from *his* mouth alone,
  In *his* breath alone is rife!

THE SUBLIME TYPE.

The sun, whom Grecians Helios call,
  His heavenly path with pride doth tread,
And, to subdue the world's wide all
  Looks round, beneath him, high o'erhead.

He sees the fairest goddess pine,
  Heaven's child, the daughter of the clouds, —
For her alone he seems to shine;
  In trembling grief his form he shrouds.

Careless for all the realms of bliss, —
  Her streaming tears more swiftly flow:
For every pearl he gives a kiss,
  And changeth into joy her woe.

She gazeth upward fixedly,
  And deeply feels his glance of might,
While, stamped with his own effigy
  Each pearl would range itself aright.

Thus wreathed with bows, with hues thus graced,
With gladness beams her face so fair
While he, to meet her, maketh haste,
And yet, alas! can reach her ne'er.

So, by the harsh decree of Fate,
Thou movest from me, dearest one;
And were I Helios, e'en, the Great,
What would avail his chariot throne?

SULEIKA.

Zephyr, for thy humid wing,
Oh, how much I envy thee!
Thou to *him* canst tidings bring,
How our parting saddens me!

In my breast, a yearning still,
As thy pinions wave, appears:
Flowers and eyes, and wood, and hill
At thy breath are steeped in tears.

Yet thy mild wing gives relief,
Soothes the aching eyelids' pain;
Ah, I else had died for grief,
Him ne'er hoped to see again.

To my love, then, quick repair,
Whisper softly to his heart;
Yet, to give him pain, beware,
Nor my bosom's pangs impart.

Tell him, but in accents coy,
That his love must be my life;
Both, with feelings fraught with joy,
In his presence will be rife.

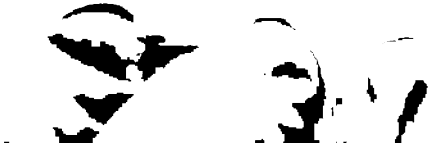
THE REUNION.

CAN it be! of stars the star,
Do I press thee to my heart?
In the night of distance far,
What deep gulf, what bitter smart!
Yes, 'tis thou, indeed at last,
Of my joys the partner dear!
Mindful, though, of sorrows past,
I the present needs must fear.

When the still unfashioned earth
Lay on God's eternal breast,
He ordained its hour of birth,
With creative joy possessed.
Then a heavy sigh arose,
When He spake the sentence: — "Be!"
And the All, with mighty throes,
Burst into reality.

And when thus was born the light,
Darkness near it feared to stay,
And the elements with might
Fled on every side away;
Each on some far-distant trace,
Each with visions wild employed,
Numb, in boundless realms of space,
Harmony and feeling-void.

Dumb was all, all still and dead,
For the first time, God alone!
Then He formed the morning-red,
Which soon made its kindness known:
It unravelled from the waste
Bright and glowing harmony,
And once more with love was graced
What contended formerly.



And with earnest, noble strife,
Each its own peculiar sought;
Back to full, unbounded life,
Sight and feeling soon were brought.
Wherefore, if 'tis done, explore
How? why give the manner, name?
Allah need create no more,
We his world ourselves can frame.

So, with morning pinions bright,
To thy mouth was I impelled;
Stamped with thousand seals by night,
Star-clear is the bond fast held.
Paragons on earth are we
Both of grief and joy sublime,
And a second sentence: — "Be!"
Parts us not a second time.

SULEIKA.

WITH what inward joy, sweet lay,
I thy meaning have descried!
Lovingly thou seemest to say
That I'm ever by his side;

That he ever thinks of me,
That he to the absent gives
All his love's sweet ecstasy,
While for him alone she lives.

Yes, the mirror which reveals
Thee, my loved one, is my breast;
This is the bosom, where thy seals
Endless kisses have impressed.

Numbers sweet, unsullied truth,
Chain me down in sympathy!
Love's embodied radiant youth,
In the garb of Poesy!

In thousand forms mayst thou attempt surprise,
Yet, all-belovèd one, straight know I thee;
Thou mayst with magic veils thy face disguise,
And yet, all-present one, straight know I thee.

Upon the cypress' purest, youthful bud,
All-beauteous-growing one, straight know I thee;
In the canal's unsullied, living flood,
All-captivating one, well know I thee!

When spreads the water-column, rising proud,
All-sportive one, how gladly know I thee;
When, e'en in forming, is transformed the cloud,
All-figure-changing one, there know I thee.

Veiled in the meadow-carpet's flowery charms,
All-chequered starry fair one, know I thee;
And if a plant extend its thousand arms,
Oh, all-embracing one, there know I thee.

When on the mount is kindled morn's sweet light,
Straightway, all-gladdening one, salute I thee;
The arch of heaven o'er head grows pure and bright, —
All-heart-expanding one, then breathe I thee.

That which my inward, outward sense proclaims,
Thou all-instructing one, I know through thee;
And if I utter Allah's hundred names,
A name with each one echoes, meant for thee.

IX. SAKI NAMEH.

THE CONVIVIAL BOOK.

CAN the Koran from eternity be?
'Tis worth not a thought!
Can the Koran a creation, then, be?
Of that I know nought!
Yet, that the book of all books it must be,
I believe as a Mussulman ought.
That from eternity wine, though, must be,
I ever have thought;
That 'twas ordained, ere the angels, to be,
As a truth may be taught.
Drinkers, however these matters may be,
Gaze on God's face, fearing nought.

YE'VE often, for our drunkenness,
Blamed us in every way,
And, in abuse of drunkenness,
Enough can never say.
Men, overcome by drunkenness,
Are wont to lie till day;
And yet I find *my* drunkenness
All night-time make me stray;
For, oh! 'tis Love's sweet drunkenness
That maketh me its prey,
Which, night and day, and day and night,
My heart must needs obey,—
A heart that in its drunkenness,
Pours forth full many a lay,
So that no trifling drunkenness
Can dare assert its sway.
Love, song, and wine's sweet drunkenness,
By night-time and by day,—
How god-like is the drunkenness
That maketh me its prey!

X. MATHAL NAMEH.

BOOK OF PARABLES.

From heaven there fell upon the foaming wave
A timid drop; the flood with anger roared, —
But God, its modest boldness to reward,
Strength to the drop and firm endurance gave.
Its form the mussel captive took.
And to its lasting glory and renown,
The pearl now glistens in our monarch's crown,
With gentle gleam and loving look.

Bulbul's song, through night hours cold,
Rose to Allah's throne on high;
To reward her melody,
Giveth he a cage of gold.
Such a cage are limbs of men, —
Though at first she feels confined,
Yet when all she brings to mind,
Straight the spirit sings again.

In the Koran with strange delight
A peacock's feather met my sight:
Thou'rt welcome in this holy place,
The highest prize on earth's wide face!
As in the stars of heaven, in thee,
God's greatness in the small we see:
For he whose gaze whole worlds hath blessed,
His eye hath even here impressed,
And the light down in beauty dressed,
So that e'en monarchs cannot hope
In splendour with the bird to cope.
Meekly enjoy thy happy lot,
And so deserve that holy spot!

ALL kinds of men, both small and great,
A fine-spun web delight to create,
And in the middle they take their place,
And wield their scissors with wondrous grace.
But if a besom should sweep that way:
"What a most shameful thing," they say,—
"They've crushed a mighty palace to-day."

IT IS GOOD.

IN Paradise while moonbeams played,
Jehovah found, in slumber deep,
Adam fast sunk; He gently laid
Eve near him, — she, too, fell asleep.
There lay they now, on earth's fair shrine,
God's two most beauteous thoughts divine —
When this He saw, He cried: 'Tis good!
And scarce could move from where He stood.

No wonder, that our joy's complete
While eye and eye responsive meet,
When this blest thought of rapture moves us —
That we're with Him who truly loves us,
And if He cries: — Good, let it be!
'Tis so for both, it seems to me.
Thou'rt clasped within these arms of mine,
Dearest of all God's thoughts divine!

XI. PARSI NAMEH.

BOOK OF THE PARSEES.

THE BEQUEST OF THE ANCIENT PERSIAN FAITH.

BRETHREN, what bequest to you should come
From the lowly poor man, going home,
Whom ye younger ones with patience tended,
Whose last days ye honoured and defended?

When we oft have seen the monarch ride,
Gold upon him, gold on every side,
Jewels on him, on his courtiers all,
Thickly strewed as hailstones when they fall,

Have ye e'er known envy at the sight?
And not felt your gaze become more bright,
When the sun was, on the wings of morning,
Darnawend's numbered peaks adorning,

As he, bow-like, rose? How each eye dwelt
On the glorious scene! I felt, I felt,
Thousand times, as life's days fleeted by,
Borne with him, the coming one, on high.

God upon His throne then to proclaim,
Him, the life-fount's mighty Lord, to name,
Worthily to prize that glorious sight,
And to wander on beneath His light.

When the fiery orb was all defined,
There I stood, as though in darkness, blind,
Beat my breast, my quickened members threw
On the earth, brow-foremost, at the view.

Let this holy, great bequest reward.
Brotherly good-will and kind regard:
SOLEMN DUTY'S DAILY OBSERVATION. —
More than this, it needs no revelation.

If its gentle hands a new-born one
Move, then straightway turn it toward the sun, —
Soul and body dip in bath of fire!
Then each morning's favour 'twill acquire.

To the living one, commit the dead,
O'er the beast let earth and dust be spread,
And, so far as may extend your might,
What ye deem impure, conceal from sight.

Till your plains to graceful purity,
That the sun with joy your labours see;
When ye plant, your trees in rows contrive,
For he makes the regular to thrive.

Even the floods that through the channel rush
Must not fail in fulness or in gush;
And as Senderud, from mountain high,
Rises pure, in pureness must it die.

Not to weaken water's gentle fall,
Carefully cleanse out the channels all;
Salamander, snake, and rush, and reed, —
All destroy, — each monster and each weed.

If thus pure ye earth and water keep,
Through the air the sun will gladly peep,
Where he, worthily enshrined in space,
Worketh life, to life gives holy grace.

Ye, by toil on toil so sorely tried,
Comfort take, the All is purified;

And now man, as priest, may boldly dare
From the stone God's image to prepare.

When the flame burns joyously and bright,
Limbs are supple, radiant is the night;
On the hearth when fire with ardour glows,
Ripe the sap of plants and creatures grows.

Dragging wood, with rapture be it done,
'Tis the seed of many an earthly sun:
Plucking Pambeh, gladly may ye say:—
This, as wick, the Holy will convey.

If ye meekly, in each burning lamp,
See the nobler light's resplendent stamp,
Ne'er will Fate prevent you, void of feeling,
At God's throne at morning-tide from kneeling.

This is Being's mighty signet, then,
God's pure glass to angels and to men;
Each word lisped the Highest praise to sound,
Ring in ring, united there is found.

From the shore of Senderud ascendeth,
Up to Darnawend its pinions bendeth,
As He dawns, with joy to greet His light,
You with endless blessings to requite.

XII. CHULD NAMEH.

BOOK OF PARADISE.

THE PRIVILEGED MAN.

AFTER THE BATTLE OF BEDR, BENEATH THE CANOPY OF HEAVEN.

[This battle was fought in the second year of the Hegira (A. D. 623), between the followers of Mahomet, who numbered three hundred and thirteen, possessing two horses and seventy camels, and the "idolaters," or Meccans, whose forces amounted to nine hundred and fifty, including two hundred cavalry. The victory remained with Mahomet, who lost fourteen men, while seventy of the enemy were slain. A great accession of strength ensued in consequence to the Prophet, who pretended that miracles were wrought in his behalf in the battle, God having sent angels to fight on his side, and having also made his army to appear larger to the enemy than it really was. — See the Koran, chapter viii., and Abulfeda's "Life of Mahomet."]

MAHOMET (*speaks*).

Let the foeman sorrow o'er his dead,
Ne'er will they return again to light;
O'er our brethren let no tear be shed,
For they dwell above yon spheres so bright.

All the seven planets open throw
All their metal doors with mighty shock,
And the forms of those we loved below
At the gates of Eden boldly knock.

There they find, with bliss ne'er dreamed before,
Glories that my flight first showed to eye,
When the wondrous steed my person bore
In one second through the realms on high.

Wisdom's trees, in cyprus-order growing,
High uphold the golden apples sweet;

Trees of life, their spreading shadows throwing,
Shade each blossoming plant, each flowery seat.

Now a balmy zephyr from the east
Brings the heavenly maidens to thy view;
With the eye thou now dost taste the feast,
Soon the sight pervades thee through and through.

There they stand, to ask thee thy career;
Mighty plans? or dangerous bloody rout?
Thou art a hero, know they, — for thou art here,
What a hero? — This they'll fathom out.

By thy wounds soon clearly this is shown,
Wounds that write thy fame's undying story;
Wounds the true believer mark alone,
When have perished joy and earthly glory.

To chiosks and arbours thou art brought,
Filled with checkered marble columns bright;
To the noble grape-juice, solace-fraught,
They the guest with kindly sips invite.

Youth! Thou'rt welcome more than ever was youth,
All alike are radiant and serene;
When thou takest one to thine heart with truth,
Of the band she'll be the friend and queen.

So prepare thee for this place of rest,
Never can it now be changed again;
Maids like these will ever make thee blest,
Wines like these will never harm thy brain.

THE FAVOURED BEASTS.

Of beasts there have been chosen four
To come to Paradise,
And there with saints for evermore
They dwell in happy wise.

Amongst them all the Ass stands first;
He comes with joyous stride,
For to the Prophet-City erst
Did Jesus on him ride.

Half timid next a Wolf doth creep,
To whom Mahomet spake: —
"Spoil not the poor man of his sheep,
The rich man's thou mayest take."

And then the brave and faithful Hound,
Who by his master kept,
And slept with him the slumbers sound
The seven sleepers slept.

Abuherrira's Cat, too, here,
Purrs round his master blest,
For holy must the beast appear
The Prophet hath caressed.

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS OF EPHESUS.

Six young men of Cæsar's household
Fled before their master's anger;
As a god he claimed their worship,
Though a sorry god was he.
For an insect, ever buzzing,
Still annoyed him at the banquet,

Still disturbed his rest and pleasure.
All the chasing of his servants
Could not drive away the torment.
Ever round the head of Cæsar
Did the angry creature hover,
Threatening with its poisoned sting
Still it flew, and swiftly circling,
Made confusion at the table,
Messenger of Baalzebub,
The infernal Lord of flies.

"Ha!" — so spake the youths together,
"He a god that fears an insect!
Can a god be thus molested?
Does a god, like wretched mortals,
Feast and revel at the banquet?
Nay! to Him, the one, the only,
Who the sun and moon created,
Who hath made the stars in glory,
Shall we henceforth bend the knee!"

So they spake, and left the palace,
Left it in their trim apparel;
By a shepherd led, they hastened
To a cave was in the mountain,
And they all went gliding in.
And the shepherd's dog came after,
Though they strove to drive him from them;
Thrust himself toward his master,
Licked their hands in dumb entreaty,
That he might remain their fellow;
And lay down with them to sleep.

But the wrath of Cæsar kindled,
When he knew that they had left him;
All his former love departed,
All his thought was vengeance only.

Out in quest he sent his people,
Traced them to the mountain hollow.
Not to fire nor sword he doomed them;
But he bade great stones be lifted
To the entrance of the cavern;
Saw it fastened up with mortar;
And so left them in their tomb.

But the youths lay calmly sleeping;
And the angel, their protector,
Spake before the throne of glory:
"I have watched beside the sleepers,
Made them turn in slumber ever,
That the damps of yonder cavern,
Should not cramp their youthful limbs;
And the rocks around I've opened,
That the sun at rising, setting,
May give freshness to their cheeks.
So they lie in rest and quiet,
In the bliss of happy dreams."
So they lay; and still beside them,
Lay the dog in peaceful slumber,
Never whimpering in his sleep.

Years came on and years departed;
Till at last the young men wakened;
And the wall, so strongly fastened,
Now had fallen into ruin,
Crumbled by the touch of ages.
Then Iamblichus, the youngest,
And the goodliest of them all,
Seeing that the shepherd trembled,
Said, "I pray you now, my brothers,
Let me go to seek provision;
I have gold, my life I'll venture,
Tarry till I bring you bread."

Ephesus, that noble city,
Then, for many a year, had yielded
To the faith of the Redeemer,
Jesus. (Glory to his name!)

And he ran unto the city;
At the gate were many warders,
Armed men on tower and turret,
But he passed them all unchallenged;
To the nearest baker's went he,
And in haste demanded bread.

"Ha! young rogue," exclaimed the baker,
"Surely thou hast found a treasure;
That old piece of gold betrays thee!
Give me, or I shall denounce thee,
Half the treasure thou hast found."

And Iamblichus denied it.
But the baker would not listen;
Brawling till the watch came forward,
To the king they both were taken;
And the monarch, like the baker,
But a higher right asserting,
Claimed to share the treasure too.

But at last the wondrous story,
Which the young man told the monarch,
Proved itself by many tokens
Lord was he of that same palace,
Whither he was brought for judgment;
For he showed to them a pillar,
In the which a stone when loosened
Led unto a treasure chamber,
Heaped with gold and costly jewels.
Straightway came in haste his kindred,
All his clan came thronging round him,

Eager to advance their claim;
Each was nearer than the other.

And Iamblichus, the blooming,
Young in face, and form, and feature,
Stood an ancestor among them.
All bewildered heard he legends
Of his sons and of his grandsons,
Fathers of the men before him.
So amazed he stood and listened,
Patriarch in his early manhood;
While the crowd around him gathered,
Stalwart men, and mighty captains,
Him, the youngest, to acknowledge
As the founder of their race!
And one token with another
Made assurance doubly certain;
None can doubt the wondrous story
Of himself and of his comrades.

Shortly, to the cave returning,
King and people all go with him,
And they saw him enter in.
But no more to king or people,
Did the Chosen reappear.
For the Seven, who long had tarried —
Nay, but they were eight in number,
For the faithful dog was with them —
Thenceforth from the world were sundered.
The most blessed Angel Gabriel,
By the will of God Almighty,
Walling up the cave for ever,
Led them unto Paradise.

Reynard the Fox

Preface

ALTHOUGH so much in the way of commentary and criticism has been written about this renowned apologue, yet is its origin still enveloped in an apparently impenetrable fog. Many investigators, noted for learning and persevering research, have laboured to clear this away; yet, with every new effort, the only result seems to be a further recession of the date of its birth. The probability of reliable discovery has vanished and nought seems left but to relegate it, as one painstaking inquirer has suggested, to prehistoric times.

By some it is regarded as unquestionably a European production; others look upon the fundamental stories as the common property of various Aryan branches of the human family, and as having been brought from their Asiatic homes by Teutonic migrants. It has certainly been traced back to the tenth century, and Jacob Grimm arrives at the conclusion that it was then known under three forms, with the independent episodes in each so related as to furnish unmistakable hints of the groundwork of their later blending into one continuous narrative.

As with the date, so with the place of its birth. We have no clear idea of where the narrative first saw the light or of the form in which it was brought into being. The claims of France, Germany, and the Netherlands have all been plausibly and forcibly advanced, and it has been likewise maintained that Latin ought to be regarded as the medium through which

will be found the earliest account of the adventures of our famous Reynard. It seems, indeed, to have been demonstrated that the oldest extant version is in Latin, still the editor of that version has no apparent hesitation, after a very thorough investigation, in ascribing the origin of the poem to Flanders and in considering the material of the Flemish copy to be derived from some earlier source.

But, leaving these particulars as of secondary importance, except as an impetus to the pleasures of antiquarian research, which are not to be despised, let us cast a glance at the substance of the famous beast-epic, as it has been aptly called. The motive of its inspiration is thought by some to have been satire. By these it is regarded as a satirical exposure of the foibles and vices of humanity, with a view to their improvement. There are others, however, who consider the romance as nothing but the expression of a general interest in animal life and habits, and as having no satirical basis or educational purpose. With our meagre knowledge of the original it is hard to form a valid judgment upon this question. Nor is it a matter of moment. Whatever the primal intent, it certainly contains, as we have it to-day, an abundance of satirical allusions to the general imbecility of mankind, as well as to the vices and iniquities prevalent in times past, and not yet altogether extinct, among officers and dignitaries of the church and the state.

The recital of these adventures, of which Reynard is the hero, has always been held in high esteem among German scholars, but it was not until the genius of Goethe had gathered them into his delightfully written hexameters that the allegory gained a general reception. Now it is so highly appreciated among his fellow countrymen that the story is to be found in almost every household of the land. It would be well

if the same thing could be said of the English speaking peoples of the world, for no one can read it without receiving thereby a benefit whose value will be in direct ratio to the earnestness of the study bestowed upon it. Yet among these peoples it has never been widely known. Hence this new dress. If I shall have succeeded in extending the area of its appreciation, my recompense will be ample; if not, I shall rest contented with the pleasure and the profit that I have myself derived from the attempt.

J. S. C.

Argumenta

CANTO I.

THE Pentecostal days have come,
And Leo now resolves with some
Of his good lords to hold a feast,
At which the greatest and the least
Shall be commanded to attend.
The fox, however, keeps away;
He knows what they of him will say,
For he has badly injured all;
So, loudly though they may him call,
He will not e'en excuses send.

He there is charged with all the crimes
That have been known from olden times,
And only one dares him defend.
This does not much his matters mend,
For all the cases are too clear,
The council then is summoned forth,
Which thinks that, be he south or north,
To be compelled to come he ought.
The king declares he shall be brought,
And sends to summon him the bear.

CANTO II.

FORTH Bruin goes upon his task,
Assured if he but Reynard ask
To go with him as bidden, back,
He'll find him nothing loth or slack.
But Reynard is of other mind;
He pleasant greeting gives the bear
And asks what he with him can share;
Then, finding honey's to his taste,

He takes him to a place in haste
Where he a good supply shall find.

To get the honey Bruin sticks,
Through one of Reynard's scurvy tricks,
His head within a gaping tree;
And if you read you'll surely see
How the peasants, learning that,
Find him in a sorry plight,
And beat him till, in sheer affright,
He makes escape and gets again
Back to court in grief and pain;
And in his place is sent the cat.

CANTO III.

Now Tybert meets an omen bad,
But still pursues his way, though sad.
He finds the fox, his message gives;
Then Reynard asks him how he thrives
And what he would prefer to eat.
When mice he finds that he would like,
He plays him, too, a dirty trick.
With eye knocked out and wounded sore
The cat gets back to court once more,
Like Bruin lamed in head and feet.

The Badger now essays to do
What bear and cat have let fall through.
A third time does the fox not dare
To disregard, or he will fare
Full badly at his monarch's hand.
With Grimbart he at length sets out,
Beset with many an anxious doubt;
He finally begins to pray,
So Grimbart shrives him on the way
And warns him evil to withstand.

CANTO IV.

Excitement's high when it is known
That Reynard now draws near the throne.
No sooner there than he begins
To shift on others all his sins

And boast of service to the king.
This, howe'er, doth not avail,
For all the beasts do him assail
And bring complaints, by anger moved.
Their charges are considered proved,
And he condemned for them to swing.

But now he talks of treasures vast,
Which he discovered in the past;
And tells of crimes that then were rife,
And plots to take the monarch's life
And set up Bruin in his place.
These words the king do greatly rouse,
And likewise much excite his spouse;
So he is ordered to descend
And tell them all from end to end,
Without evasion, face to face.

CANTO V.

REYNARD now the plot sets forth,
And shows the treasure's princely worth;
Maligns his father, scores the bear,
And makes the badger out as clear
A traitor as was ever found.
He tells what he himself has done,
For firmer friend the king has none,
To frustrate all their base designs.
Of how he's treated then he whines,
As if in loyalty not sound.

The king and queen his lies believe,
And promise that he shall receive
Forgiveness full for all mistakes
That he has made, or ever makes,
If only now he change his life.
He, too, before returning home,
Permission gets to visit Rome,
To get release from papal ban,
Which Leo thinks a worthy plan,
As also does the queen, his wife.

CANTO VI.

Now Reynard to the wolves' dismay,
From both their hides has cut away
A slice, to make him sack and shoes,
And then upon his journey goes;
But first he by the priest is blest.
A cavalcade of nobles go
With him some steps, respect to show;
But ram and hare induces he
To travel on, his home to see,
And there before return to rest.

Inside the house he takes the hare,
And slaughters him as soon as there;
His head he puts within the sack,
Which by the ram he sendeth back,
As if it bore a king's despatch.
The head is found, the ram's condemned,
And with the captives matters mend;
Once more to honour they are brought,
And Reynard's life again is sought,
Who deed so dastardly could hatch.

CANTO VII.

A FEAST of such display and size
Is seldom seen by mortal eyes
As now is carried on because
The wolves and bear, against just laws,
Have been to punishment condemned.
Before its close, complaints anew
Against the fox are brought to view;
The rabbit and the crow lament
That he on them his spite hath spent,
And urge the king such things to end.

An expedition now is formed,
And Reynard's fort is to be stormed;
Each one desires that he be sent,
For they his acts do all resent,
And would chastise him out of hand.
The badger runs the fox to find,

And tell him what they have in mind;
Then him induces back to go,
As he will have much better show
If there on his defence he stand.

CANTO VIII.

The fox again that journey takes,
A second time confession makes,
And as before he tries to shift
His sins to others' backs, and lift
The burden thus from off his own.
The clergy now he takes in hand,
The king and courtiers of the land:
These all can do whate'er they will,
But should a poor man fall, they'll fill
The air with shrieks and hunt him down.

The ape now comes upon the two,
And tells the fox bold front to show;
To Rome he goes, and there he will
Make slander's tongue keep very still
And Reynard's matters straighten out.
He knows them all at court of Rome,
With all their tactics is at home;
His kinsmen are in numbers there,
With them he'll manage this affair,
And Reynard need not give it thought.

CANTO IX.

With Grimbart Reynard comes to court,
Begins a discourse far from short,
In which he labours hard to show
That his accusers, as they know,
Dare nought against him bring point-blank.
He challenges to mortal strife
Each one of those who seek his life
And equals are with him in birth;
For thus is settled, o'er the earth,
Disputes 'tween gentlemen of rank.

The king in fury seeks his room,
And there he finds the queen, with whom

Dame Rückenau, old Martin's wife,
In converse is about this strife.
She Reynard's cause begins to plead,
Shows how in court his father shone,
How Reynard, too, had often done
Most worthy deeds where others failed.
The king his anger then bewailed,
And let the fox again proceed.

CANTO X.

The fox describes those treasures vast
Mentioned in some cantos past:
I meant them all for queen and king,
And now the ram has everything,
Which nought can e'er replace, purloined;
Those things I sent by ram and hare,
And thus am caught within a snare,
For Bellyn has poor Lampen killed;
A comrade's blood he's foully spilled,
With whom he was as envoy joined.

And I am charged with this base crime;
You think me guilty every time
Some wicked handicraft is done,
Though I am ever on the run
My king to serve, whom I adore.
His speech is clever, well designed,
The king's induced to change his mind,
Extends to Reynard leave to go
And seek those treasures high and low;
But Isengrim feels very sore.

CANTO XI.

The wolf in ferment seeks the king,
The air with caustic words doth ring;
The king hears all he has to say,
And then decides that Reynard may
His version of the matter give.
The fox once more, with tricks of speech,
Makes out himself a saint, who'd teach
All beasts how proper lives to lead;

Yet they through spite, he says, proceed
To claim that he's not fit to live.

The furious wolf throws down his glove,
To signify that he will prove,
In combat, all his charges true.
Poor Reynard now can nothing do
But take the challenge up and fight.
The she-ape comes and proffers aid
And Reynard soon by her is made
All ready for the coming strife,
In which is wagered life for life,
To manifest where dwells the right.

CANTO XII.

The fox and wolf within the ring
Their duel fight before the king;
And never have elsewhere before
Sly Reynard's tricks availed him more.
With body shorn and laved with oil
Evades he all the wolf's attacks;
And then with subtle twists and knacks
He conquers Isengrim outright.
Low cunning better serves than might,
In folly's strife or reason's toil.

The wolf from off the field is borne,
Defeated, wounded, and forlorn;
His wife and friends about him grieve,
And think that he can hardly live.
But Reynard is exalted high;
Success has brought a change of front;
The king and all who him were wont
To vilify are now his friends.
And thus it is this fable ends;
Its moral you can now supply.

Reynard the Fox

CANTO ONE.

WHITSUN, that fairest of feasts, had arrived; the forest and field
Rejoiced in new life; on hillock and knoll, in thicket and hedge,
The newly inspirited birds were singing their jubilant song;
The meads were all sprouting with flowers, infilling with fragrance the dales,
The heavens resplendently clear, and blushing the earth like a bride.

King Leo assembles his court; the vassals and lords of the realm,
Called hither, make haste with the greatest of pomp. Among them arrive
Great numbers of arrogant peers from the length and the breadth of the land,
Lord Grusly the crane, Sir Pica the jay, and all of the chiefs.
Then makes up the monarch his mind, with all of his barons, at once
In splendour and state to hold court, and bids to be thither convoked

Together regardless of caste the little as well as the great.
Of all not a soul should be missed; but absent, however, was one,
Sly Reynard, that rascal and knave, who, because of his many misdeeds,
Himself kept away from the court. As shuns the conscience depraved
The light of the day, so avoided the fox this assembly of lords,
For each of them had to complain that harm he had done to them all,
And Grimbart the badger alone, the son of his brother, had spared.
Wolf, Isengrim, opened the case, and with him in court there appeared
His kinsmen, adherents, and friends; escorted and succoured by these,
He stepped up in front of the king and began with the following speech:
Most worshipful monarch and lord, give ear to my grievances, pray;
Thou art noble and great and renowned, and to each of us all dost accord
Justice and mercy and grace; compassion then show for the wrongs
That I, with such boundless reproach, have suffered from Reynard, the fox;
And bear well in mind, above all, that times without number he has,
In malice, made sport of my wife, and my children most basely ill-used.
Yes, he has them with foulness defiled, with pestilent, virulent filth,
Whereby I have still three at home with harrowing blindness distressed.

These offences were all, it is true, discussed by us both long ago,
And a day, indeed, was ordained to settle the things in dispute;
He plighted his word under oath, but soon his intention he changed,
And then to his fortress he nimbly escaped. Too well is this known
By those who are here in the court and now all about me I see.
My lord, the vexation and grief the villain has caused me I could
Not attempt to relate with hurrying words in multiplied weeks.
Were all of the linen from Ghent, whatever the quantity made,
At once into parchment reduced, the story it would not contain,
And I will be silent thereon, yet my wife's defamation and shame
Eats into my heart, and I would it avenge, let happen what may.

Now when in this sorrowful mood Isengrim thus had declaimed,
A puppy, named Nidget, stepped up, and, timidly speaking in French,
Told the monarch how poor he'd become, so that nothing at all had been left
For his use but a morsel of sausage laid up in a winter retreat;
And Reynard had robbed him of that. Then hurriedly sprang forth the cat,
Mad Tybert, with fury, and said: Commander, distinguished and high,

No one has cause to complain that the scoundrel may do him a wrong
Any more than our sovereign himself. In this convocation I say
There is none, be he aged or young, but dreads more intensely the scamp
Than even yourself. There's nothing, however, to Nidget's lament;
A number of years have gone by since the acts that he mentions occurred,
And seeing the sausage was mine, 'twas I who complaint should have made.
I went to take part in a hunt, and, while thus engaged, I ran through
A mill in the night; the miller's wife slept, and I quietly seized
A sausage quite small; I will it confess. Now, pray, to the same
Had Nidget a shadow of right, then he owed it to labour of mine.

And the panther began: What use are these wordy complaints?
They little achieve; be content, the evil's as clear as the day;
A thief and a cutthroat he is, this at least I will boldly assert;
Indeed you, my lords, are aware that he perpetrates all the known crimes.
Should all of the nobles, indeed, or you, our most worshipful king,
Of goods and of honour be robbed, he would laugh could he get for himself,
By chance, but a morsel thereby of a capon well fattened and plump.

Let me bring to your knowledge what he so wickedly
did yestermorn
To Lampen, the hare; here he stands, the man who
has never done wrong.
Reynard assumed the devout, and would in all kinds
of device
Him shortly instruction impart, including a chaplain's
pursuits;
So facing each other they sat and their task with the
Credo began.
But abandon old tricks and their use, was Reynard
not able to do;
Within the safe conduct and peace bestowed and as-
sured by our king
He Lampen held fast in his fangs, and worried with
malice and spite
The good honest man like a fiend. I wended my way
through the street
And heard the low chant of the two, which, almost as
soon as begun,
Was brought to an end. I listened surprised but,
when I drew near,
I recognised Reynard forthwith; he Lampen held fast
by the throat,
And surely had taken his life if I, by good luck, in
my walk,
Had not then arrived on the scene. Here now in
your presence he stands;
Just look at the wounds he received, that innocent
person whom none
Would ever attempt to molest. And should our good
master permit,
Or ever your lordships endure, that thus may the
peace of the king,
His warrant and license, be mocked and made of no
worth by a thief,

I fear me that yet will the king be forced with his offspring to hear
A tardy reproach from the folk, who reverence justice and right.

Isengrim said in reply: You say what is true, and, alas!
The fox never will any good to us do, and I heartily wish
The fellow were dead long ago; that for peace-loving folk had been best,
And if we him pardon again, then will he, before very long,
Some of us boldly entrap, who at present imagine it least.
Reynard's nephew, the badger, now spoke, and with courage and force
In Reynard's behalf he held forth, depraved as the latter was known.
The maxim, though old, he remarked, is true, my Lord Isengrim, proved:
There is little that's good in an enemy's words. Thus my uncle, in truth,
Small comfort will find in your speech; yet is that of but little account.
Were he at the court to reply to your words, and enjoyed he with you
The favour and grace of the king, then might it you surely repent
That you had so spoken in spite, and all this old tattle revived.
The evil, however, that you to Reynard himself have produced
You are silent about, and yet to my lords in great number 'tis known

How together a compact you made, and each to the other engaged
As two equal colleagues to live. Here's something I ought to relate:
How once in the winter himself he put to the greatest of risks
Altogether for you. A man with a wagon full laden with fish
Was pacing the street; you scented him out and willingly would
Have feasted yourself on his goods; but alas, you no money possessed,
So persuaded my uncle to help; and himself he with craftiness laid
At once in the road as if dead. By heavens, that venture was bold!
Yet notice what species of fish he got for the risk that he took.
The carrier came to the spot, my uncle perceived in the road,
And hastily drew out his sword to evict him forthwith, but he lay
As if dead; he made not a motion or sign, and the wagoner then
Threw him up on the top of his cart, glad of the skin in advance.
Yes! that dared my uncle for Isengrim's sake; the cartman at once
Continued his way, and Reynard threw some of the fish to the ground;
Then Isengrim came sneaking in from afar, and ate it all up.
Reynard thought it not well any longer to ride, so lifted himself
And sprang from the cart; and now he himself on the booty would feed,

But gobbled had Isengrim all; indeed so completely had he
Himself overgorged, he was ready to burst; the bones cleanly picked
Were the only things he had left, which remnants he offered his friend.
One more little trick I will tell, which also is nought but the truth:
To Reynard it known had become, on a nail at a countryman's house
Hung a well fattened swine, but yesterday killed; of this he informed
With frankness the wolf; they went to the place, the profit and risk
To fairly divide; but the danger and toil bore Reynard alone.
Right in at the window he crept, and then with great labour he threw
The booty for both below to the wolf; just now, by ill luck,
Not far from the place were some dogs, who scented him out in the house
And stalwartly tugged at his skin. Sore wounded he made his escape,
And Isengrim quickly sought out, to him made complaint of his woes,
Demanding his share of the meat. And Isengrim thereupon said:
For you a fine morsel I've saved; now earnestly set you to work
And heartily gnaw at it well; how much you will relish the fat.
He brought the delicious piece forth; 'twas nought but the crook upon which
The butcher had hung up the hog. The savoury flesh and the fat

Had been gulped by the covetous wolf, that base and iniquitous beast.
Now Reynard, from rage, was unable to speak; but the turn of his thoughts
You can think for yourself. Great king, of a truth, in a hundred and more
Of matters like this has the wolf to my uncle behaved like a knave.
But not a word more about that; were Reynard himself summoned here,
His case he would better defend. Meanwhile, most beneficent king,
Most noble of masters and lords, I here beg to notice that you
And all of these lords will have heard how stupidly Isengrim's speech
Hath damaged the wife of his choice, and tarnished her honour, which he
With limb and with life should defend. Now these are the facts of the case:
Years seven and more have arrived and gone by since my uncle bestowed,
Without any thought of reserve, his love and allegiance upon
Dame Greedimund's beauty and charms. This happened one night at a dance
Which Isengrim failed to attend; I say what I know to be true.
Most friendly and pleasantly oft has she his advances received.
Now what is there more to be said? She never has made any charge;
Moreover she lives and is well, so why does he make such a fuss?
He silence would keep were he wise; it brings to him only disgrace.

The badger then further remarked: Now comes this
romance of the hare!
Detestable, vacuous talk! Should not a good master,
forsooth,
His pupil correct, if he be not attentive and evil with-
stand?
If never we punished our boys, and put not a potent
restraint
On frivolous habits and bad, into what would develop
our youth?
Young Nidget next comes and complains, how a sau-
sage, one winter, he lost
Aback of the hedge; but this should he rather in
silence endure,
For certainly hear we it said that some one had stolen
the thing.
Goes lightly what lightly is got; and who can my
uncle reproach
For easing a thief of his stolen effects? It surely is
right
That men of high station and birth, themselves to
rascals and thieves
Should hateful and dangerous show. Why! had he
him thereupon hanged,
Excuse there had been; yet he set him at large to
honour the king,
For penance by death to inflict has no one the right
but the king.
The requital, however, is poor, on which can my uncle
rely,
How guileless so e'er he may be and deeds that are
evil impede.
As matter of fact, ever since the peace of the king
was proclaimed,
Conducts himself no one as he. He has altered com-
pletely his life;

Eats but one meal a day, like an anchoret lives, chastises himself,
Wears raiment of hair on unsheltered skin, and has also for long
Desisted entirely from flesh of all kinds, both domestic and wild.
As yesterday I was informed by one who had stayed at his house,
He has left Malepartus, his fort, and built a small hut for himself,
In which as a hermit to live. How lately so thin he's become,
So pallid from hunger and thirst and other like penances sharp,
That he in repentance endures, yourselves into that will inquire.
Then what can it matter to him if all who are here him accuse?
Should he but arrive, his rights he'd uphold and them put to shame.

When Grimbart had drawn to a close, to the wonder of all there appeared
Henning, the cock, with the whole of his brood. On a sorrowful bier,
Despoiled of her neck and her head, was a hen carried slowly within;
Poor Scraper it turned out to be, most prolific of egg-laying hens;
Alas, how her blood trickled down! and Reynard had caused it to flow.
This now must be brought to the ear of the king. When Henning, the brave,
Presented himself to the king with sad and most grief-stricken face,

Came with him still other two cocks, who also lamented their loss.
The one of them Kreyant was called, and no better cock could be found
If Holland and France were explored; the other who stood by his side,
Was known by the name of Kantart, a fellow straightforward and stout.
Each carried a candle alight, and it happened that brothers were both
Of the massacred hen they brought in; and over the murder they cried
For trouble and pain. Two younger cocks were supporting the bier,
And the wailing they made as they came could plainly be heard afar off.
At length Henning spake: That loss we bewail which none can repair,
Benevolent master and king! Oh, pity the wrong we endure,
My children as well as myself! Here look you on Reynard's foul deed.
When winter had from us gone by, and leaves and blossoms and flowers
Invited us all to be glad, I much in my offspring rejoiced,
That spent the delectable days so blithely and gaily with me.
Ten juvenile sons with daughters fourteen, and all of them full
Of relish and pleasure in life; my wife, that most excellent hen,
Together had brought them all up in a summer as happy as long:
They all were robust and content with their lot, and provided themselves

Each day with the food they required at a spot that
was thought to be safe.
The courtyard belonged to rich monks, and its walls
were a shelter to us
And six immense dogs. These partners, so noble and
brave, of our home
Were much to my children attached and sharply
watched over their lives;
But Reynard, that thief, it annoyed that we, in con-
tentment and peace,
Such gay, happy days should enjoy, and meantime
escape from his wiles;
By night he would sneak round the walls, and waiting
would lie at the gate;
But the dogs found it out, so he took to his heels; yet
boldly, at length,
They managed to collar him once, and then they made
holes in his fur;
Yet out of their hands he escaped, and left us in peace
for awhile.
Now give me your ear; this lasted not long; he soon
came again
As a monk, and brought me a writing and seal; 'twas
one that I knew;
Your signet I saw on the deed, in which I found
clearly inscribed
That you a firm peace had proclaimed, as well with
the birds as the beasts.
To me the announcement he made that he a good
monk had become,
Had taken the solemnest vow atonement to make for
his crimes,
Of which he acknowledged his guilt. From that time
should no one from him
Have anything further to fear. He had sacredly taken
an oath

That meat never more would he taste. He directed my eyes to his cowl
And his scapular showed. In addition to this, he a symbol displayed,
Which the prior upon him had placed; and, in order me more to assure,
Beneath showed a garment of hair. Then taking departure he said:
Farewell, in the name of the Lord. I have still a great number of things
To do before close of the day. The sexts I must read and the nones,
With vespers appended thereto. He read as he walked, and devised
Numerous schemes that were base; to effect our destruction he planned.
With a heart full of gladness and joy I soon to my children made known
Your letter's good message of cheer. They all were entranced at the news!
Since Reynard a monk had become, for us not a thing was there left
Any further to care for or fear. I strutted together with them,
On the outermost side of the walls, and we all in our freedom rejoiced.
But alas! matters went with us ill; in ambush he craftily hid,
And thence springing suddenly forth, he barred up our way to the gate;
The fairest he seized of my sons, and dragged him away to devour;
And now not a thing could we do; when once he had tasted their flesh
He ever was trying again, and neither the hunters nor hounds

Could make us secure from his snares, not either by day or by night.
And thus nearly all of my children he took, till now from a score
Their number to five is reduced; of the rest he has carried off all.
Oh, pity my woful distress! But a day has gone by since he slew
This daughter of mine that is here, whose body was saved by the dogs.
Observe! Here she lies! That deed he has done; oh, take it to heart.

Then answered the monarch and said: Grimbart, come nearer, and look!
In this way abstains our recluse, and thus he his penitence shows!
From now should I live but a year, be sure that he shall it repent.
But what is the use of our words? Thou heart-broken Henning, give heed;
Thy daughter for nothing shall want, whatever it be, that belongs
By custom or right to the dead. I will see that her vigil be sung,
That she with all honour be laid in the earth; when that has been done,
We council will take with these lords on the penalty due to the crime.
Then issued the king a command that service be held for the dead.
Domino placebo the people assembled began, and they sang
Each stanza composing it through. I also could further relate

By whom was the service intoned, by whom the responses as well,
But that too much time would employ, and therefore I leave it alone.
Her body was laid in a grave, over which was erected a fair
Marble stone, polished up like a glass, and cut in the form of a square,
Quite bulky and tall, and upon it, above, could plainly be read:
Here Scraper, the daughter of Henning, doth lie, most faithful of hens,
Laid numerous eggs in her nest, and prudently knew how to scratch.
Alas, here she lies! from her family torn by the murderous fox.
All in the world shall be taught how wicked and vile he behaved,
And bemoan the deceased. Thus ran the inscription engraven thereon.

This having been done, the king had the wisest convoked
To counsel with him and advise as to how should be punished the crime
That now had so clearly been brought to the knowledge of him and his lords;
At length their opinion they gave, that unto the mischievous scamp
An envoy at once be despatched, that, willy or nilly, he dare
Not refuse to obey; that he at the court of the king shall appear
On the day when the judges next time together assemble therein.

And chosen was Bruin, the bear, the summons to take; and the king
Thus spake unto Bruin, the bear: As master I give you advice
Your errand with zeal to perform; yet prudence and caution I charge,
For Reynard's malicious and mean; devices and tricks of all kinds
He surely will bring into play; will flatter and stuff you with lies,
And all that is possible cheat. Twice will he think about that,
Replied, with assurance, the bear. Let nought you disturb, for if he
Misjudge by the breadth of a hair and venture his scorn upon me,
Then by the eternal I swear, that his vengeance upon me may fall
If I do not so pay it him back, that know where he is he will not.

CANTO TWO.

THUS ordered, Sir Bruin pursued his way to the mountainous ridge,
With haughty and confident heart, through a wilderness sterile and vast,
Long and sandy and broad; and, when this at length he had passed,
He came very close to the hills where wonted was Reynard to hunt;
Indeed, in the days that were gone, he pleasure had sought there himself.
But the bear further went, Malepartus towards, where Reynard had long
Fine buildings in number possessed. Of all his strong castles and burgs,
Of which to him many belonged, he thought Malepartus the best.
In this Reynard made his abode whenever a danger he sniffed.
When Bruin the castle attained, the gate of admittance he found
Fast bolted and locked, so before it he walked and reflected somewhat.
He finally shouted and said: Are you, my dear uncle, at home?
Bruin, the bear, has arrived, judicially sent by the king.
Our monarch has taken an oath that now at the bar of his court
Yourself you shall place upon trial, and I am your escort to be;

That justice you shall not refuse to render to all and accept;
If not it will cost you your life, for if you shall tarry behind,
With rack you are threatened and wheel. I advise you to choose for the best,
And come with me back to the court, it else will you evil betide.

This speech, from beginning to end, Reynard did perfectly hear;
In silence he listened and thought: How would it, I wonder, result,
If I the unmannerly churl should pay for his arrogant words?
Let us upon it reflect. To the depths of his dwelling he went,
Into its corners and nooks, for built was the castle with skill;
Caverns and dungeons there were, and many dark corridors too,
Both narrow and long, and doors of all kinds to be opened and shut
As time and necessity called. When sought for he found that he was,
Because of some rascally deed, here found he the best of defence.
Through simplicity too had he oft in these labyrinthian ways
Poor animals cheated and caught, acceptable prey to the thief.
Now Reynard the words had well heard, but yet did he cunningly fear
That near to the messenger still might others in ambush be couched.

But when he himself had assured that the bear had arrived all alone,
He went slyly out and exclaimed: My dearest of uncles, you are
Very welcome, I'm sure! Your pardon I beg! I vespers have read,
And thus have I caused you to wait: my thanks for this visit accept,
It surely will help me in court; at least so permit me to hope.
You are welcome, my uncle, whatever the hour; however, I think
That censure must rest upon him who you on this journey has sent,
For long and fatiguing it is. Oh, heavens, how heated you are!
You've not a dry hair in your head, your breathing anxiety shows.
Had this mighty monarch of ours no messenger other to send
Than the noblest of men at his court, exalted by him above all?
Yet thus it must be of great service to me; and now I entreat
Your help at the court of the king, where I am so badly defamed.
To-morrow I'd made up my mind, in spite of the risk that I run,
Unbidden to go to the court, and such my intention remains;
I'm not in condition, to-day, to try such a journey to take:
I've eaten too freely, alas, of a dish that I relish not much,
And one that agrees with me not; it causes my belly great pain.

Bruin responded to this: What was it, my uncle? The fox
Replied in his turn; What good would it do, if you I should tell?
With sorrow prolong I my life, but still I'm resigned to my fate.
The poor cannot ever be lords, and if at odd times can be found
No food that is better for us and for ours, then truly we must
Some combs of sweet honey devour, which always with ease can be had;
Yet eat it I only from need; and swollen at present I am.
The stuff I reluctantly ate, how then could it nourishment give?
If without it I ever can do, it rests far enough from my tongue.

Heigh-ho, responded the bear, what is it, my uncle, you say!
Do you in reality scorn the nectar that so many crave?
Good honey, I must you inform, surpasses all dishes there are,
At least to my taste; oh, help me to some! You shall it not rue!
The favour I will you return. You are mocking, the other replied.
Protested the bear: I am not; indeed I mean just what I say.
If that is the case, then you I can serve, the red one replied.
The husbandman, Rüsteviel, lives below at the foot of the hill,
And plenty of honey has he. Indeed, among all of your race

Saw you never collected so much. Then lusted the bear overmuch
To eat of his favourite food. Oh, take me, my uncle, he cried,
Without losing time, to the place; your kindness I'll never forget;
Supply me with honey, I beg, even though not enough can be got.
Come on, said the fox in reply, of honey no lack shall we find;
To-day, it is true, I am bad on the feet, yet shall the regard,
Which long I have cherished for you, encourage my wearisome steps;
For I know not a soul among those who to me are connected by blood
Whom I honour, my uncle, as you! So come, and you will, in return,
Me serve at the court of the king, when there I shall have to appear,
That I to confusion may put the charges and strength of my foes.
With honey I'll fill you to-day, as much as you ever could wish.
He was thinking, the scamp, of the blows the peasants would give in their wrath.
Reynard in front hurried off and Bruin came blindly behind.
If I but succeed, thought the fox, I yet shall conduct you to-day
To a market in which unto you bitter honey apportioned will be.
They came up to Rüsteviel's yard, which greatly elated the bear;
But in vain, as fools very often themselves with hopes lead astray.

Eve had already set in, and Reynard quite well was aware
That Rüsteviel lay, as a rule, just now in his chamber in bed.
He a carpenter was, a craftsman of skill, and down in his yard
Was lying the trunk of an oak, in order to split which he had
Two good solid wedges inserted therein, so far that on top
Gaped open the tree near the width of an ell. This Reynard observed
And said to the bear: Dear uncle, inside of this tree will be found
More honey than you would suspect, now thrust in it quickly your snout
As far as you possibly can. I merely would risk the advice
That in greed you take not too much; it might with you badly agree.
Do you, said the bear, for a glutton me take? Why no, not at all,
But temperance always is good, whatever it be that you do.
Thus was outwitted the bear! his head he stuck into the crack,
Yea, even right up to his ears, and furthermore both his front paws.
Then earnestly Reynard fell to, with many strong pulls and good tugs,
And both of the wedges tore out. Now was the brown fellow caught,
Held fast by his head and his feet, nor scolding nor coaxing availed.
Bruin now had a-plenty to do, for all of his boldness and strength;

And thus kept the nephew with craft his uncle encaged in the tree.
With howls now lamented the bear, and tore, with his hindermost claws,
So fiercely and raised such a row that Rüsteviel sprang out of bed
And wondered whatever was up; he took along with him his axe,
So as weaponless not to be found, should any one try him to harm.

Bruin was now in a terrible fix; for the narrowing crack
Was pinching him hard; he struggled and pulled and roared with his pain;
His efforts, however, were all of no use; he fully believed
That never therefrom should he come; so Reynard, too, joyfully thought.
When he in the distance observed Rüsteviel coming, he cried:
Bruin, how do you feel? Be thrifty and eat not the honey all up!
Does it taste very good? Rüsteviel comes and will give you a treat;
He brings you a sip for your meal; I hope it will with you agree.
Then Reynard pursued his way back, Malepartus, his fortress to gain;
But Rüsteviel came in his stead and, when he put eyes on the bear,
He ran all the peasants to call, who in company still at the inn
Were over their cups. Come on, he cried out, in my yard there is caught

A bear in a trap; that really is so. They followed in haste,
Each arming himself with despatch as well as the time would allow.
The first took a fork in his hand, another brought with him his rake,
And likewise a third and a fourth, provided with hatchet and spear,
Came bounding with vigorous strides; a fifth was equipped with a pole.
The sexton and even the priest came on with the tools of their trade.
And also the clergyman's cook (of whom was Dame Yulock the name,
And who as none other a porridge could serve) remained not behind,
But ran with her distaff in hand, at which all the day she had sat,
To curry the skin of the luckless bear. Bruin heard, as they came,
The increasing and deafening din with all its most horrible notes,
And forcibly tore out his head from the cleft; but yet there remained
The hair and skin of his face, as far as his ears, in the tree.
Indeed, not a wretcheder beast has any one seen, for the blood
Trickled over his ears. But what did he gain by releasing his head?
For still were his paws firmly held in the tree; now backing he tore
Them hastily out with a jerk; he raved as if out of his mind,
His claws and the skin from his feet being left in the narrowing crack.

No taste of sweet honey had this; alas, it was not such as that
Which Reynard him led to expect. The outing was wickedly planned,
A sorrowful trip to the bear it had proved; his beard and his paws
Were covered all over with blood; he was wholly unable to stand,
Unable to walk or to crawl. Now Rüsteviel hastened to strike;
He was fallen upon by them all who had with the master arrived;
Their aim was to put him to death. The priest for preparedness brought
A staff of some length in his hand, and waled him therewith from afar.
Now hither and thither in sadness he turned, hemmed in by the crowd;
Some here bearing pikes, others with axes out there, while the smith
Brought hammer and tongs to the fray, and others with shovels arrived,
Some also with spades, and shouting they pummelled at random and struck,
Till he, out of harrowing fear, wallowed in foulness his own.
In the onset they all took a hand; not one of them all stayed away.
And Hulyn, the bow-legged clown, with Ludolph, the flat-nozzled rogue,
By far were the worst; and Gerold aloft swung the hard wooden flail
His long crooked fingers between; his brother-in-law at his side,
The burly old Korkoran, stood; these two struck him worst of them all.

Dames Yulock and Abelquack too had also their part
in the strife,
The latter, the worse of the two, struck the poor thing
with her tub.
And those above named were not all; the women as
well as the men
All ran to the spot, determined to have the life of the
bear.
Old Korkoran made the most noise, regarding himself
as the chief;
For Poggy of Chafport was known his mother to be
very well,
And that by the sinister bar, but his father was never
revealed;
The peasants, however, believed that Sander was
probably he,
The dark-featured gleaner of straw, a fellow robust and
superb
When he by himself was alone. Stones also came fly-
ing with force,
And harrassed the desperate bear, as they from all sides
were received.
Now Rüsteviel's brother jumped up and struck, with a
long sturdy club,
The bear on the top of his head, so hard that both
hearing and sight
Were wholly destroyed; yet started he up from the
vigorous stroke
And, enraged, at the women he rushed, who into con-
fusion were thrown,
And tottered and tumbled and yelled, and into the
water some fell;
And the water was deep. Then out cried the father
and said: Look out!
Down there is Dame Yulock, my cook, floating below
in her furs;

Her distaff is here on the bank; come help her, you men! I will give
Two barrels of beer as reward, with ample indulgence and grace.
The bear they all left lying there as if dead, and hurried away
To the water the women to save, and drew out the five to the land.
The bear waddled slowly away while the men were engaged at the shore,
And into the water he crawled in arrant distress, and he roared
In horrible anguish and pain; he rather would much have been drowned,
Than blows so disgraceful endure. To swim he had never essayed,
And now in his misery hoped that his life he might end on the spot.
Against expectation he found that he swam, and was luckily borne
By the water a distance below. Then him all the peasants observed,
And exclaimed: To us this will certainly prove an eternal disgrace!
They all out of humour became, and began at the women to scold:
'Twere better had they stayed at home; just look now and see how he swims
Down there on his way. Then close they approached to examine the log,
And in it remaining they found the skin and the hair from his head,
And also his feet, and chuckled thereover and cried: You will come
To us surely again; meanwhile we accept your ears as a pledge.

And thus to his injuries added they jeers, yet happy was he
The evil like this to escape. The peasants he roundly reviled,
Who him had chastised, lamented the pain in his ears and his feet,
And Reynard denounced, who him had betrayed. With prayers like these
He swam further off, urged on by the stream, which was rapid and large,
Within but a short space of time, below very nearly a mile,
And then on the very same bank, all breathless he waded ashore.
No beast in a bitterer plight till then had the sun ever seen.
The morning he thought that he never should see; he fully believed
He must instantly die, and cried: Oh, Reynard, you villainous wretch!
You dissolute scamp! He was thinking besides of the pummelling boors;
And also he thought of the tree, and Reynard's deception he cursed.

Reynard, however, the fox, when he, with precaution so good,
His uncle to market had led, with honey him there to supply,
Went after some fowls, whose dwelling he knew, and pounced upon one,
Then rapidly ran to the stream, dragging his booty along;
There he despatched it at once and hastened to other affairs,

The river still keeping close by; he drank of the water and thought:
How happy and joyous I feel, at having the dull-witted bear
Thus led to the carpenter's yard! I'll wager that Rüsteviel let
Him have a good taste of his axe. Always the bear has displayed
Malevolent feelings to me; and now I have paid it him back.
My uncle I've always him dubbed, and now in the cleft of a tree
He lifeless remains; and for that I'll rejoice so long as I live.
No more will he render his damaging plaints! And, roaming along,
He looked at the river below, and saw the bear rolling about;
To the core of his heart he was vexed that Bruin had living escaped.
He Rüsteviel cried, You indolent wight, you blundering fool,
Fat meat such as this you disdain, so tender and good to the taste,
Which any sane man might desire, and which, with such infinite ease,
Fell unawares into your hands! But still, for your welcome so kind
Has the innocent bear left behind him a pledge. Thus were his thoughts
As he upon Bruin set eyes, downcast, bloody, and faint.
He finally called to the bear: Do I find you, sir uncle, again?
Have you anything lost in Rüsteviel's yard? Tell me and I'll let

Him know where you make your abode. I also
should tell him, I think,
That doubtless you have from the man a good lot of
honey purloined.
Or have you him honestly paid? How was it that
this came about?
Dear me! Who has painted you so? You have a
deplorable look.
Your taste did the honey not suit? At the same
identical price
Can more of it yet be obtained. Now, uncle, do tell
me at once
The name of the order to which you have lately
devoted yourself,
That you on your head have begun a red-coloured
bonnet to wear!
Is it true that you now are a monk? The barber
assuredly has,
In trying your tonsure to shave, made a very bad snip
at your ears;
I see you are losing your hair and also the skin from
your cheeks,
And even your gauntlets as well. Where did you
leave them to hang?
And thus the poor bear was compelled his numerous
bantering words
One after the other to hear; while he, in his pain,
could not speak;
Was indeed at his very wits' end; and so as not fur-
ther to hear,
Back into the water he crept, and swam with the
swift-flowing tide,
Lower down, till a shore that was level he found; he
landed and lay
Disheartened and sick; lamented aloud and remarked
to himself:

Oh, that some one would kill me outright! I'm unable
to walk, and I ought
My journey to make to the court of the king; yet here
I remain,
So shamefully injured, behind, and all through Rey-
nard's vile tricks.
If I only get through with my life, he verily shall it
repent.
Then got he himself on his feet and, racked with
unbearable pain,
Limped on for the space of four days, and finally came
to the court.

The king, setting eyes on the bear as in his distress he
approached,
Cried: Merciful God! Is it Bruin I see! How is it he
comes
Maltreated like this? And Bruin replied: Alas, it is sad,
The evil on which you now look! Thus me has the
mischievous knave,
Reynard, most basely betrayed! Then spake in his
anger the king:
This outrage I certainly will, without any mercy, avenge.
Such a noble as Bruin, in faith, would Reynard defy
and abuse?
Indeed, by my honour, my crown, I now with so-
lemnity swear
That Reynard all things shall endure that Bruin by
law can demand.
If I keep not my word, no sword any more will I
wear; that I vow!

The king then a mandate sent forth, his council together
should come,
Consider at once the affair, and a penalty fix for the
crime.

They all recommended thereon, provided the king
thought it fit,
That Reynard be summoned anew himself to present
at the court,
His rights to defend against charge and complaint;
and Tybert the cat
Forthwith as the herald be sent the order to Reynard
to take,
Because he is wise and adroit. So counselled they all
in accord.
His gracious assent gave the king to that which the
council advised;
And to Tybert he said: Pay attention to all that my
lords have in view!
Should he for a third time have to be called, then
shall it to him
And every one of his race for damage eternal be held.
He will, if he's wise, come in time. And let your
monition have point;
Others he only contemns; he listens, however, to you.

Tybert, however, replied: Whether to weal or to woe
It tend, when I come where he is, how shall I the
matter begin?
For me he may do it or not, but still unto me it appears
That another could better be sent, for I am so little
and weak.
Bruin the bear is lusty and strong, yet to master him
failed,
What chance of success then have I? Oh, let me, I
pray, be excused!

Your pleading convinces me not, responded the king;
one may find
Many a man that is small full of wisdom and craft,
which are strange

To many a one that is big. To a giant you may not have grown,
But still you are learned and wise. Then yielded the cat and replied :
Myself I resign to your will, and if I can meet with a sign
To my right as I go on the road, my journey will be a success.

CANTO THREE.

WHEN Tybert, the cat, had advanced a short way along on his road,
In the distance a ringtail he saw, and soon as he spied him he cried:
God speed you, illustrious bird! Oh, turn now your pinions and fly
Down here at my right hand side! The bird took his flight and disposed
Himself at the left of the cat, to sing on the bough of a tree.
Now Tybert was greatly distressed, for ill-luck it portended he thought,
But cheered himself up for all that, as many are customed to do.
Still towards Malepartus he went, and arriving, Sir Reynard he found
Sitting in front of the house, to whom he thus paid his respects:
May God, the indulgent and good, a prosperous eve to you grant;
Our monarch has threatened your life if you shall refuse any more
With me to proceed to the court; he further directs me to say
That you your accusers must meet, or your friends due atonement shall make.
To this did Sir Reynard reply: Dear nephew, I welcome you here;
That you the protection of God may enjoy to the full is my wish.

But different far were the thoughts that invaded his
treacherous heart;
New tricks were engaging his mind; this messenger
too he would send
Again to the court in disgrace. This notwithstanding
the cat
His nephew he styled, and he said: My nephew, what
can I provide
For you in the matter of food? One always sleeps
better when filled;
I am for the present your host; we will travel to-
morrow at dawn
Together to court; this I think will be well. Of my
relatives all,
To me is not anyone known upon whom I so fully
rely.
The brutal and gluttonous bear with insolence me did
approach;
Ill-tempered and strong he is both, and therefore I
would not for much
The journey have risked at his side. But now, as a
matter of course,
With you I shall cheerfully go. In the morning we'll
early set out
On the way, for to me this appears by far the best
thing we can do.
Then Tybert responded to this: Far better for us it
would be
To depart straight away for the court without more
ado, as we are,
For over the forest is shining the moon and the roads
are all dry.
To this Reynard said: A journey by night I regard as
unsafe;
By day there are many who'll greet us as friends and
yet, in the dark

To fall in our way should they chance, it might not
turn out for the best.
Now Tybert responded in turn: Just tell me, my uncle,
I pray,
If here I remain, what then shall we eat? And
Reynard remarked:
But poor is our store, yet, if you remain, before you I'll
set
Good honey all fresh in the comb; I'll pick out the
clearest there is.
Such stuff I could never endure, ungraciously answered
the cat.
If nought in the house can be found, then give me, I
beg you, a mouse;
Of food this to me is the best, your honey for others
pray keep.
Can mice be so toothsome to you? Reynard asked; let
me honestly know.
I surely can serve you with them. My neighbour, the
priest, hath a barn
Below in his yard, and within it are mice; such num-
bers, indeed,
That hold them a wagon could not; and the priest
have I frequently heard
Complain that, by day and by night, to him a worse
pest they become.
The cat then imprudently said: Oh, do me the favour,
I beg,
Of leading me straight to the mice! For to game and
all else of the kind
The flavour of mice I prefer. And Reynard then slyly
rejoined:
In truth you with me shall enjoy a meal that is fit for
a lord,
And now that I know what for you I can get, let us
make no delay.

Tybert trustingly followed the fox and came to the barn of the priest,
To its wall which was made out of clay. This Reynard had yesterday dug
Judiciously through and, by means of the hole, from the slumbering priest
Had stolen the best of his cocks; and the clergyman's dear little son,
Young Martin, as he had been named, was wishing the theft to avenge;
For which he in front of the hole had fastened a cord with a loop;
Thus hoping his bird to avenge on the thief when again he should come.
Aware was Reynard of this and with it in mind he remarked:
My nephew, now crawl through the hole, and I will keep guard at the front.
Meanwhile look you after the mice, for there you will find them in swarms,
And readily catch in the dark. Oh, listen, how gaily they squeak!
When enough you have had, then come again back, and join me once more.
We must not from each other this evening depart, for to-morrow, you know,
We early set out, and will shorten our way with frolicsome talk.
Do you feel assured, said the cat, that here it is safe to crawl in?
For sometimes have parsons been found a little un-Christlike in mind.
Here answered that scoundrel, the fox: However could that be found out?
Is it timid you are? Then let us return; my dear little wife

Will you with all honour receive, and furnish a savoury meal;
If in it no mice can be found, still let us it joyfully eat.
But Tybert the cat sprang in through the hole, for he felt quite abashed
By the bantering words of the fox, and straight he fell into the snare.
In this way the guests of Sir Reynard a bad entertainment received.
Now Tybert, as soon as he felt the tightening cord at his throat,
Made a start apprehensively back, and flurried became through alarm.
Then made a more vigorous jump, and tighter the cord was thus drawn.
To Reynard he plaintively called, who then with his ear at the hole
Was listing with rancorous joy, and thus through the opening spake:
Dear Tybert, how like you the mice? You find them, I hope, good and fat;
If only young Martin but knew that you were consuming his game
He mustard had certainly brought, for he is a well-mannered boy.
At court do they sing so at meals? Suspicious it sounds to my ears.
If could I but Isengrim have just now in the hole, as I you
To ruin have managed to bring, he surely should pay me for all
The harm that to me he hath done; and Reynard thus went on his way.
He went not, however, alone to practise his thievish designs;
Adultery, murder, and treason, and theft, to him were no sins,

And now he had something on hand for himself. To the lovely and fair
Dame Greedimund sought he a visit to pay, with a twofold intent:
He hoped from her first to find out exactly what Isengrim charged,
And second the villain desired his old escapades to renew;
To court had Sir Isengrim gone, advantage of which he would take;
For none had the shade of a doubt that the all too apparent regard
Of his wife for the villainous fox had excited the wrath of the wolf.
Reynard entered his mistress's house, but failed to find her at home.
God bless you, my little stepchildren, he said, no more and no less,
Gave an affable nod to the lads and on to his errand he sped.
At morning Dame Greedimund came, as day was beginning to break,
And she asked: Has nobody been to inquire after me? And they said:
Our godfather Reynard is hardly away, and you he would see;
His little stepchildren he called us all whom he found in the house.
Then shouted Dame Greedimund out: For that he shall pay! And ran off
This offence to avenge the very same hour. She had reason to know
Where he was accustomed to walk. She reached him and fiercely began:
Pray, what kind of language is this? What sort of outrageous remarks

Have you, without scruple or shame, in the ears of my children pronounced?
For this you shall certainly pay. Thus fiercely she spake and displayed
A furious face; laid hold of his beard; and then let him feel
The sharpness and strength of her teeth. He tried to run out of her way;
She suddenly after him rushed and then followed stirring events.
Not a very long distance away had a castle in ruins its place,
Into which they both hurriedly ran; now, by reason of age and decay,
In the wall at one side of a tower a crack could by fortune be seen.
Through this Reynard managed to slip, but not without having to squeeze,
For narrow and small was the rift; then, bulky and plump as she was,
The wolf stuck her head in the cleft; and there having gotten she pressed
And hustled and rooted and shoved, and tried to go after the fox,
But only stuck faster within; she could neither go on nor retreat.
When Reynard took notice of this, he ran to the furthermost side,
By the tortuous path within, and tried her once more to molest.
But she was not wanting for words, she rated him well; you behave,
She cried, like a knave and a thief; and Reynard responded thereto:
As never has happened before, so may it just now come to pass.

Small credit or honour it brings your wife through another to spare,
As Reynard was doing just now. To the scoundrel no matter was this.
When now, in due process of time, the wolf herself freed from the crack,
Was Reynard already away, having gone his own path to pursue.
And this made her ladyship think that the law she herself would enforce,
Her honour to guard and preserve, which doubly at present was lost.

At Tybert now let us once more take a look. The poor forlorn chap,
As soon as he felt himself caught, bewailed in the way of a cat
His distress. This reached little Martin's quick ears, and he sprang out of bed.
Thank God, he exclaimed, the lasso I have at a fortunate time
Suspended in front of the hole, for the robber is caught, and I think
He will have to pay well for the cock. Thus did young Martin rejoice,
Set light to a candle in haste (the folks in the house were asleep),
His father and mother he woke and all the domestics as well,
And cried: We have captured the fox, so let us upon him now wait.
All came, both the little and big; yea, even the parson got up
And wrapped in a mantle himself; and posted ahead of them all

"B[illegible] on the bare legs of the priest"

Photogravure from the painting, by W. Von Kaulbach

His cook with a couple of lights; and Martin had hurriedly seized
A good solid cudgel, with which he devoted himself to the cat,
Dealt blows both on body and head, and knocked out in fury an eye.
And into him all of them pitched; there came with a sharp pointed fork
The priest in great haste to the fray, expecting to settle the thief.
Tybert now thought he should die; then raving with madness he sprang
Between the bare legs of the priest, and savagely bit him and scratched;
He terribly injured the man and avenged without mercy his eye.
The priest with a scream made a rush and fell in a faint to the ground.
Unadvisedly chattered the cook, that the very old devil himself
Had managed the matter to play her a trick; and doubly she swore,
Yea, threefold indeed, how joyfully she would have lost, if this harm
Had not to her master been done, her entire little bit of effects.
Yea, swore that the loss of a treasure of gold, if one she possessed,
She certainly would not regret; she without it could very well do.
Thus bemoaned she her master's disgrace and the terrible wounds he'd received.
At length with full many laments, they laid him again on his bed,
And Tybert they left in the cord where him they completely forgot.

When Tybert, the cat, now himself found all alone in his woe,
So grievously beaten and covered with wounds, and so near unto death,
He seized, out of sheer love of life, the cord and began it to gnaw.
Is there no way to get myself out of this horrible scrape? So he thought,
And carried his point; the cord snapped in two. How happy he felt
As he hastened to flee from the place where he so much pain had endured.
He nimbly escaped from the hole and then in a trice made his way
With speed to the court of the king, and on the next morning arrived.
He angrily chided himself: So the devil has yet been obliged
You, through Reynard's deceit, that traitor most vile, to subdue.
You come again back in disgrace, an eye having lost from your head,
And bitterly laden with stripes, how completely ashamed you must be.

The wrath of the king waxed heavy and hot; with threats he ordained
That death to the traitor be dealt, without any favour or grace;
Then ordered his council convoked. His nobles and legal adepts
Arrived in response to his call, and he asked how the miscreant should
Be finally brought to account, who now had so guilty been shown.

As increasing complaints about Reynard were constantly being received,
Thus Grimbart the badger held forth: In this court of justice there are,
No doubt, a great number of lords who of Reynard but evil can think;
But still to a freeman's just rights must violence never be done.
A third time he summoned must be; when this has been legally done,
If he fail his appearance to make, the law may him guilty pronounce.
The monarch responded to this: I fear that of all there's not one
Who would a third summons convey to the crafty and treacherous knave;
For who has more eyes than he wants? And who is foolhardy enough
To endanger his limbs and his life, on account of this mutinous scamp?
To put to such hazard his health, and nevertheless at the end
Reynard fail to arrest? I can think not of one who would make the attempt.

The badger replied very loud: Lord King, if it please you to make
A demand such as this upon me, I at once will the errand perform,
Let it be whatsoever it may. Officially will you me send,
Or go I as if of myself? You have nothing to do but command.
The king thus assigned him the task: You may go! All the charges you've heard,

As they have together been brought; but go you with wisdom to work,
For he is a dangerous man. And Grimbart then said in reply:
This once I will venture the task, and hope that I yet shall him bring.
Thus started he off on the road towards Malepartus, the fort.
Reynard he found in the place with wife and with children, and said:
Uncle Reynard, I wish you good day! Full of learning and wisdom you are,
And judicious regarded as well: we are all with astonishment filled
That you the behest of the king disregard, I may say, even mock.
To you seems it not that the time has arrived? Received from all sides
Are constantly growing complaints and evil reports. I advise
That you with me come to the court; delay will no longer avail.
Already have many complaints been brought to the ears of the king,
And the summons I bring you to-day is the third that to you has been sent.
Surrender you not, condemned you will be; and then will the king
Hither his vassals conduct, and you will besiege, and reduce
Malepartus, this stronghold of yours; and thus will to ruin be brought
Your wife and your children and goods, and life you will certainly lose.
The king you can never elude, so the very best thing you can do

Is to travel with me to the court. Of cunning devices and turns
You never will want; you have them on hand yourself to get free.
For you have assuredly oft, yea, even when present in court,
Adventures encountered far greater than this, and always contrived
To come from them all with éclat, and leave your opponents disgraced.

Thus ended Sir Grimbart his speech and Reynard responded thereto:
Dear uncle, you counsel me well, that I put in appearance at court
In person my rights to defend. I earnestly hope that the king
Will grant me his grace; he knows of what service to him I can be,
And also is fully aware how much I am hated for this.
No court can be held without me. And had I yet ten times as much
Done amiss, still without hesitation I know that if I can succeed
Him to meet to his face and before him to plead, he will certainly find
The ire in his breast overcome. There are many, indeed, who attend
Our monarch day in and day out, and have in his council a seat,
But nought about these does he care; among the whole lot can be found
Neither reason nor sense. At every session, however, of court,

Wherever it is I may be the decree to my wisdom is left.
When monarch and nobles convene, in critical matters of state
To formulate prudent advice, it is Reynard who has it to find.
There are many who envy me this; and, alas, I must be on my guard,
For they've sworn to encompass my death, and the wickedest far of them all
Just now are together at court, which certainly gives me concern.
Over ten can I count, and mighty ones too, then how by myself
Can I such a number withstand? For this have I made such delay.
I think it, however, now well to accompany you to the court,
My suit at the bar to defend; this me greater honour will bring
Than through any slackness of mine my wife and my offspring to plunge
Into dangers and griefs without end; we every one should be lost,
For the king is too mighty for me, and be it whatever it may,
The same must I do so soon as commanded by him; we can try
To make with our enemies there some useful arrangement, perhaps.
Reynard then said to his wife: Look after the children I beg!
And more than of even the rest, take care of the youngest, Reinhart,
With his fine set of teeth in his dear little mouth; I hope that he will

His father's true image become; and here's Rossell, the
arch little rogue,
Who is just as endeared to my heart. For both of
the children, I beg,
Do the best that you can while I'm gone! I will it
you amply repay
Should I luckily come again back, and you to my
counsel give heed.
With this he departed from thence, attended by Grim-
bart, his friend;
Left Ermelyn there with both of her sons and hurried
away;
He left ill-provided his house, which made very anx-
ious his wife.

Not yet a short hour on the road had proceeded to-
gether the two
When Reynard to Grimbart thus spake: Dear nephew,
most worthy of friends,
To you I'm compelled to avow that I tremble all over
with fear;
I cannot myself get away from the bitter and terrible
thought
That verily I am pursuing the road to my death.
Thus I see
My sins all before me displayed, all ever committed
by me.
You cannot imagine the dread with which I now find
myself filled.
Pray let me confess, give ear to my words, for no other
priest
Can be hereabouts found, and if a clean breast I now
make of them all,
No worse on account of the same shall I stand in the
mind of my king.

Grimbart then said: First you must robbing and stealing give up,
All scandalous breaches of faith and other accustomed deceits,
Or confession will do you no good. I know it, responded the fox,
So let me begin on the spot, and you with attention give ear.

Confiteor tibi, Pater et Mater, that I on the cat,
The otter, and many besides right numerous antics have played,
I confess it and freely submit myself to the penance entailed.
Speak English, the badger replied, whereby I may know what you mean.
At this Reynard said: I cannot deny that I certainly have
Transgressed against all of the beasts at present existing on earth;
For instance, my uncle the bear, whom I caught in the limb of a tree,
Whose head was all covered with blood, and who was so wounded with blows.
Then Tybert I led after mice, but yet held him fast in a cord.
Very much he was forced to endure, and met with the loss of an eye.
So Henning with reason complained, for him of his children I robbed,
Both little and big as they came, and found them quite good to the taste.
I excepted not even the king, and manifold capers and tricks
With boldness I've played upon him, and too on his consort, the queen,

From which she but lately got well. And further I'm
bound to confess
That Isengrim have I, the wolf, with industry greatly
disgraced;
But time have I not the whole to relate. I always
him called
My uncle, but only in jest, for between us no kinship
exists.
Now once on a time, nearly six years ago, he came to
Elkmar,
When there in the convent I lived, to see me and ask
me for help,
Because he a notion had formed of becoming a monk;
he thought
It might be a profession for him; so gave a good pull
at the bell,
And greatly the ringing enjoyed. Thereon his front
paws I made fast
In the rope that was tied to the bell. He did not
demur, and, thus fixed,
He pulled and diverted himself, and seemed to be
learning the bells;
Yet could not, however, the art but a bad reputation
him bring,
For as stupid and crazy he rang, till all of the people
around
Collected with haste in dismay from every alley and
street,
For certain they felt that a grievous disaster had come
to the town.
They came and discovered him there, and before he
could even explain
His wish to embrace the clerical life, he was suddenly
caught
By the surging and furious crowd, and almost was
beaten to death.

Yet still did the fool in his purpose persist, and even implored
That I with due honour would see that a tonsure for him was procured;
I therefore had cut the hair on his crown and so thoroughly singed
That frizzled with heat was the skin and parched as a pea that is baked.
Thus often for him I prepared hard cuffs, severe kicks, and disgrace.
And I taught him the way to catch fish, which never do with him agree.
He followed me once to the border of France, when jointly we stole
To the house where a parson abode, the richest of all thereabouts.
This parson a storehouse possessed with a number of savoury hams;
Of bacon some long tender sides he kept there for curing as well,
And likewise a tubful of meat but recently placed in the brine.
Now Isengrim managed, at length, in the wall, which of stone was composed,
A hole of some measure to scratch, through which he might easily go.
I jogged him along at the work, his avarice also him urged;
But amid the profusion he found he could not restrain his desires,
But stuffed without measure himself, by reason of which did the cleft
Put a powerful curb on his much swollen frame and checked his return.
Oh! how he denounced the perfidious thing, that allowed him to pass

When hungry within, but would not permit him when filled to go back!
Thereon in the village I raised a hubbub and outcry so great
That soon I excited the folk to look for the trail of the wolf;
Then ran to the clergyman's house, and came on him having a meal,
Just as before him was placed a capon, young, tender, and cooked
To a T, so upon it I swooped and carried it off in my mouth.
Up jumped the good priest with a scream, and after me tried to pursue,
And the table knocked over with all that was on it to eat and to drink.
Catch and belabour him well; kick him out, cried the furious priest,
Then cooled off his wrath in a pool that lay unobserved in his way,
Wherein he now floundered full length; and people rushed in crying: Strike!
At this I ran off from the place and after me all in a crowd
Who to me the most venomous felt. The parson was heard above all:
The bold and audacious thief! he took from my table the fowl!
Then ran I as fast as I could until I arrived at the barn,
And there, much against my desire, I let the bird slip to the earth,
As I, to my grief, too heavy it found; and thus to the crowd
I was lost, but the fowl was regained, and as the priest raised it aloft

Became he aware of the wolf in the barn, and the crowd saw him too.
The father now called to them all: Come quickly and pummel him well;
To our hands has a different thief, a wolf, been delivered instead;
Away should he get, disgraced we should be, and truly would all
Be laughing at our expense from the east to the west of the land.
The wolf some hard thinking now did; upon him fell blows like the rain,
On his body in every part, and inflicted most torturing wounds.
All shouted as loud as they could, and the men who behind had been left
In a body together rushed up and felled him for dead to the earth.
He never, so long as he'd lived, had met with affliction so great;
If one should on canvas it paint, it very astounding would be
To notice how he the good priest repaid for his bacon and hams.
They bundled him out on the road and seized him and dragged him pell-mell
Through hedges and ditches and mud, till in him no life could be traced;
He made himself dirty and foul, and hence, with abhorrence and hate,
He out of the village was cast, and left in a deep filthy pool,
They thinking at last he was dead. In such ignominious swoon
I know not how long he remained, ere he conscious became of his woe;

And how after all he got off, that too have I never found out.
And yet not long since (it may be a year) he swore that to me
Ever faithful and true he would be, but this did not last very long.
Now why he did thus to me swear I was able with ease to conceive.
I came on him once when he wished his fill of some fowls to procure;
And, so as to play him a trick, I pictured with clearness and care
A beam upon which, as a rule, a cock in the evening would roost,
With seven fat hens at his side. I guided him then to the place,
In stillness and darkness of night, as twelve by the clock had been struck;
The sash of the window, I knew, was raised with a thin piece of wood,
And stood ready open for use, so in I pretended to go,
But then I surrendered my place, and my uncle I asked to go first,
And said: Proceed boldly within; on well-fattened hens you will come.
If you your fair lady would win, you must never faint-hearted become.
Very cautiously crawled he inside and groped with the greatest of care
Hither and thither about, and at length he indignantly said:
Oh, how you have led me astray! Of fowls, in good truth, I can find
Not a feather. I said: The birds that in front were accustomed to sit

Myself I have carried away, the others are further behind;
Without hesitation go on and mind that with caution you step.
The beam was undoubtedly small on which we so carefully walked,
Yet I kept him in front and myself well behind; then backwards I made
My way through the window again, and gave a good tug at the wood;
Down came the sash with a bang, and the wolf made a start of alarm;
In shaking he fell from the beam and came in a heap to the ground.
Now, affrighted, the people awoke, who all were asleep by the fire.
What fell in the window? they cried, in direst confusion and fear;
Without loss of time they arose; and, speedily lighting the lamp,
Him down in the corner they found, and struck him and polished his skin
To the fullest extent of their strength; it surprises me how he escaped.

Still further to you I confess, that I to Dame Greedimund oft
In secret have gone, and openly too. Now certainly that
Ought not to have ever occurred, and I wish I had left it undone,
For, live she as long as she may, her shame she will scarcely repair.

I now have confessed to you all that, endeavour as much as I may,
I am able to bring to my mind, and it heavily weighs on my soul.

Absolve me, I pray you, therefrom, and meekly be sure that I will
All penance perform to its end, no matter how much you impose.

Already to Grimbart 'twas known how he in such case should proceed;
He broke off a twig on the way, and said: Strike, uncle, yourself
Three times on the back with this twig, and then put it carefully down,
In the manner I show, on the earth, and as many times over it jump;
With meekness then kissing the twig yourself fitly dutiful show;
Such is the penance I lay upon you, and pronounce you from all
Your sins and all chastisements free and discharged. I fully forgive
You all in the name of the Lord, whatever it be you have done.

When Reynard the penance enjoined had duly performed to the end,
Then Grimbart most solemnly said: My uncle, let now in good works
Be clear your repentance to all; the psalms also read, and attend
The churches with zeal, and fast on the days appointed by law.
To him who may ask show clearly the way, and give to the poor
Without stint, and unto me swear your infamous life to forsake;
All plundering, robbing, and theft, seduction and treason avoid,

For certain it is that by this you alone will to mercy attain.
Then Reynard replied: I will do as you say, I pledge you my word.

Thus was the shrift at an end, and then they continued their way
To palace and court of the king; the saintly Grimbart and he
Then threaded a blackish and fertile expanse, where a convent they saw
On the right-hand side of the road, in which holy women engaged
In serving of God from morning to night, and kept in their yard
Of cocks a great number and hens and many fine capons as well,
Who wandered at times for their food a distance outside of the wall,
Where Reynard had called on them oft. So now unto Grimbart he said:
Our speediest way is to pass along by the side of this wall.
But set were his thoughts on the fowls, how they were out taking the air.
So there his confessor he led, till near to the birds they approached;
Then the scamp to and fro in his head set rolling his covetous eyes.
He was pleased above all with a cock, in splendid condition and young,
Which firmly he fixed in his eye, as he strutted astern of the rest;
Behind him he hastily sprang, and the feathers a-flying began.

Indignantly Grimbart reproved the shameful relapse of the fox:
Base nephew, behave you like this, and would you already again
Make a sinful attack on a fowl so soon after you have been shrived?
Such penitence seems to me fine! And Reynard to Grimbart replied:
Dear uncle, if even in thought I any such thing can have done,
Then pray unto God that he may in mercy forgive me the sin.
I gladly forbear and never will do so again. Then they went
Round about by the convent again to their road, and thus were obliged
To cross a diminutive bridge, and Reynard behind him cast eyes
A second time after the fowls; he could not himself keep in check;
Had any one cut off his head, without any question it would
Have flown in pursuit of the birds, so vehement was his desire.

Grimbart observed this and cried: Where let you, my nephew, your eyes
Again wend their way? Of a truth, an odious glutton you are!
Said Reynard, much pained, in reply: My uncle, you do me a wrong;
Do not so excited become, and disturb not, I beg you, my prayers,
But a paternoster allow me to say, for the souls of the fowls

And geese are in need of the same, as many as I from
the nuns,
Those heaven-born women, have filched, by use of my
prudence and skill.
Grimbart said not a word, and the fox turned his head
not away from the fowls
So long as in sight they remained. They managed,
however, at length,
The road they had left to regain and began to draw
near to the court;
And as Reynard the castle observed, in which dwelt
his master the king,
He inwardly troubled became, for the charges against
him were grave.

CANTO FOUR.

WHEN rumour got spread at the court that Reynard was coming indeed,
To see him all hurried outside, both noble and common alike,
And few of them friendly disposed; nearly all had complaints to prefer.
But Reynard undoubtedly thought that this no significance had;
At least so he carried himself, as with Grimbart the badger he came,
This moment, with boldness and grace, along through the principal street.
Courageous and calm, he advanced, as if, of a truth, he had been
Own son and true heir of the king, and free and devoid of all fault;
Yea! thus before Leo he stepped, and took in the palace his place
Right up in the midst of the lords; he knew how to feign unconcern.
Illustrious king and worshipful lord, he began to declaim,
Most noble and mighty you are, foremost in merit and rank;
I therefore you humbly entreat to hear me with justice to-day.
Of your Majesty's servitors all, not a soul more devoted than I
Has ever been found; this without hesitation I dare to maintain;

And many I know at the court, who would gladly oppress me for that.
To me would your friendship be lost, if now, as my enemies wish,
The lies they disseminate should, perchance, to you credible seem.
But you, as is lucky for me, investigate every complaint.
As fully accused as accusers you hear; and, though they have told
Many falsehoods behind my back, yet tranquil I rest and reflect
That well you my loyalty know, which brings persecution on me.
Be silent! responded the king, no prattle or fawning will help;
Your iniquities din in our ears, and punishment now you awaits.
Regard have you had for the peace, that I to the beasts have proclaimed
And sworn to maintain? There stands the cock! His children have you,
Malicious and treacherous thief, one after another destroyed!
And for me the depth of your love, you wish, I presume, to evince
When you my authority spurn, and my servants so grossly abuse!
The health of poor Tybert's destroyed, and by slow and distressing degrees
Will the suffering bear get well of the wounds inflicted by you.
But I will you not further reproach, for here are accusers enough,
And acts that are proved to the hilt; you hardly this time can escape.

Am I, most benevolent sire, for this to be guilty adjudged?
Reynard said. Do I incur blame if Bruin, with blood-covered crown,
Came limping again to you back? If he took the risk, and presumed
On Rūsteviel's honey to feed, and the half-witted peasants against
Him lifted their hands, yet still is he strong and enormous of limb.
If they blows and abuse on him cast, ere into the water he ran,
He could, as a vigorous man, the onset with ease have repelled.
And also, if Tybert the cat, whom I with due honour received
And treated as well as I could, from stealing could not himself keep,
But into the house of the priest, although I him faithfully warned,
Went sneaking when night had set in, and there made acquaintance with grief,
Have I retribution deserved because he behaved like a fool?
Too near to your princely crown, indeed, would the consequence lie!
With me, to be sure, you can deal in accord with your sovereign will,
And, clear as the case may appear, may give what decision you please,
Whether be it to weal or be it to woe the matter may tend.
If I'm to be roasted or boiled, if I'm to be blinded or hanged,
Or beheaded indeed, I am perfectly willing that so it be done.

We are all in the grasp of your power, completely are
we in your hands;
For you are majestic and strong; how then can the
helpless resist?
If you put me to death, by that, of a truth, very little
you gain.
Let happen, however, what may, I loyally yield to the
law.

Then Bellyn the ram began to remark: The time has
arrived
To advance our complaints. And then with his rela-
tives, Tybert the cat
And Bruin the bear, and a legion of beasts, Lord Isen-
grim came;
Also Baldwin the ass and Lampen the hare presented
themselves;
And Nidget the puppy appeared, with the bulldog
Rhyn and the doe,
Named Metke, with Herman the buck; and squirrel
and weasel, as well
As the ermine, were added thereto. Nor did either the
ox or the horse
Neglect to be there. Near by could be seen the beasts
of the chase,
Among them the stag and the roe; and Bockert the
beaver came too,
With marten and rabbit and boar; together they all
crowded in;
Bartolt the stork aud Pica the jay and Grusley the
crane
Came flying across with Tibke the duck and Alheid the
goose;
And others besides came hurrying in with their
troubles and woes.

Henning, the grief-stricken cock, with his children, now but a few,
Made bitter complaint; and hither there came without number the birds,
And a concourse so great of the beasts that no one could mention their names.
All made an attack on the fox, and hoped that his many misdeeds
They now into question might bring, and inflicted his punishment see.
In front of the monarch they pressed, with vehement, furious speech;
Charges on charges they heaped, and narratives ancient and new
Introduced. In one single sitting of court there never had been
Brought up to the throne of the king, so many complaints to be heard.
His place Reynard took and proceeded with skill his defence to conduct.
He began his address, and forth from his mouth the eloquent words
Of his justification outflowed, as if they were obvious truth.
He was master of what to present and what to say nothing about;
And his auditors all were amazed, and thought he was innocent shown.
He even had claims of his own to put in, and charges to make.
At length there rose up to their feet some genuine, trustworthy men,
Who posted themselves by the fox, against him their evidence gave,
And all of his wickedness clearly made known. That settled the case,

For then, with unanimous voice, the court of the king resolved
That Reynard the fox was worthy of death; that he should be seized,
Imprisoned and hanged by the neck, in order that he be compelled
For his infamous crimes to atone with an ignominious death.

Just now did Reynard himself consider the game as all up.
Not very much good had been done by his cunning harangue. The king
Pronounced sentence himself: and then was the criminal's pitiful end,
As him they imprisoned and bound, paraded in sight of his eyes.

As Reynard there stood, shackled according to sentence and law,
His foes were bestirring themselves to lead him at once to his death;
But his friends stood about in dismay, quite overcome with their grief,
Grimbart and Martin the ape, with others of kin to the fox.
The sentence with umbrage they heard, and all were more filled with regret
Than expected might be; for Reynard of barons was one of the chief:
And there he now stood, of all of his honours and offices stripped
And doomed to a shameful death. How now must the scene they surveyed

His kinsmen have cut to the quick! In a body together they took
Their leave of the king, and withdrew from the court, to the last that was there.

The monarch, however, it vexed, that so many knights should depart
From him thus. It now could be seen how great was the crowd of his kin
Who had gone, in their great discontent at Reynard's impending doom.
And thus did his Majesty speak to one of his trustiest friends:
Undoubtedly Reynard is vile; we must, for all that, bear in mind
That many relations he has, who cannot be spared from the court.

But Isengrim, Bruin, and Tybert the cat, all three of them were
About the poor captive at work; impatient the infamous death,
As awarded had been by the king, to execute now on their foe;
So hurriedly dragged him outside, and the gallows beheld from afar.
And now the tom-cat to the wolf began, in his fury, to speak:
Consider, Lord Isengrim, well, how Reynard once schemed in all ways,
And everything did that he could, and succeeded, too, in his hate,
On the gallows your brother to see. How joyously marched he along
With him to the place of his doom! Neglect not to pay him the debt.

And remember, Sir Bruin as well, how shamefully you
he betrayed,
Below there in Rüsteviel's yard, to the boorish and
furious clowns,
Male and female alike, and scurvily left you to wounds
and to blows,
And the shame thereupon that ensued, which now in
all regions is known.
Take care and your efforts unite, for if he escape us
to-day,
And freedom contrive to procure, by his wit and
insidious arts,
A time for our precious revenge will never be granted
again;
So let us make haste and avenge the wrongs he has
done to us all.

Then Isengrim said: What use are your words? Go,
bring me at once
A reliable cord; with that we will soon put him out
of his pain!
Thus spake they ill of the fox and journeyed along on
the road.

In silence heard Reynard their words; at length he,
however, began:
Since me you so bitterly hate, and thirst for a deadly
revenge,
I am greatly surprised that you seem not to know
how to bring it about!
Your Tybert is fully informed where a good trusty
rope may be found,
For he did it most carefully test, when into the house
of the priest
He thrust himself in after mice, and did not with
honour return.

But, Isengrim, you and the bear are making such terrible haste
Your uncle to bring to his end, of course you intend to succeed.

The monarch arose from his seat, with all the noblesse of his court,
The sentence to see carried out; and also was present the queen,
Who with the procession had come, by her ladies escorted in state;
And behind them a multitude flocked, composed of the poor and the rich,
All wishing for Reynard's decease, and hoping to see it take place.
Isengrim uttered meanwhile a word to his kinsmen and friends,
Exhorting them all to be sure compactly together to hold,
And keep on the manacled fox a steady and vigilant eye;
For they were in constant dread of the shrewd fellow's getting away.
The wolf, above all, commanded his wife: If you set any store
On your life, take heed to my words and help us the rascal to hold!
If he manage to get himself free, we all are involved in disgrace.
And further to Bruin he said: Bethink how he held you in scorn!
With usury now can you pay the whole of your debt to him back.
Tybert is able to climb, and above shall he fasten the rope.

You hold him and give me your help, and I will the ladder remove;
Then all, in a minute or two, with this knave will be brought to an end.
Said the bear: Put the ladder in place, and I will him certainly hold.

See now, Reynard said when they'd done, how exceedingly busy you are
In leading your uncle to death! I should think you would rather him guard
And protect; and, in his distress, would some little pity display;
I gladly for mercy would beg, but what should I profit by that?
Isengrim hates me o'ermuch; yea, even his wife he has told
To hold me and see to it well that the way of escape is cut off.
Should she but reflect on the past, then could she not injure me now;
But if I am doomed to be slain, I earnestly wish that it might
Be speedily done. My father too came into frightful distress,
But yet at the last it was quick. There attended, I know, at his death
Not quite such a number as here. If longer, however, you mean
Me to keep in suspense, then must it in truth redound to your shame.
Do you hear, said Bruin the bear, how boldly the vagabond talks?
Come on! String him up out of hand! The time for his end has arrived.

Earnestly now did Reynard reflect: Oh! could I but think,
At once, of some artifice new, to aid me in this urgent need,
Whereby might the king, in his grace, with clemency grant me my life,
And these, my implacable foes, all three, into shame might be thrown!
Of all let me think, and then must things shift for themselves, for here
Is in question my neck! Not a moment to lose! How shall I escape?
Evils of all kinds upon me are heaped. The king is displeased,
My friends are all melted away, and matters controlled by my foes.
I have rarely done anything good, and even the might of the king,
As well as his council's advice, have I truly but little esteemed.
I am guilty of much that is wrong, and yet my ill-luck have I hoped,
Each time, to avert. Had I but the chance to say a few words,
I surely should then not be hanged; I will not abandon the hope.

His back to the ladder he turned, with face to the people below,
And cried: Before me I see the grim figure of death, and can him
Not escape. And now from you all, as many as hear me, I beg
But a little extension of time, before I depart from the earth.

Indeed I should very much like to you my confession sincere
To publicly make for the last time on earth, and truly disclose
Whatever of harm I have done, so that to another, perchance,
May not, in the future, be laid this criminal action or that,
Till now unsuspected by you, but done under cover by me;
That I may thereby, at the last, much evil prevent, and may hope
That God, in his fulness of grace, will remember me now in my need.

A number to pity were moved, and one to another they said:
Small is the favour and short the reprieve. They petitioned the king,
And the king conceded their prayer. Then again did Reynard become
A little more lightsome of heart, and hoped for a happy result;
The granted occasion he turned to account, and as follows he spake:
Spiritus Domini, come to my aid! Not one do I see,
In all the vast concourse that's here, whom I have not sometime ill-used.
First, I was yet but a youngster small, and the breast of my dam
Had hardly forgotten to suck, when my passions I followed unchecked
Among the young lambs and the goats that, a distance apart from the flock,

At play were dispersed in the fields; their dear bleating voices I heard
Too gladly by far, as a craving I got for more delicate food,
And soon their acquaintance I made. One lambkin I slew with my teeth,
And drank up its blood; it tasted so good that I killed and devoured
Also four of the youngest goats, and thus further training obtained.
I exempted no kind of a bird, not a fowl, nor a duck nor a goose,
On which I might light, and have in the sand full many entombed,
When all that I harried to death I did not desire to consume.
It afterwards happened one winter to me, on the banks of the Rhine,
That Isengrim came I to know, who was lurking aback of the trees.
He assured me, without losing time, that I was a kinsman of his;
Indeed on his fingers he could the precise degrees of the tie
Call over to me. I gave my assent, an alliance we formed,
And each to the other engaged as trusty companions to roam.
Ah, many an evil thereby was I doomed to prepare for myself!
Together we went through the land; while he stole the big on our way,
And I stole the small. Whate'er we obtained was common to be;
But common indeed it was not, he parted it just as he chose;

A half I have never received. Yea, worse have I suffered than this;
If he managed a calf to purloin, or get for his booty a ram,
If I found him at table with more than enough, or consuming a goat
Just recently done to its death; if a buck in the grasp of his claws,
Despite of its struggles, was held, at me he would grin and look sour,
Till growling, he drove me away, my share to retain for himself.
It always turned out with me thus, no matter the size of the joint
He had got. · Indeed, if to pass it should come that, in company, we
Should manage to capture an ox, or ourselves possess of a cow,
At once made appearance his wife and seven young cubs on the scene,
Who then would lay hold of the prey, and crowd me away from the meal.
Not even a rib could I get; so polished and dry were they gnawed,
That nothing like meat could be found; and I must contented appear.
But heaven, however, be praised, I suffered not hunger thereby.
From that splendid treasure of mine I kept myself privately fed,
By means of the silver and gold, that securely I keep in a place
Not easily found. Therein have I all I can want; for, in truth,
No wagon could bear it away, if it seven times went to the task.

The king paid attention thereto, as mention was made of his wealth,
Inclined himself forward and asked: From whence did it come to your hands?
Speak out and at once! The treasure I mean! And then Reynard said:
This secret from you I will not conceal; what good could it do?
For nought of these costly things with me can I take when I go.
Since then you are pleased to command, I will all to you truly relate;
For out it assuredly must; since, whether for evil or good,
A secret so weighty indeed could not be much longer concealed;
For the treasure was stolen, forsooth. With oaths had a number conspired
To kill you, beneficent king, and if, at the very same hour,
The treasure had not with prudence been moved, it thus had occurred.
Take notice of this, gracious lord, for both your well-being and life
On the treasure's security hung; and, alas, the purloining thereof
Made things with my father go hard; it led him, in prime of his life,
The last dreadful journey to take; to eternal perdition, perhaps;
But, merciful master, for you it all turned out for the best.

Perplexedly listened the queen to all of this horrible tale,
The intricate, furtive design for depriving her consort of life,
The treason, the treasure, and all that he had been telling about.

I caution you, Reynard, she cried, reflect! for about to embark
You are on the road to your home; repentant, disburden your soul;
Set forth the unvarnished truth and plainly the murder make known.
The king supplemented her words: Strict silence let every one keep!
Come, Reynard, again here below and step now up nearer to me,
Whereby I may hear what you say, for the matter concerneth myself.

Reynard, who saw through it all, took courage again, and the rounds
Of the ladder he quickly ran down, to the malcontents' heavy chagrin;
And himself, without more ado, by the king and his consort he placed,
Who earnestly tried to find out the meaning of all he had said.
He then set himself to make up some new and astonishing lies.
That I the good-will of the king and that of his consort, he thought,
Again could secure; and oh, that my cunning at once would prevail,
And render me able my foes, who me are conducting to death,
Themselves to destruction to bring; this me from all peril would save.
For me this would certainly be a blessing from out of the skies;
But lies without measure, I see, to carry my purpose I need.

Impatiently then did the queen to Reynard more questions propound;
Let us know, without any mistake, of what the whole matter consists.
The truth let us know, your conscience respect, disburden your soul!
Reynard responded thereto: I gladly will tell to you all.
Death alone is awaiting me now, and nothing can remedy that.
Should I, at the end of my life, my soul overburden with lies,
And eternal damnation incur, I should act as if out of my mind.
It is better for me to confess; and if, to my sorrow, I must
My cherished relations and friends arraign and put under a cloud,
How can I help it, alas! At hand are the torments of hell.

Already the king, as he listened intently to what had been said,
Full heavy at heart had become. He said: Are you telling the truth?
To his Majesty Reynard replied, with air for the purpose assumed:
I'm an infamous fellow, I know, yet now am I speaking the truth.
What good could I get by telling you lies? I should only myself
Everlastingly damn. You know very well, for so it's resolved,
I must die; I am now looking death in the face and lie will I not;

Neither evil nor good to me now can be of the slightest
avail.
He shook as he uttered these words, and seemed on
the verge of a swoon.

The queen then compassionate spake: I pity the
anguish he feels;
Deign kindly upon him to look, I beg you, my lord,
and reflect;
We both may be saved from much harm by this revelation of his.
The sooner the better that we the ground of his narrative find!
Strict silence enforce upon all, and let him straightforwardly speak.
Then issued the king his command, and all the
assembly was still;
But Reynard uplifted his voice: If it please you, my
gracious king,
Pray listen to what I shall say. Although my narration may chance
Without any notes to be made, yet exact you will find
it and true;
The details you'll learn of the plot, and no one intend
I to spare.

CANTO FIVE.

Now notice the cunning displayed, and see how the fox went to work
To hide his offences once more, and harm unto others to do.
Gratuitous lies he devised, yea, even his father defamed
On the further side of the grave; and the badger he grossly traduced,
His loyallest friend, who had so persistently come to his aid.
There was nothing he scrupled to say, by which his narration he thought
He might plausible make; that on his accusers he vengeance might take.

And this is the way he began: My father once had the good luck,
Not very long since, the wealth of King Emmrich, the mighty, to find
In a secret place; yet to him was the hoard of but little avail.
He gave himself airs on account of his wealth, esteeming no more
The beasts of his own degree, and his comrades of former times
Too little regarding by far; more notable friends he desired.
Tybert the cat he despatched to the wild hunting grounds of Ardennes,

Bruin the bear to seek out, to whom he should fealty swear,
And summon to Flanders forthwith, in order their king to become.

When Bruin the writing had read, its import him heartily pleased:
Untiring and bold he pursued his way on to Flanders in haste,
For with something like this had his mind already for long been engaged.
Arriving, he found my father on hand, who hailed him with joy,
And at once off to Isengrim sent, and likewise to Grimbart, the sage;
The four put together their heads, discussed and perfected their plans,
And not far away was a fifth, namely Tybert, the cat. Near at hand
Lay a village which Iste is called, and this was the actual place,
A spot between Iste and Ghent, where jointly the plot they discussed
The whole of a long cloudy night, which kept their assemblage concealed.
With God met they not, for my father, the devil more rightly to say,
Them totally had in his power, with his damnable treasure of gold.
They resolved on the death of the king, and one to the other they swore
An alliance eternal and firm, and then did the five take their oath
In conjunction on Isengrim's head, that unitedly they would select

Bruin the bear for their king; and at Aix-la-Chapelle, on the throne,
With aid of the golden crown, the realm to him firmly secure.
This having been done, if by one of the king's relations or friends
Resistance thereto should be made, my father was him to convince
Or tempt with a bribe; and, failing in that, to eject him at once.
I happened to learn of the scheme, for Grimbart one morning himself
Full merrily drunken had got, and garrulous had become.
Thus went the fool home to his wife and gave the whole secret away;
Then silence upon her enjoined, thus thinking the matter to mend.
Very soon after this had occurred, my wife she encountered, and her
Must she, by a sacred oath, in the regal trinity's name,
Pledge on her honour and faith that, whether come evil or good,
To no one a word would she tell; and then she made known to her all.
In like manner too, has my wife as little her promise observed,
For, soon as she found where I was, she told to me all she had heard;
And gave me, moreover, a sign, whereby the full truth of the tale
I with ease recognised; yet through it I've only more evil incurred.
It reminded me well of the frogs, the continual croaking of whom
Ascended, at length, to the ears of our Lord in the heavens above.

They, wishing the rule of a king, were willing to live in restraint,
After having their freedom enjoyed in all the domains of the earth.
Their petition was granted by God; he sent them as monarch the stork,
Who steadily hates and maltreats and allows them no peace to enjoy.
As a fiend he himself to them bears; and wailing the fools are to-day,
But ah, it's too late! The king has them now altogether subdued.
Reynard to all of the crowd spoke at the top of his voice;
All could well hear what he said; and thus he continued his speech:
Observe! My fears were excited for all, lest so it should turn.
Your highness, I looked out for you and hoped for a better reward.
Of Bruin's intrigues I'm aware, and the villainous turn of his mind,
As also his many misdeeds; and the worst I provided against.
Should he become king, we all to destruction together should go.
Our king is of noble descent, and mighty and gracious he is,
I privately thought; a mournful exchange indeed it would be,
A dull, good-for-nothing, unprincipled bear to exalt in this way.
I studied it over for weeks, and tried the whole plot to defeat.
To me it was clear above all that, if in the hands of my sire

The treasure continued to be, he then could large forces collect,
And surely the game he would win, while we of our king should be shorn.
My care was now centred on this: to search and discover the spot
Wherein was the treasure concealed, and stealthily take it away.
Should my father run off to the field, or the crafty old fellow depart
To the forest, by day or by night, in frost or in tropical heat,
In sunshine or rain, I was always behind and tracking his steps.

Once as I lay in the earth hidden with care and with thoughts
Of how I the treasure could find, so much about which I had learned,
Then and there I my father espied, as out of a cranny he stole;
Among the stones he advanced, and up from below he emerged.
In silence I kept myself hid; he thought he was all by himself,
Scanned the whole field of his view and then, as he no one perceived,
In the distance or near, his game he began, and you shall it learn.
Again he put sand in the hole, and skilfully made it agree
In level and looks with the rest of the ground. No one, who had not
Seen it done, could possibly know it was there. And step after step

As he went, he saw that the spot upon which he had planted his feet
Should over and over again be thoroughly brushed with his tail;
And then did away with his trail by raking about with his mouth.
In this my first lesson I took from my wily old father that day,
Who versatile was in dodges and tricks and pranks of all kinds.
This having been done, he hurried away to his task, and I thought
The princely treasure, perhaps, may be in the neighbourhood kept.
I quickly stepped up to the place, and promptly proceeded to work;
And the rift, in a very short time, I managed to pierce with my paws.
Then crept I impatiently in, and heaps of things priceless I found,
Of the finest of silver a store and gold that was red; of a truth
Has never the oldest one here his eyes such a hoard laid upon.
Myself I now set to my task with the aid of my wife; we dragged
And we carried by day and by night; we had neither barrow nor cart;
Much labour it therefore entailed and many an hour of fatigue.
Faithfully held Dame Ermelyn out, and we managed at length
To get all the jewels in safety away and conveyed to a place
That to us more suitable seemed. Meanwhile kept my father himself

Daily in contact with those who our king were in
league to betray.
Now what they resolved you shall hear and greatly
amazed you will be.

Straight Bruin and Isengrim sent to many departments
and lands
Patents the hirelings to call, who were ordered in
numbers to come
And promptly themselves to report; then Bruin their
posts would assign,
And even indulgently give the fellows their pay in
advance.
My father then traversed the lands displaying the
letters he had,
Sure of his treasure that still, he thought, in its hiding-
place lay.
But now it had so come about that, if he, with all of
his friends,
Had ever so thoroughly searched, they would not
a penny have found.
For him was no labour too great, and nimbly his way
he pursued
Through every land to be found between the Elbe and
the Rhine.
Many hirelings he'd already found, and many another
he gained,
For money was able to lend an emphasis strong to his
words.

At length did the summer arrive, and now did my
father return
To his fellow conspirators back. Then had he of
sorrows and want

And terrible woes to relate, especially how he almost
His life down in Saxony lost, as among the castles he roamed,
Where huntsmen with horses and hounds him daily pursued, insomuch
That barely made he his escape, and then with his pelt scarcely whole.

Arriving, he joyfully showed the four arch-traitors the list
Of the comrades that he had secured by means of his pledges and gold.
Bruin rejoiced at the news, as the five in conjunction it read.
Its import was this: Twelve hundred of Isengrim's relatives bold,
With ravenous mouths and sharp-set teeth in their heads, were to come,
And the cats and the bears besides were all for Sir Bruin assured.
The gluttons and badgers as well, Thuringian and Saxon, would come;
Collected, however, they were on this understanding alone,
That pay for a month in advance should be had. Then all in return
Forward would come in their might as soon as command was received.
God be eternally thanked that I on their schemes shut the door.

Now, after my father had seen to all that demanded his care,
He hurried away to the fields, to look on the treasure once more;

Then first his affliction began, he burrowed and sought and explored,
Yet the longer he scraped the less he could find. Of no earthly use
Was the trouble he took on himself and his inconsolable grief,
For the treasure was now far away, 'twas nowhere at all to be found.
And then, out of anger and shame — how horribly plagues me the thought,
By day as well as by night — my father himself went and hanged.

All this was accomplished by me, the infamous deed to prevent;
And now me but evil it brings, yet I do not repent what I did.
But the covetous Bruin and Isengrim have, by the side of the king,
Their seats in his council assigned. And Reynard, poor fellow, how thou
Art thanked in the opposite way for having, the king to preserve,
Thine own loving father destroyed! Where else is there one to be found,
Who ruin would bring on himself, just merely your life to prolong?

Meanwhile had the king and the queen their hands on the treasure to get
The greatest cupidity felt; aside they withdrew and the fox
Invited to them, in private to talk, and hastily said:

Speak! Where have you this wealth! That is the
thing we would know.
Reynard then said in reply: To me of what use would
it be,
To show the magnificent goods to the king, who me
has condemned?
Too much he confides in my foes, the vicious assassins
and thieves,
Who cumber him down with their lies, in order my
life to obtain.
No, no! interjected the queen, thus shall it not come
to pass!
My lord will accord you your life, and all that is past
will forgive;
He will harbour his anger no more. In future, how-
ever, you must
More prudence display, and loyal and true remain to
the king.

Reynard said: My lady and queen, if you with the
king can prevail,
His troth in your presence to give that he will me par-
don once more,
That he all my crimes and misdeeds, and all the re-
sentment that I
In him have unhappily roused, will for ever efface from
his mind,
You then may rest fully assured no king of our time
shall possess
Such vastness of wealth as shall he, through my fidel-
ity, gain.
The treasure is great; when I show you the place,
surprised you will be.
Confide in him not, said the king, it is only when he
of his thefts,

His lies, and his robberies tells, that one can him thoroughly trust;
For a greater liar than he has certainly never drawn breath.

To this said the queen in reply: It is true that his life hitherto
Hath little of confidence earned; at present, however, reflect
That his uncle, the badger himself, and his own loving father as well,
This time he has called to account, and made their iniquities known.
If so he desired he could let them alone, and of different beasts
These stories of his could relate: he would not so stupidly lie.

Is that your idea? responded the king; if you think it may turn
In reality out for the best, so that evil still greater may not
Therefrom be derived, I will do as you say, and these criminal acts
Of Reynard will take on myself, with all his nefarious deeds.
I will trust him this once, but never again, let him bear that in mind!
To him on my crown I will swear an inflexible oath, that, if he,
In future, shall lie or transgress, he shall it for ever repent,
And that all who to him are of kin, be it only the tenth degree,

Shall atone it whoever they are, and none from my wrath shall escape;
With evil and shame shall they meet and ruthless pursuit of the law.

When finally Reynard beheld how quickly the mind of the king
Was changing, he mustered up courage and said: Would I like a fool
Myself, gracious monarch, conduct and stories presume to relate,
Whose truthfulness cannot be shown in a very few days, at the most?

The king then believed what he said and pardon he granted for all;
His father's high treason the first, and then Reynard's own evil deeds;
And the latter was now overwhelmingly pleased. At an opportune time
Was he from the might of his foes and his own wretched destiny freed.
Most noble of monarchs and lords, Reynard began then to say,
May God, in his mercy, reward both you and your consort for all
That you unto me, the unworthy, have done; I will keep it in mind,
And, long as eternity lasts, will my gratitude constantly show.
In all the dominions and states of the earth there assuredly lives
Not a person now under the sun, to whom this magnificent wealth
I would rather transfer than just to you two. What is there of grace

That I, at your hands, have not had? For that will I willingly give
King Emmerich's treasure to you, exactly as he it possessed.
I now will explain where it is, and truth I will honestly speak.

Attend! To the eastward of Flanders a desert exists, and in that
Lies a thicket alone, which is Hüsterlo called, take note of the name!
Beyond is a spring that is Krekelborn named; now bear you in mind
That not far apart are the two. Within this vicinity comes
Not a woman or man, from beginning to end of the year. Here abides
Nought but the bat and the owl, and here I the treasure concealed.
As Krekelborn known is the place; this note and make use of the sign.
With only your consort proceed to the place, for there certainly is
Not a soul that's sufficiently safe to send as a messenger there,
And very great harm would result; I could not it dare to advise.
Alone you must go to the spot. When Krekelborn you shall have passed,
You two little birches will see; and one, now attend, will be found
Not very far off from the brook; thus, gracious king, you will go
Unhindered and straight to the trees; beneath them the treasures lie hid.

You need only burrow and scrape; first moss you will
find at the roots,
And then you'll discover at once the richest and costliest
gems,
In gold most artistic and fine, and also King Emmerich's
crown.
If Bruin had had his desire, then he would be wearing
it now.
Decorations in number you'll find and jewels of bril-
liance and worth,
And trinkets of gold, which now are not made, for who
could them buy?
This wealth when you see, gracious king, as there all
together it lies,
Of one thing indeed I am sure, in thought you will
honour me then.
Reynard, you honest old fox, you will think, who so
prudently hid
These treasures up under the moss, prosperity always
be thine,
In what place soever thou art! Thus did the hypocrite
speak.

To this said the king in reply: You must me attend
when I go,
For how, if alone, shall I light on the spot? Of Aix-
la-Chapelle,
Without any doubt, I have heard, and London and
Paris as well,
And Cologne; but Hüsterlo's name I never once heard
in my life,
And of Krekelborn too may the same be observed; must then I not fear
That lies you are telling again and coining these names
in your head?

"Then Reynard exclaimed: come, don't be afraid!"

Photogravure from the painting by W. Von Kaulbach

Unhappy was Reynard to hear the circumspect words of the king,
And he said: Where I you direct is not so far off as if you
Were told at the Jordan to seek. Why look at me still with distrust?
To what I have said I adhere, that all can in Flanders be found.
Let us ask some of these; another, perhaps, may endorse what I say.
Krekelborn! Hüsterlo! Thus did I say, and these are their names.
And then he called out to the hare, but Lampen in terror held back.
Then Reynard exclaimed: Come, don't be afraid! The king only asks
That you, by the oath of allegiance you recently took, will tell
Him nought but the truth; so out with it now, provided you know,
And say, where does Hüsterlo stand and Krekelborn too? Let us hear.

Lampen said: That can I easily tell. In the desert they stand,
The one from the other not far. The inhabitants Hüsterlo call
That thicket where bandy-legg'd Simonet long continued to dwell,
Counterfeit money to make, with his daring companions in crime.
Greatly at that very spot I suffered from hunger and cold,
When I from the bulldog Rhyn in direst distress had to fly.

At this Reynard said to the hare: To the others again
you may go,
Among them resuming your place; enough to the
king you have told.
The king then to Reynard remarked: Be not discon-
tented with me,
Because I impatient have been and harboured a doubt
of your word;
But see to it now, without fail, that me you conduct to
the place.

Reynard spake: How happy myself I should prize,
were it fitting to-day
For me to go forth with the king, and him into Flan-
ders attend;
But for you it would count as a sin. In spite of the
shame that I feel,
Yet out it must come, though gladly I'd keep it still
longer concealed.
Our Isengrim, some time ago, himself got ordained as a
monk,
Not at all that the Lord he might serve, his belly's the
god he obeys;
The convent he almost consumed; at eating he's
reckoned as six,
So all was for him not enough; he whined about
hunger and grief.
It moved me to pity at last, when I saw him so thin
and unwell,
And I faithfully gave him my help, for he's a near
kinsman of mine.
But I, for the aid that I gave, the ban of the Pope
have incurred,
And now, without any delay, I would, with your
knowledge and leave,

Commune all alone with my soul, and to-morrow, at rise of the sun,
For grace and indulgence to sue, would start as a pilgrim to Rome,
And thence I would over the sea; and thus bring about that my sins
Be from me all taken away; and should I come back to my home,
I with honour may go at your side; if I did so, however, to-day,
The world would be sure to remark: How is it our monarch again
With Reynard is seen, whom not long ago to death he condemned,
And who, in addition to that, is under the ban of the Pope!
My lord, you will certainly see, 'twere better to leave it undone.
Responded the king: Very true, to me that of course was unknown.
If you are proscribed by the Church, to take you would be a disgrace.
Either Lampen or somebody else can accompany me to the spring.
But, Reynard, that you from the ban are trying to get your release,
I look on as useful and good, and graciously give you my leave
To-morrow betimes to set out; I will not your pilgrimage stay.
For seems it to me that you wish from evil to good to return.
May God your intention approve and let you the journey complete!

CANTO SIX.

In this way was Reynard again to favour received by the king.
And now stepped his Majesty out to some rising ground that was near,
And, speaking up there on a stone, he bade the assemblage of beasts
Keep silence, and down in the grass, according to birth and degree,
To settle themselves; and Reynard stood up by the side of the queen.

The king, overlooking the crowd, began with much caution to speak:
Be silent and hearken to me, ye birds and ye beasts who are here,
Alike both the rich and the poor; yea, hearken, ye great and ye small.
My lords and acquaintances all, of household as well as of court,
Reynard is here in my power; you were thinking, a short time ago,
He ought to be hanged, but now such a number of secrets at court
He's revealed, that him I believe, and advisably mercy to him
Again I vouchsafe. In addition to this has my consort, the queen,

With earnestness pleaded for him, and I in his favour
am moved,
Forgiveness have fully bestowed, and on him his goods
and his life
Have freely conferred; henceforward my peace him
shields and protects.
Now all who together are here, are ordered, so long as
you live,
That Reynard, his children and wife, you honour shall
everywhere show,
Wherever, by day or by night, you chance them in
future to meet;
Moreover, of Reynard's affairs no further complaint
will I hear.
If he any evil has done, that belongs to the past; and
his ways
He will mend, as indeed he's begun, for early to-
morrow he takes
His staff and his knapsack to go as a reverent pilgrim
to Rome,
And thence will he over the sea; and never again will
come back
Until he remission complete of all his misdeeds has
obtained.

Now Tybert, with rage, upon this to Bruin and Isen-
grim turned;
Our trouble and pains are now lost, he exclaimed. I
would that were I
Far from here! If Reynard has been once again into
favour received,
All arts that he knows he will use to bring us all
three to an end.
Already one eye have I lost, and now for the other I
fear!

Good counsel is dear, responded the bear, that is plain to be seen.
Then Isengrim said in return: The thing is so queer that it's best
To go straight away to the king. With Bruin he sullenly walked
At once to the king and the queen; and Reynard severely denounced,
With pungency speaking and loud. The king interrupted them thus:
You surely could hear what I said? I've him newly to favour received.
The king uttered this in a rage, and had in a twinkling the two
Captured, imprisoned, and bound; for well he remembered the words
That he from Reynard had heard concerning their traitorous acts.

Thus in the space of an hour had matters with Reynard become
Most thoroughly changed. Himself he'd got free, and into disgrace
His accusers had come; he even knew how, in his spite, to procure
That off from the back of the bear a piece of his hide should he cut,
A foot in its length and its width, that a wallet for him on the road
Provided might be; so seemed as a pilgrim but little to want;
But still he entreated the queen to furnish him also with shoes,
And said: Gracious lady, you own that I am your pilgrim just now,

Then give me your help, I implore, that I may my journey complete.
Now four useful shoes has the wolf; it surely were nothing but just
That he with a pair should dispense, for me on my journey to wear;
These get, gracious lady, for me, by means of his lordship, the king.
Dame Greedimund also could spare a couple of hers for my use,
For she, as a housewife, is forced to live almost wholly indoors.

This claim was regarded as just by the queen. They assuredly can
Each of them part with a pair, she graciously said in reply.
Reynard was thankful for this, and said with a rapturous bow:
If four solid shoes I acquire, I will surely no longer delay.
All the good that I presently may, as a pilgrim, be able to do,
You surely shall equally share, both you and our merciful king.
On a pilgrimage we are compelled to make supplication for all
Who us have in any way helped. May God then your goodness reward!

Thus did Sir Isengrim have from his two front paws to resign,
Far up as his ankles, his shoes; and then a like fate must his wife,
Dame Greedimund, also endure, for she had her hind ones to lose.

In this manner both had to lose the skin and the claws of their feet,
And together with Bruin they lay, mournfully waiting for death;
But the hypocrite, having obtained the wallet and shoes as desired,
Went hither and flaunted his jeers; at Greedimund worse than the rest.
My love, my own darling, he said, just give but a glance and observe
How splendidly fit me your shoes; I hope that they also will wear.
Great effort already you've made, my ruin, perchance, to achieve,
But I too have exerted myself, and my labour has met with success.
If you your enjoyment have had, so my turn at length it is now;
But this is the uniform rule, and one must learn how to submit.
As now I proceed on my road, my cherished relations I can
Remember with thanks. You me have a present of shoes kindly made,
A deed you shall never regret; whatever indulgence I gain
You surely shall share when I fetch it from Rome and over the sea.

Dame Greedimund lay in such pain, that scarcely the strength she retained
To utter a word, yet roused herself up and said with a groan:
In order to punish our sins, God allows all with you to succeed.

Still Isengrim said not a word, but together with Bruin lay still;
They both were unhappy enough, in bondage and covered with wounds,
And now set at nought by their foe. Tybert, the cat, was not there,
And Reynard was anxious enough to put him in hot water as well.

The hypocrite busied himself, at morn of the following day,
In rubbing with tallow and oil the shoes that his kinsmen had lost;
And now, making haste to present himself to the king, he observed:
Your dutiful servant's prepared on his sacred mission to start;
Pray now of your mercy command the priest of your Majesty's court,
A blessing on me to bestow, that I full of hope may depart;
And thus approbation divine on my going and coming secure.
The ram by the monarch had been his imperial chaplain ordained,
He also had charge of religious affairs, he too by the king
Was used as a scribe, and Bellyn was named. Then had he him called
And said: I desire that at once a few holy words shall be read
Over Reynard awaiting you here, him now on the journey to bless,
That he has in view; he is going to Rome and the water will cross;

The wallet upon him suspend, and give him the staff
in his hand.
And thereupon Bellyn replied: You have, my lord
king, I presume,
Discovered that Reynard, as yet, has not been released
from the ban;
Should only I do as you wish, I should wrath from
my bishop incur,
Who about it would easily learn, and me to chastise
has the power.
To Reynard indeed will I do not a thing, either evil or
good;
If settled the matter could be, and certainly would not
thereto
The bishop, Lord Lackland, object; or possibly angry
thereat,
The provost, Sir Wanton, become, or indeed Rapiamus
the dean,
My blessing I gladly would give, as now I am ordered
by you.

And thus responded the king: What mean these
evasions and shifts?
Many words you compel us to hear, but back is there
little enough.
If you over Reynard will read not a thing either evil or
good,
The devil I'll ask it to do. What's church or the
bishop to me?
Reynard would journey to Rome! Of that would you
stand in the way?
With anxiety Bellyn began to scratch at the back of
his ears;
He feared the ill-will of his king, and over the pilgrim
at once

To read from the book he began, but Reynard did
little attend.
Yet all it could give was received: of that not a doubt
can exist.

And now was the benison read, delivered the wallet
and staff,
And thus for his counterfeit trip the pilgrim was fully
equipped.
Sham tears were now running down the cheeks of the
rascally scamp
And wetting his beard, as if he were feeling the deep-
est regret.
And truly it did give him pain, that all of his foes he
had not
Together brought evil upon, but only these three had
disgraced.
Yet there stood he up and implored that earnestly all
of them would,
As well as they could, for him pray. And now prepa-
ration he made
To hurry away, for he felt himself guilty and hence
was in fear.
Reynard, demanded the king, why are you making such
haste?
Who begins what is good should never delay, said
Reynard to this;
A furlough I beg of you now, for the right and appro-
priate time
Has come, if your Majesty please, so let me the journey
begin.
The furlough is yours, responded the king; he also en-
joined
In a body the lords of the court with the spurious pil-
grim to go,

And wait on a stretch of the way. In the meantime
in prison remained
Poor Bruin and Isengrim both, lamenting their pain
and disgrace.

In this way had Reynard again of the love and esteem
of the king
Come into possession complete; he went in great
honour from court,
And seemed, with his wallet and staff, to be off to the
tomb of our Lord;
Having there just as little to do as a May-pole in Aix-
la-Chapelle.
But otherwise far was his aim. He had made a
successful attempt,
With a flaxen beard and a waxen nose, whatever by
that may be meant,
His monarch completely to hoax; and all his accusers
were forced
To follow him now as he went, and him with respect to
attend.
But he could not relinquish his tricks, and said, upon
taking his leave:
My lord, be you well on your guard, that now the two
renegades there
Do not have a chance to escape, but keep them in
prison well bound;
Desist they would not, if at large, from shameful and
treacherous deeds.
Pray do not forget, noble king, that your life would in
jeopardy be.

So went he along on his road, with countenance calm
and devout,
With guise unaffected and grave, as if any other were
strange.

At this did the monarch again himself to his palace betake,
And followed him all of the beasts. Obeying the order he gave,
They Reynard attended no more than a very short distance away.
And carry himself did the scamp in a manner so joyless and sad,
That many a good-natured man to pity had found himself moved;
And Lampen the hare was especially grieved. Are we now compelled,
Dear Lampen, the villain remarked, to bid to each other adieu?
I would that your pleasure it were, you and dear Bellyn the ram,
To travel with me on my road a little bit further to-day!
By doing so you would confer the greatest of favours on me,
For pleasant companions you are, and good honest people withal;
Of you only good is e'er said, and honour to me would it bring.
You are saintly and moral of life, and live just precisely the same
As I, when a hermit, did live; content are you ever with herbs,
Are wonted with grasses and leaves your hunger to still, and you ask
Not either for bread or for meat, or other things special to eat.
Thus was he able with praise the two little weaklings to fool;
And both went together with him, till up to his dwelling they came

And saw Malepartus the fort, and Reynard remarked to the ram:
You, Bellyn, outside here remain; the herbs and the grasses you can
Here relish as much as you please; these mountainous regions produce
Vegetation abundant and rare, wholesome and good to the taste.
Within I'll take Lampen with me; now beg him, I pray, to console
My wife, who in sadness is plunged, and who, upon coming to find
That I, as a pilgrim, am going to Rome, will be in despair.
Sweet words brought the fox into use, in order the two to deceive.
Lampen then led he within, and found his disconsolate wife
There lying with both of her cubs, with grief in excess overcome.
For hope she had quite given up that Reynard would ever again
Return from the court, and now she him saw with wallet and staff,
Which almost miraculous seemed. She said to him: Reinhart, my dear,
Pray tell me, how fared it with you, and what have you had to go through?
And he said: I guilty was found, and even imprisoned and bound,
But merciful turned out the king, and again, after all, set me free;
And I, as a pilgrim, came off, leaving behind as my bail
Bruin and Isengrim both. Thereafter the king, of his grace,

For atonement, gave Lampen to me; to do with him
just as we will.
For thus said the king at the last, in the justice of his
decree:
Lampen it was who made the complaint; thus truly
has he
Infinite punishment earned, and now shall he answer
for all.
Lampen was struck with dismay at the menacing
words of the fox,
And, puzzled, himself tried to save by hurrying out of
the house.
Reynard blocked up his way to the door, and quickly
the murderer seized
The poor wretched thing by the throat, who, loud and
with horror, for help
Cried: Help me, O Bellyn, or I am undone! The
pilgrim, indeed,
Is murdering me! His cry was, however, not long;
for his throat
Had Reynard apace bitten through. And thus he
entreated his guest.
Come now, he exclaimed, and let us eat fast, for fat is
the hare,
And good to the taste. At present, indeed, for the
very first time,
Is he of some use, silly fool! I promised him this
long ago.
But now it is past, and now may the traitor his charges
produce.
Then Reynard at once set to work with his children
and wife, and they tore,
Full quickly, the skin from the hare, and an excellent
dinner enjoyed.
To the vixen delicious it was, and again and again she
exclaimed:

Thanks to the king and the queen, by whose condescension we have
Obtained this magnificent feast. May God them reward for the deed!
Keep eating, said Reynard to her, enough for the present is that;
To-day let us all have our fill; much more I'm expecting to get,
For all, at the last, shall be forced to fully adjust their accounts,
Who Reynard presume to accost, with intention of doing him harm.

Dame Ermelyn said upon this: How was it you came, I would ask,
To get yourself out of their hands? Thereto he replied: Many hours
I should need, were I to relate with how much adroitness the king
I twisted about as I would, and him and his consort befooled.
I will not between us deny that slender indeed is the love
That exists between me and the king, and not very long to endure.
When he the whole truth ascertains, he fiercely indignant will be;
If he get me again in his power, nor silver nor gold will avail
Me to save; he certainly will me pursue and try to arrest.
I then can no mercy expect, that know I as well as can be;
Unhanged will he not let me go, so let us get out of his way.

Let us flee to the Swabian hills, there is nobody knowing us there;
We'll walk in the ways of the land, and find, if but God give us help,
A plenty of savoury food and abundance of all that is good.
Chickens and geese, and rabbits and hares, and sugar and dates,
And figs and raisins and birds of every species and size;
And there all the bread that is used is seasoned with butter and eggs.
The water is limpid and pure, the air is delightful and clear;
Of fish can a plenty be caught, entitled Galline, while some,
Pullus and Gallus and Anas are called; who can them all name?
These fish I enjoy very much; and even to catch them one need
Very deep in the water not plunge; I always them greatly enjoy.
When there I would pass for a monk. Yes, dear little wife, if we wish
At last to be free, we must hence, for you must accompany me.

Now understand well what I say! The king has permitted me now
To go free because of my lies concerning mysterious things.
King Emmerich's glorious hoard I promised for him to procure,
And said that it over at Krekelborn lay; if thither they go

To seek it, alas, they will find both one and the other not there!
In vain will they dig in the earth; and lo! when our monarch shall find
Himself in this manner beguiled, then frightful his fury will be.
For what I invented as lies, before I away from him got,
You can think. For me of a truth next door to a hanging it came;
I was never in bitterer plight, nor ever in greater dismay;
Indeed, I should never desire again in such danger to be.
In short, let happen what may, myself I will never permit
To go any more to the court, and thus to the power of the king
My life to surrender again; it needed the greatest of skill,
My thumb, by the sweat of my face, from out of his mouth to extract.
Then, troubled, Dame Ermelyn said: What profit thereby shall we gain?
Wretched and strange shall we be in every country but this.
Here all we can wish we possess. You master remain of your serfs.
And do you so terribly need new risks and adventures to seek?
Remember this truth: In order to follow the bird in the bush,
The bird in the hand to release is neither sagacious nor wise.
We here can live safely enough! Why, look at our citadel's strength!

If the king with his army beleaguer us here, or even resolve
The road with his forces to hold, we still such a number possess
Of loopholes and passages hid, that we can in safety effect
Our escape; but you know it better than I, so why do I speak?
For him by main force to attempt to get us again in his hands,
Work without measure will take, and troubles me not in the least.
But for you to have taken a vow to leave me for over the sea,
That worries me much. It stuns me almost. What good could it do?

Dear woman, afflict yourself not, said Reynard to her in reply.
Just listen to me and note what I say: far better forsworn
Than of life to be shorn! Thus said to me once at confession a sage:
An oath of compulsion is nought. Not a snap of the finger care I
For any such trifle as that! I speak of the oath, understand.
It then shall be done as you say, and I will continue at home.
But little I have, of a truth, to look for in Rome, and if I
Myself by ten pledges had bound, I should never Jerusalem see;
I mean to remain with you here, as is certainly most to my mind;

Other places I do not regard as better than that which
I have.
If mischief the king will me do, then calmly I must it
await;
He is strong and too mighty for me, yet possibly I
may succeed
In duping him yet once again, and slipping the harle-
quin's cap
Over his ears with its bells. He shall, if I live long
enough,
Find matters far worse than he wants; of that I will
give him my oath.

Impatiently Bellyn began to grumble outside of the
door:
Do you, Lampen, not mean to depart? Come now
and let us be gone!
His call Reynard heard and hurried outside, and there
to him said:
My dear, Lampen earnestly begs that you will accept
his regrets,
He is happy within with his aunt, and thinks you will
not grudge him that.
Go on very slowly ahead, for his aunt, Mistress
Ermelyn, will not,
This instant, permit him to leave; their pleasure you
would not disturb.

Then Bellyn responded in turn: An outcry I heard;
what was that?
Lampen I heard; and he called to me: Help! O
Bellyn, come help!
Have you any harm to him done? Then Reynard
judiciously said:

Do not misconceive what I say; I spoke of the journey I've vowed,
And then was my wife overcome, it seemed she was ready to faint;
There befell her a deathly affright, as if in a swoon she appeared.
Now Lampen this saw with alarm, and, in his distraction, he cried:
Come help me, O Bellyn, I beg! Oh, tarry not long from my aid!
My aunt will never, I'm sure, again to me living come back.
So far as I know, Bellyn said, it was terror that made him call out.
Not a hair of his body is hurt, protested the villain with oaths;
I would very much rather that harm to me, than to Lampen, occur.
Reynard then said: Did you hear? But yesterday bade me the king,
As soon as I got to my home, him back in some letters to send
My notions of what should be done in certain important affairs?
Dear nephew, these take with you now, I have them all ready to send.
Therein pretty things do I say, and give him most prudent advice.
Lampen is fully content, I heard him with joy, as I left,
Recalling to mind with his aunt events of the days long ago.
How they prattled! As if they never could tire; they ate and they drank,
And greatly each other enjoyed; meanwhile my advices I wrote.

Dear Reinhart, said Bellyn to this, you must the despatches be sure
To safely protect; no pocket have I in which them to put,
And should I break open the seal, with me very hard would it go.
Reynard said: That I know well enough how to do; the wallet, I think,
That Bruin gave me from his hide, is fitting exactly for that;
It is thick and also it's tough; in that I'll the letters secure.
The king, in return, will bestow a special reward upon you;
With honour receive you he will; thrice welcome to him will you be.
All this believed Bellyn the ram. Then hastened the other again
Back into the house; the wallet he took and sprily stuck in
The head of the massacred hare, and also bethought him of how
He Bellyn could manage to keep from getting inside of the pouch.

He said, as he came out again: Your neck hang the wallet around,
And nothing, my nephew, permit to move you to make an attempt
Within the despatches to look; such prying would be a disgrace.
With care have I fastened them up, and thus you must let them remain.
Not even unfasten the bag; I heedful have been that the knot

Shall be skilfully tied, for such is my way in important affairs
That pass between me and the king; and, should the king find that the thongs
Are entwined in the usual way, it then will be granted that you
His grace and his presents deserve, as a messenger whom he can trust.
When once you put eyes on the king, if you in still higher esteem
By him would in future be held, then let him imagine that you,
Have me with discretion advised what I in the letters should put,
And even in writing them helped; this profit and honour will bring.
And Bellyn was mightily pleased, and bounded above from the place
High up in the air with delight; ran hither and thither, and said:
Reynard, my nephew and lord, I now that you love me perceive,
And honour on me would bestow. Before all the lords of the court
It will add very much to my fame, that I such transcendent ideas,
In language so choice and refined, have composed; for I, in good truth,
Know not, as do you, how to write, but they shall imagine I do;
And you have I only to thank. It truly turned out for my good
That hither I travelled with you. Pray, tell me what further you wish!
Is Lampen not going with me, now that I'm starting from here?

No, coolly the villain replied, just now that impossible is;
You slowly go on in advance, and he shall come after, as soon
As I some momentous affairs to him have entrusted and charged.
God with you remain, Bellyn said, I now will walk on as you say.
And he hastened away from the place, arriving at noon at the court.

As on him the king cast his eyes, and also the wallet espied,
He exclaimed: You Bellyn, pray whence do you come? And where is the fox?
You carry his wallet, I see, pray what is the meaning of that?

Then Bellyn as follows replied: He begged me, most gracious of kings,
Two letters to you to convey, which we had together composed.
In these you will find some matters of weight with acumen discussed;
And as to the contents indeed, therein my advice has been sought;
Here in the knapsack they are; the knots quite securely he tied.

The monarch commanded, forthwith, that summoned the beaver should be,
Who notary was and scribe to the king, and Bockert was called;
His business it was to receive all letters of weight and finesse,

And decipher aloud to the king, as he many languages knew.
And the king sent for Tybert as well, who also was present to be.
When Bockert the knots had untied, with Tybert his comrade to help,
He drew from the wallet the head of Lampen, the poor murdered hare,
And cried with astonishment great: And this is a letter, indeed!
It truly is queer! Who has it compiled? Who can it explain?
Lampen's head this undoubtedly is; mistake about that there is none.

With horror were stricken the king and the queen; and then did the king
Bend forward his head and exclaim: Oh, fox, that I had you again!
The king and the queen were distressed, beyond any words to express.
Reynard on me has imposed! the monarch cried out. Oh, that I
To his wicked and scandalous lies had not given heed as I did!
Confounded appeared he to be, and also the beasts were perplexed.

Lupardus, however, began, who was closely allied to the king:
I cannot conceive, in good sooth, why you in such trouble should be,
Nor either your consort the queen. Such notions away from you drive!

Take courage, or you may indeed be covered with shame before all.
Are you not our ruler and lord? Then all who are here must obey.

On that score alone, said the king, you need not at all be amazed
That I am thus grieved to the heart. In duty, alas, I have failed!
For me has the traitor induced, with shameful and scandalous tricks,
To punish my comrades and friends. At present there lie in disgrace
Bruin and Isengrim both; repent should I not from my heart?
No glory to me does it bring, that I to the best of the lords
Of my court have so wickedly done, and then in the liar himself
So fully my trust have reposed, and so indiscreetly behaved.
I followed too quickly my wife, who suffered herself to be duped,
And begged and entreated for him. Oh, had I but firmer remained!
But now is repentance too late, and all admonition in vain.

And thus did Lupardus reply: Lord king, lend an ear to my prayer,
And suffer no longer regret. The evil that's done can be squared.
For atonement deliver the ram at once to the wolves and the bear;
Bellyn has frankly confessed, intrepidly too, that he gave

His counsel that Lampen should die. Now let him pay for it back!
And we, after that has been done, together for Reynard will make,
And catch him if well it turn out; then can he quickly be hanged.
If permitted to speak, he'll talk himself free, and never will hang.
I know that the wolf and the bear can surely be reconciled thus.

This heard with much pleasure the king, and unto Lupardus he said:
Your counsel is grateful to me; so now with despatch go and fetch
Both of the barons to me, and they shall with honour again
With me in my council have seats. And see that the animals all
In a body together be called, who here at the court may have been.
They all shall be duly informed how Reynard hath shamefully lied,
How out of my hands he escaped, and Lampen with Bellyn's aid slew;
And all shall the wolf and the bear with due veneration receive.
So I, for amends, give up to my lords, as you have advised,
Bellyn, the traitor, and all his relations for time without end.

Lupardus no rest himself gave till he had the prisoners both,
Bruin and Isengrim, found; they then were set free, and he said:
Consolation accept at my hands! I bring you our prince's good-will,

And also free convoy from here. I wish to inform
you, my lords,
That his Majesty suffers regret if harm upon you he
has brought.
He bids me assure you of this, and wishes to satisfy both.
To expiate what has been done, you Bellyn, with all
of his race,
Yea, every one of his kin, for ever shall have as your
own.
Attack them without more ado, be it either in forest
or field
That on them you happen to come; they are all of
them given to you.
And still, in addition to this, our monarch has deigned
to permit
That Reynard, who you has deceived, you may in all
manners despoil;
And him, with his offspring and wife, and all of his
kindred as well,
Wherever they be, may pursue, and none shall with
you interfere.
This freedom so dear I proclaim in the name of our
master the king;
He, and all who may after him rule, these rights will
respect and uphold.
You now have to only forget the worries you've had
to endure,
And swear to him service and truth, and this you with
honour can do.
He never will harm you again; I advise you the offer
to grasp.

Thus was atonement decreed; and by it the ram was
compelled
To pay the account with his life; and all of his kin-
dred and kind

Have, down to this day, been pursued by Isengrim's
vigorous stock.
Thus the hate everlasting began. Even now con-
tinue the wolves,
Without any shyness or shame, the lambs and the
sheep to revile,
And have not the shade of a doubt that justice is
wholly with them;
Nothing assuages their wrath, and placated they never
can be.
But for Bruin and Isengrim's sake, in order them hon-
our to pay,
The king had proceedings at court prolonged for twelve
days, as he wished
To openly show how eager he was these lords to ap-
pease.

CANTO SEVEN.

AND now was the court to be seen in splendour adorned and prepared;
Many knights were arriving thereat, and the beasts, who together had come,
Were followed by numberless birds; high honour did all in one breath
To Bruin and Isengrim give, who began their mishaps to forget.
There festively sported itself the grandest assembly by far,
That ever together was brought; trumpets and kettle-drums clanged,
The stately dance of the court was started with dignified grace,
And abundance was furnished for all of whatever by each could be wished.
Herald on herald was sent through the land to summon the guests,
The birds and the beasts made ready themselves and in couples arrived.
They travelled by day and by night, the whole of them eager to come.

But Reynard, the fox, was not there: he was lying in wait at his home,
And meant not to go to the court, that pilgrim abandoned and false;
Little favour expected he there. According to habit of old,

"And abundance was furnished for all"

Photogravure from the painting by W. Von Kaulbach

To practise his villainous tricks was the pleasantest thing to the scamp.
And now at the court could be heard the most beautiful songs of the day;
Sweet food and fine wines to the guests with unsparing hand were supplied,
And tilting and fencing were shown. Of those who had come to the feast,
Attached himself each to his own, and in singing and dancing engaged;
While at intervals, now and again, the reed-pipe and flute might be heard.
And the king, from his hall up above, looked affably down on the scene;
The unwieldy disorder him pleased, and to gaze on it gave him delight.

Eight days had thus flown to the past (the king had come down to the feast,
And taken his seat at the board among the supreme of his lords,
With his consort, the queen, at his side) when bloody the rabbit arrived,
And, stepping in front of the king, said he, in most sorrowful tones:

O master! O king! and all of you here! on me pity bestow!
For cruel deception so base and murderous actions so vile,
As now from the fox I endure, have seldom been brought to your ken.
About six o'clock yesterday morn I came on him seated alone,
As, taking a stroll on the road, before Malepartus I passed;

She nearer put forward her beak, the monster took note
of the act,
And at her with suddenness snapped and savagely bit
off her head.
How stricken with terror I was, I will not attempt to
describe.
Woe, woe! I shouted and screamed; then darted he
forth and, at once,
Snapped also at me, when backwards I started and
hastened to fly;
If I not so nimble had been, he would likewise have
me firmly caught.
The murderer's clutches, indeed, I hardly escaped as it
was;
In haste I flew into a tree. Oh, had I my sorrowful
life
Not preserved! My wife I could see held fast in the
miscreant's claws.
Alas! the dear creature he quickly devoured, and to
me he appeared
Voracious and famished, as if yet another he gladly
would eat;
He left not a bone unconsumed, not even a knuckle
remained.
Such was the blow I sustained. He hurried away
from the place,
But I was not able to leave; I flew, with a sorrowful
heart,
Again to the spot, where all I could find was some
feathers and blood
Of my wife's, and these I bring hither to you, as a
proof of the crime.
Have pity, beneficent lord; for should you at present
again
With this dastardly traitor forbear, and legitimate ven-
geance defer;

Should you to your safeguards and peace not force and due emphasis give,
About it much talk there might be, that would not be much to your mind;
For, 'tis said, he is guilty himself of the deed, who to punish hath power
And punisheth not; each then, with high hand, tries to carry things on.
Your dignity it would affect; to give it some thought would be well.
Thus had the plaint of the crow and the good little rabbit been brought
Before the assembled court. Then Leo, the king, was enraged,
And he cried: I now, by my nuptial troth, before all of you swear
That I will so punish this crime, that long it remembered shall be.
My rule and safe-conduct to scoff! That will I never endure.
Too lightly by far put I trust in the scamp and let him escape;
As a pilgrim him even equipped, and saw make his exit from here,
As if he were going to Rome. What indeed did the liar not make
Us believe! How well he contrived a word in advance from the queen,
With ease, to secure. On me she prevailed and now he is free.
But not the last one shall I be, whose heart with repentance is wrung,
Through taking a woman's advice. And if we shall longer allow
The villain unpunished to go, we soon shall be covered with shame;

He never was aught but a knave, and such will he ever remain.
Now consult you together, my lords, how to catch him and bring him to book;
If about it we earnestly set, the matter will surely succeed.

Most highly these words of the king did Bruin and Isengrim please.
At last we our vengeance shall see! Such was the thought of them both;
Yet express not a word did they dare, for clearly they saw that the king
Was greatly disturbed in his mind, and all boiling over with wrath.

And after a time said the queen: For you, my dear lord, it is bad
So heavy to be in your wrath and so light in the use of bad words;
Your consequence suffers thereby, and the value of what you may say.
The facts of the case have as yet by no means been brought to the light.
Has yet the accused to be heard; and, should he before us be brought,
Would silent be many a one, who now against Reynard declaims.
Both parties should always be heard, for many a venturesome knave
Brings charges to cover misdeeds of his own. As learned and wise
I Reynard esteemed, without wicked thoughts, who always, indeed,
Had only your good in his mind, though now this may not so appear.

To follow his counsel is good, yea, even though true that his life
Be such as to merit much blame. And then it is well to reflect
On the ample extent of his family ties. The matter will not
Be improved by precipitate haste, and whatever it be you decide
You certainly can, in the end, as lord and commander, enforce.

Hereat Sir Lupardus remarked: To many you've given your ear,
Now also give ear unto me. He yet may appear and what you
Decide upon then, at once shall be done; so probably think
These lords who assembled are here, and as well your illustrious queen.

Broke Isengrim in upon this: What each may think best let him say,
Give ear, Sir Lupardus, to me. If at this very moment, indeed,
Reynard were here and himself should acquit of this twofold complaint,
Still easy for me would it be, to make it as clear as the day
That the law has a claim on his life. But silence I'll keep about all,
Till we him have secured. Can you have forgotten how much he the king
Deceived with that treasure of his, which he should in Hüsterlo, near

Unto Krekelborn find, and the other great falsehoods
besides that he told?
To all the deceiver he's played, and Bruin and me has
disgraced;
My life I will risk upon this. Thus now is the liar
engaged
On the heath; he is roving about, committing foul
murders and thefts:
Seems it good to the king and his lords, then matters,
of course, as they are
May go on. Yet, were he in earnest himself to present
at the court,
We him had here seen long ago. The scouts of the
king were despatched
All over the land, to summon the guests, yet, at home
he remained.

To this said the king in reply: By waiting so long for
him here
What good do we get? Let each be prepared (thus
do I command)
To go with me off in six days; for I, let me tell you,
will see
An end to these charges and grievances brought.
What say you, my lords?
Would the rascal not manage, at last, a land to
destruction to bring?
Make ready as best you know how, and come in your
armour arrayed;
Come furnished with bow and with spear, and all
other weapons you have,
And show yourselves gallant and brave; and before
me let each of you bear,
For knights I may dub on the field, without loss of
honour his name.

Malepartus, the castle, we'll seize, and what he may have in the place
We will then overhaul. Then shouted they all in accord: We'll obey.

Thus did the king and his knights determine Sir Reynard's strong fort,
Malepartus, to storm, and the fox to chastise. But Grimbart, at this,
Who one of the council had been, went stealthily out and made haste
Reynard, his uncle, to find, in order to take him the news.
In sorrow his road he pursued, and thus he bemoaned to himself:
My uncle, what now may take place? Alas! with good reason for thee
Do all of thy kindred lament, thou head of the whole of our race.
When our causes were pleaded by you we felt ourselves perfectly safe,
For no one could stand before you and your varied supply of resource.

Thus going, the castle he reached and Reynard found sitting outside,
Who had managed, just prior to this, two tender young pigeons to catch,
That out of their nest had escaped, to make an endeavour to fly;
But short were their wings for the task, and down they had fallen to earth,
Unable to arise; in this way had Reynard them seized,
For he prowled about often to hunt. Just then in the distance he saw

Coming Grimbart, and did him await. In giving him greeting he said:
My nephew, more welcome you are than any one else of my blood.
But why are you running so hard? You gasp! Are you bringing me news?
And Grimbart replied to him thus: The tidings I have to announce,
When heard, will no solace convey; you see, I come running through fear.
Your life and estates are all lost. The wrath of the king I have seen;
He swears that you now he will catch and put to an infamous death.
He even has ordered us all, the sixth day from now, with our arms
To march to this place, with bow and with sword, with wagons and guns.
Against you is everything now, so think on the matter betimes;
For Bruin and Isengrim both are again hand and glove with the king;
More trusted by him of a truth than I was ere trusted by you;
And all comes to pass as they wish. A horrible cut-throat and thief
You Isengrim openly called, and in this way excites he the king.
He has our high sheriff been made, as you, in some weeks, will find out.
The rabbit appeared, and also the crow, and they brought in the court
The gravest complaints against you. If only the king have success
In catching you now, your life is not long, that can I but fear.

Nothing further? responded the fox. For all that you, so far, have said
I care not a snap of my thumb. If the king and his council complete
Had doubly and trebly affirmed, and taken inviolate oaths,
Yet I, when I come in their midst, will raise myself up above all.
They advise and still they advise, yet never can speak to the point.
Dear nephew, all this never mind, but come with me now and find out
What you I am able to give. These pigeons just now I have caught,
Young and fat; they still of all dishes I know are the most to my taste;
For easy they are to digest, one has but to swallow them down;
And sweet do the little bones taste, they verily melt in the mouth,
Composed of half milk and half blood. Spoon-meat agrees with me well,
And it's also the same with my wife; so come and she will, I am sure,
To greet us be pleased; yet let her not know for what purpose you've come,
A trifle sinks into her heart and worries her almost to death.
To-morrow with you I will go to the court, and I hope that you there
Will give me, dear nephew, such help as becomes a relation to give.

My life and my goods I engage at your service to cheerfully place,
Said the badger, and Reynard replied: Be sure I shall bear this in mind;

So long as I live, it shall tend to your gain. The other rejoined:
Go boldly your judges to face, and your cause do your best to defend.
What you have to urge they will hear; Lupardus himself has declared
That punished you ought not to be, till you have been given the chance
To fully put in your defence, and the queen doth herself think the same.
This circumstance note and endeavour to use. Then Reynard remarked:
Be only composed and all will go well. The irascible king,
When he hears me, will alter his mind; it all will come right in the end.

And thus went the two within doors, and there they with kindness were met,
And well by the housewife received; whatever she had she brought forth.
Among them the pigeons were shared, and tasteful and good they were found;
And each ate his share, still they had not enough and undoubtedly would
Have well a half-dozen consumed, if but they had been to be had.

To the badger then Reynard remarked: You must, my dear uncle, admit
That I've children of qualities rare, with whom every one must be pleased.
Now tell me how Rossel you like, and Reinhart, the little one, too.
Some day they our race will augment; they little by little begin

Themselves to improve, and to me are a pleasure from
morning to night.
The one can lay hold of a fowl and the other a chicken
ensnare;
And well to the water they take, in order young duck-
lings to fetch,
Or a plover, perchance. To send them more often to
hunt I should like,
But taught must they be, above all, with prudence and
caution to act,
That springes and hunters and dogs they well may
know how to avoid;
And then if right methods they learn, and reliable evi-
dence give
That they are well trained, as is fitting they should,
then daily they ought
Provisions to find and bring in, and nought should be
wanting at home.
For both of them take after me and join in the fiercest
of sports;
And, when they begin so to play, all others come off
second best;
Their rival them feels at his throat and struggles not
long after that;
Which is Reynard's own manner of sport. They also
are swift in their grip,
And sure is the spring that they give, which methinks
is precisely the thing.

To this Grimbart said: To honour it tends, and one
may rejoice,
Young children to have such as one would desire, and
who in their craft
Get early adroit, their parents to help. I am very much
pleased

To know them to be of my race, and hope for the best
at their hands.
That matter we'll leave for to-day, said Reynard, and
now let us go
To our rest, for we all are fatigued, and Grimbart's com-
pletely worn out.
At this they lay down in the room, which, over the
whole of its floor,
Was covered with hay and with leaves, and there all
together they slept.

But Reynard, through fear, kept awake; the matter
appeared to him now
Of counsel the best to demand, and morning still found
him in thought.
He got himself up from his couch, and unto his wife
he observed:
You will not be worried, I trust, but Grimbart has
come to entreat
That I go with him back to the court. You tranquilly
rest here at home.
Should any one speak about me, make the best of the
case that you can,
And lock up the castle with care; this do, and then all
will go well.

And Ermelyn said: It seems to me strange that you
dare to present
Yourself any more at the court, where you are so lowly
esteemed.
Is it so that you must? I can't make it out. Con-
sider the past.
Indeed, said Reynard to this, no jesting affair was it
then;
For many were seeking my harm, and I came into
terrible straits.

But very diverse are the things that, under the sun, come about.
Against expectation, at times, we of this and of that have a taste;
And who thinks that he anything has, may suddenly find that it's gone.
So let me, I pray you, depart; for I there have a great deal to do.
Keep calm! That I earnestly beg; there is not any reason for you
To worry yourself. The issue await, for, my dear, you will see,
If only I can it effect, me in five or six days again back.
And then went he forth on his way, with Grimbart, the badger, on guard.

CANTO EIGHT.

AND now both together they went still further on over the heath,
Grimbart and Reynard the fox, direct to the court of the king;
And Reynard remarked on the road: Let matters turn out as they may,
I now a presentiment feel that our trip advantageous will prove.
Dear uncle, attend to me, pray! Since last unto you I confessed
New slips have I made again back into culpable actions and thoughts;
The grave and the minor things hear, as well as what then I forgot.

From the body and hide of the bear I caused to be cut for my use
A large and available piece, and to me have the wolf and his wife
Been forced to relinquish their shoes; in this way I vented my spleen.
All this was by lying procured; I knew very well how the king
To provoke, and him in this manner have duped to a frightful extent,
For I told him a wonderful yarn and fanciful treasures devised.
But that did not make me content, so Lampen I sent to his death,
And Bellyn packed off with the murder'd one's head. The king was enraged

As soon as he noticed the ram, and made him the reckoning pay.
The coney I pinched as hard as I could at the back of his ears,
And nearly deprived of his life, and then out of temper became,
Because he made good his escape. I must also confess that the crow
Not at all with injustice complained, for Keenbeak, his dear little wife,
I devoured. Such are the deeds I have done since last I confessed.
But there's one thing which then I forgot, and which to you now I will tell;
An infamous trick that I played, and which it is right you should know,
For I do not desire any more such a burden to bear. On the back
Of the wolf I saddled it then; we were walking together one day,
Elvarden and Houlthulst between, when, a short distance off, we espied
A mare in a field with her foal, and each of the two were alike
As black as a raven in hue; in age the young foal might have been
Approaching four months. With hunger was Isengrim racked, so he begged
Me to go and inquire of the mare if she would not sell us the foal,
And also the price. So to her I proceeded and ventured the thing.
My dear mistress mare, to her I observed, the foal is your own,
As I know; will you sell it to me? To ascertain that is my wish.

She replied: If enough you will pay, I without it can very well do,
And the sum for its purchase required, that you may see for yourself;
Behind, upon one of my feet, you will find it engraved. Then I saw
What she meant, and thereto I replied: I must to you freely confess
That reading and writing with me are not the success I could wish,
Nor indeed do I covet the child for myself; it was Isengrim wished
Your terms with exactness to learn, and sent me to you to find out.

She said in reply: Let him come; he then can find out what he wants.
I left her and Isengrim found where still he was waiting for me.
If you would your hunger appease, just go, I announced, and the mare
Will give you the colt; the price can be found on one of her hoofs,
Engraved on the frog. I could, she remarked, try to find it myself;
But I, to my shame and chagrin, many things am compelled to let slip,
For reading and writing I never was taught. My uncle, you try,
And look at what there is inscribed; you may it decipher, perhaps.

Quoth Isengrim then: Not read it, you say? To me that were strange!
German, Italian, and French, and Latin I thoroughly know,

For a steady attendant I've been at the schools which
in Erfurt are found.
With the learned and wise of the place, including the
masters of law,
Have judgments and questions exchanged, and also my
license received
In regular form; and of writings, all kinds that can
ever be found
I can read with the ease of my name; I therefore
to-day shall not fail.
Wait here! I will go and the letters peruse, and then
we shall see.
He went and inquired of the mare: How much do you
ask for the foal?
Make it cheap! She thereupon said: The amount you
can read for yourself;
You will find it on one of my feet, a hind one, dis-
tinctly engraved.
Let me see it, responded the wolf. She said: I will do
as you wish.
Then up from the grass went her foot, on which had
been fastened a shoe,
Beset with a half-dozen nails; straight out flew her
hoof, and went wide
Not so much as a hair; hit him plump on his skull,
and he fell to the earth,
And lay there as though he were dead. She galloped,
however, from there
As fast as she could. Thus wounded he lay and long
so remained.
An hour passed away, to move then again he began,
and he howled
Like a dog. I trotted then up to his side, and sir uncle,
I said,
Pray where is the mare? How tasted the colt? You
feasted yourself

And me quite forgot; that was wrong, for I it was
brought you the news;
After eating, a nap you enjoyed; now tell me, I beg
you, how ran
The writing found under the hoof? An eminent
scholar you are.

Said he: Are you bantering still? Just now have gone
matters with me
Ill enough! In truth, would a stone some pity upon
me bestow.
That long-legged jade of a mare! May the hangman
pay it her back!
For clouted with iron was her foot; and these were
the letters I found:
Some nails newly forged! From which I received six
wounds in my head.

He hardly got off with his life. I now have confessed
to you all,
And pardon, dear nephew, I crave for these my iniqui-
tous works.
How things may turn out at the court is not sure;
however, I have
My conscience relieved of a load, and washed myself
clean from my sins.
Now tell me how I may reform, in order remission to
gain.

Then Grimbart replied: I find you encumbered afresh
with misdeeds;
Still, the dead cannot live any more. Far better,
indeed, would it be,
If life you'd allowed them to keep. Yet, uncle, I now
am disposed,

On account of the terrible hour, and because of the nearness of death,
That menaces you, your sins to remit, as the servant of Christ;
For relentless they follow you up, and I tremble with fear for the worst.
Above all, for the head of the hare will vengeance against you be sought;
Extremely audacious it was, I must own, our monarch to vex,
And is of more damage to you than you, in your foolishness, thought.

Not a scrap, responded the scamp. Here's something I wish you to hear:
To live without sin in the world is something uncommonly rare,
One cannot so holy be kept, as when in a cloister, you know;
If a man has with honey to deal, his fingers he licks now and then.
Now Lampen me greatly annoyed, for backward and forward he skipped
In front of my eyes all about; his fat little body I liked,
And love I let go to the dogs. To Bellyn I'd reason to wish
But little that's good. The damage is theirs, the sin is mine own.
But they were in measure so coarse, and in all, whatsoever they did,
So stupid and dull. Needed I, then, observe strict decorum with them?
Small liking had I for such things; myself, at that time, from the court

I had with anxiety saved, and taught them in this and in that,
But 'twas all of no use. Each ought, it is true, his neighbour to love,
That I'm constrained to admit, still I held them in little esteem;
And dead is dead, as you your own self have remarked; then permit
Us of other things now to converse. In truth, these are dangerous times!
In high life and low what is now going on? But talk we must not;
Yet cannot help using our eyes and having some thoughts of our own.

The king himself steals, as we know, like all the rest of the crowd;
What he does not lay hands on himself he orders the bears and the wolves
To secure, and believes that so doing is right. There is none to be found
Who will venture to tell him the truth, not even confessor or priest,
So deep has the evil struck root. They are dumb! and why is this so?
With him they the plunder enjoy, no matter how small is the gain.
Should any one go and complain, with equal advantage he might
Reach out for the air; he squanders his time, and had better employ
Himself in some other pursuit. For gone is gone, and when once
From you a more potent one takes what you have possessed, to your plaint

But little attention is paid, and wearisome gets it at last.
The lion's our monarch and lord, and all things to seize for himself
He considers as due to his rank. As a rule, us his people he calls,
And certainly all that is ours appears to belong unto him.

Wilt allow me, my uncle, to speak? Our king is the fondest, by far,
Of those with full hands who approach, and who, in accord with the tune
That is piped, understand how to dance; too clearly is that to be seen.
That the wolf and the bear have obtained access to his council again
Is to many a wrong; they steal and they rob, yet are loved by the king.
All see it, and yet nothing say, each hoping that his turn will come.
Over four there are thus to be found, having place at the side of the king,
Who favoured are more than the rest, and greatest of all are at court.
But if a poor devil like me put hands upon even a chick,
Upon him they pounce all at once and follow till he has been caught;
And then, with one voice, they condemn the fellow with clamour to death.
Petty robbers are hanged on the spot, the bigger ones get for themselves
Advantages great. They govern the land and the castles possess.
See, uncle, I notice all this, and upon it can't help but reflect.

My own game I thereupon play, and, moreover, I think very oft
That right it assuredly is, since such a great number so act.
To be sure, then my conscience wakes up and pictures to me, from afar,
The anger and justice of God, and makes me reflect on the end.
For injustice, no matter how small, compensation at last must be made.
Repentance at heart I then feel; it lasts, however, not long.
Indeed, what good does it do to belong to the best? For the best
From slander's vile tongue, in these times, remain not in safety exempt.
The people now think it their right into all kinds of things to inquire,
And no one they lightly forget; they invent even this thing and that.
Little good in the commons is found, but few of them really deserve
To have for their rulers and lords such men as are honest and just;
For of that which is evil they sing, and ever and ever they talk;
They know what is good in their lords, be high or be low their degree,
Yet this they say nothing about, and seldom we find it discussed.
Worst of all is, however, to me, the conceit of that notion so false,
Which gets such a hold of mankind, that any one can, in the strife
Of a vehement turbulent will, direct the affairs of the world.

Should each one his children and wife, however, in order maintain,
Or his insolent servants contrive to subdue, then in calmness he could,
While fools are expending their means, rejoice in a temperate life.
But how shall the world be improved, when each allows all to himself,
And determines the rest of mankind by force to bring under his rule?
Thus deeper, and deeper, for aye, into all that is wicked we sink.
Slander and treason and lies, and taking of oaths that are false,
Embezzlement, murder, and theft, one hears nought of anything else;
False prophets and hypocrites both are shamefully cheating mankind.

Thus every one passes his life, and, if they be faithfully warned,
They receive it with scorn, and remark: Oh, yes! but if sin were, indeed,
So painful and hard to be borne as learned men here and there preach,
Then surely the parsons themselves would try from all faults to be free.
Bad example they plead as excuse, and in that are precisely allied
To the whole of the simian race, which, formed but to mimic and mock,
Yet having nor reason nor choice, must suffer ineffable harm.
Of a truth, ought the men of the cloth themselves to more fitly demean.

Very much could by them be achieved, if only in private they did;
But they care not a tittle for us outside of their calling and craft,
And practise whatever they please in front of our eyes, as if we
Were stricken with blindness complete; too clearly however we see
That their vows rejoice the good Lord to fully as small an extent
As suit they their fallible friends, whose lives by the world are absorbed.

Thus do the priests, as a rule, on the opposite side of the Alps,
Their own precious darlings enjoy; in these regions also there are
As many who sinfully act. But I shall be told that they have
Their children like those who in wedlock are joined, and them to maintain
They struggle with ardour and zeal, and raise them high up in the world.
But afterward these can reflect no more whence their fathers arose,
And to none will precedency yield, but proudly and haughtily walk
As if they were noble of race, and always are firm in the thought
That the matter is strictly correct. A custom of yore it was not
So high to regard the children of priests, but now are they all
As my lords and my ladies addressed. Yes, money can do what it will.

It is seldom a princely estate can be found, where the parsons do not
Make a levy of taxes and rents, and extort from the village and mill.
They turn topsy-turvy the world, and common folk wickedness learn;
For 'tis plain, when the clergy thus do, that all in their sins will indulge,
And the blind will be leading the blind away from whatever is good.
Indeed, who has ever remarked the good works of these heaven-born priests,
And how they the holy Church, by example of goodness, build up?
Who ever lives now in such way? We are simply confirmed in our sins.
Thus it now with the people befalls, so how can the world then improve?

But listen still further to me! If one out of wedlock is born,
Then let him thereover be still. What more can he do in the case?
Now I mean only this, understand: If any such one shall himself
But simply with meekness conduct, and not with an air of conceit
His fellows provoke, no offence is received, and one would be wrong
To make it a subject of talk. Our birth has no power us to make
Either good or exalted in mind, nor can it be held for reproach;
But virtue and vice are the things that make true distinctions in man.

Men of learning and worth in the Church are ever with justice esteemed
And honoured by all; but the wicked a wicked example present.
Should such a one preach at his best, yet at length will the laity say:
When he righteousness talks and wickedness does, how are we to select?
Nor is he of use to the Church; to each in his sermons he says:
Give money to keep up the Church; that, beloved, is what I advise,
If indulgence and mercy you wish to obtain. Thus his discourse he ends.
And does precious little to help, indeed, not a thing; and for all
That he cares, might the Church tumble down. Still further to go, he esteems
The best kind of life to be this: in costly attire to be clothed,
And to eat of the daintiest food. And in worldly affairs if he finds
Himself overwhelmed with concern, how can he in worship engage?
Good parsons in serving the Lord are daily and hourly employed,
And put into practice the good; and thus to the holy Church
Of the greatest of service they are; and, through good example, their flocks,
To the gate of salvation they lead, by the way that is narrow and strait.

But I know the behooded as well; they prattle and jabber and prate
Ever concerning their forms, and are always in search of the rich;

The people to flatter know how, and love to be called as their guests.
Invite you but one, then a second arrives, and you further will find
Yet two or three others appear. Then again, in the convent the one
Who well understands how to talk the quickest promotion will gain;
The lector is sure to become, or may be the custos or prior.
The others are pushed to one side. The dishes are furnished and served
In quite a dissimilar way; for some must, of nights, in the choir
Sing and read, and visit the haunts of the dead, while others obtain
Great favours, and rest can procure, and eat the most costly of food.

The legates likewise of the Pope, the abbots and prelates and monks,
The Beguins and even the nuns, of all a great deal might be said.
Everywhere is the cry: Give me what is yours and touch not what's mine.
In truth, there are few to be found, not seven, who live in accord
With the brotherhood's precepts and rules, as a pattern of virtuous life.
The priesthood is thus to be found most thoroughly rotten and weak.

My uncle, the badger replied, I see you minutely confess
Exotical sins. What advantageth that? Methinks there must be

Enough of your own. And tell me, my uncle, why you should concern
Yourself with the clergy's affairs, and this thing and that, as you do?
Let each his own burden take up, and each and every one give
Account of himself, how he in his station of life doth attempt
His duty to do, which is something that no one on earth may neglect,
Not either the old or the young, in cloister or out in the world.
You talk altogether too much about things of all kinds, and at length
Might me into error seduce. So thoroughly well you're aware
How now is directed the world, and all its affairs are ordained,
That none for a parson is better endowed. With the rest of the sheep,
I would come to confess at your house, and under your teaching would sit,
Of your wisdom a knowledge to get; for I am compelled to admit
That stupid and rough the most of us are, and need good advice.

When they, in such converse as this, had come pretty near to the court,
Reynard said: Thus now is the Rubicon passed! and he roused himself up.
And they came upon Martin the ape, who, just at that time, had set forth,
With intention to travel to Rome. He gave a good day to them both.

Dear uncle, stand well to your guns, he sagely remarked to the fox,
And asked about this thing and that, although the whole matter he knew.
Ah! how in these lattermost days does fortune against me take sides,
Said Reynard to him in reply; some thieves have been at it again
And accused me once more; I know not of whom they consist, but in chief
Are the wretched young rabbit and crow; the one is bereft of his wife,
And the other of one of his ears. Now what do I care about that?
Could only I speak with the king, then smart should they both for their pains.
But most I'm impeded by this, that under the ban of the Pope
I still, to my sorrow, remain. The dean has full power in the case,
And he is esteemed by the king. Now the ban has upon me been put
Entirely for Isengrim's sake, who once had become a recluse,
But ran from the convent away, wherein he sojourned at Elkmar.
He swore that he could not so live, for he was too strictly confined,
From food had too long to abstain, nor could so much reading endure;
So I helped him away from the place. It repents me the deed to have done,
For he slanders me now to the king and ever me seeks to disgrace.
To Rome must I go? In the meantime at home will my family be

At loss what to do for themselves, for the wolf cannot
leave them alone,
But molests them where meet them he may. Then
again, very many there are
Who think nought but evil of me, and seize on what-
ever is mine.
If I were released from the ban, in far better state
should I be,
My fortune again at the court to follow with comfort
and ease.

Then Martin replied: I can help you in this; it hap-
pens that I
Just now am departing for Rome, and you with some
dodges can serve.
Oppressed will I not let you be! As clerk to the
bishop, methinks
I know how the work should be done. I surely will
see that the dean
Forthwith shall be cited to Rome, and then I against
him will fight.
Mind, uncle, the business I'll push, and how to direct
it I know.
I'll see that the judgment's enforced; you doubtless
through me will obtain
Your discharge; I will fetch it myself, and then shall
your enemies all
Laugh the wrong side of their face; both money and
pains they shall lose.
I well understand how matters are managed at Rome,
and I know
What ought and ought not to be done. My uncle,
Lord Simony's there,
Well regarded and mighty he is, and help gives to all
who well pay;

Sir Pluralist too, such a lord! Doctor Skinflint and others beside;
And Turncoat and Trimmer to boot, I have the whole lot for my friends.
My funds I have sent on ahead, for thus, you must know, does one there
The best of impressions produce. Of citations, indeed, they discourse,
But money alone they desire; and let the whole matter be found
How crooked soever it may, with good pay I will straighten it out.
If money you bring, then grace you'll obtain, but let you it lack,
The door's then against you closed. You tranquilly rest here at home;
Your business I'll take on myself, and loosen its knottiest knots.
You now go your way to the court; Dame Rückenau there you will find,
My spouse, who is held in the highest esteem by our master the king,
As also she is by the queen. She is quick in the use of her wit,
So tell her the case; she is wise and intercedes gladly for friends;
Many relatives there you will find. It does not, at all times, avail
The right of a matter to have. Two sisters with her you will find,
And three of my children as well, besides many more of your race,
To render you service prepared in whatever way you desire.
And should you your rights be denied, you then will some knowledge obtain

Of what I can do; and if you're oppressed, let me
quickly it know,
And I'll have the whole land placed under the ban, the
monarch and all
Of the women and children and men. An interdict I
will have sent,
And no one shall sing any more, nor celebrate mass,
nor baptise,
Nor bury, whatever it be. Take comfort, my nephew,
in this!

For aged and sick is the Pope; himself he no longer
concerns
With affairs, and is little esteemed. Also now at the
court of the king
Has Cardinal Querulous absolute power, and he is
a young
And a vigorous man, a mettlesome man, with a mind
of his own.
He's in love with a woman I know, and she him a
letter shall take,
And what it may be she demands she knows very well
how to get;
And his writer John Faction is there, who is most pre-
cisely informed
In coins, whether ancient or new; then Jonathan Pry,
his compeer,
Is a gay hanger-on of the court; and the notary, Slip-
pery Dick,
A bachelor is of both kinds of law, and if he shall
remain
Yet longer a year, then in practical writings he perfect
will be.
Beyond these, two judges are there, who go by the
names of Lovegold

And Palmitch; and if they any ruling pronounce, then as law it remains.
Thus put into practice in Rome are many a prank and a trick
That knows the Pope nothing about. Friends must we make for ourselves,
For by them are forgiven our sins, and also are persons released
From the ban. My dearest of uncles, you may surely rely upon this!
For long has the king been aware that I will not allow you to fall.
Your case I will see to its end, and that I am able to do:
He would also do well to reflect that many there are, to the apes
And the foxes connected by ties, who best him with counsel assist;
And that will you certainly help, go matters however they may.

Reynard then spake: This comforts me much; I shall bear it in mind,
Should now I but get myself free. Then each of the other took leave.
Under safeguard of Grimbart the badger alone now Reynard pursued
His way to the court of the king, where bitter against him they felt.

CANTO NINE.

Sir Reynard had come to the court, believing that he could avert
The actions which threatened him there, yet as he went in and perceived
Together his numerous foes, as all stood about in the place,
Each eager himself to avenge, and him to see punished with death,
His courage gave way; he began to distrust, yet boldly he walked
Right in through the midst of the lords, with Grimbart along at his side.
They came to the throne of the king, and Grimbart there whispered and said:
Now, Reynard, give way to no fear; to the timid, remember, be sure,
Will fortune her favours not grant; the daring do danger invite,
And joy in its presence to be; it helps them again to escape.
Reynard said: You tell me the truth, and I give you my heartiest thanks
For the splendid support of your words; if ever again I get free,
I shall bear them in mind. He looked now around, and many of kin
Could in the assemblage be seen, yet few as supporters to claim.
Nearly all he was wont to ill-treat; with the otters and beavers, indeed,

Alike both the great and the small, he had practised
his villainous tricks;
Yet discovered he plenty of friends inside of the hall
of the king.

In front of the throne he bowed to the earth and
soberly said:
May God, from whom nothing is hid, and who ever
mighty remains,
Preserve you, my lord and my king, and also preserve,
none the less,
Our sovereign lady the queen, and jointly may he on
you both
Perception and wisdom bestow, so that you with dis-
cretion may now
Distinguish the right from the wrong, for much of
deception there is
In vogue among men in these days. Thus outwardly
many things seem
What, in matter of fact, they are not. Had each on
his forehead engraved
What he thinks, and the king should it see, it then
would be clearly revealed
That utter untruths I do not, and to serve you am
always prepared.
The wicked, I know, do me gravely accuse, and would
greatly delight
To disgrace, and out from your favour to oust, as if of
the same
I had unworthy been found. But of justice I know
the strong love
Of my sovereign master and king, for him has none
ever induced
The way of the law to obstruct, and thus will it ever
remain.

Now all of them came and pressed in, and every one there was bewitched
By Reynard's intrepid display, and him was each aching to hear.
His criminal deeds were all known, how then could he think to escape?

Reynard, you knave, said the king, think not any more that your words,
So glibly pronounced, will you save; no longer are they of avail
To cover deception and lies; your game has now come to an end.
Your faithful devotion to me, you have, I believe, well evinced
On the rabbit as well as the crow! Sufficient were that of itself;
But treason you bring into play, whether home or abroad you may be,
Your strokes are malicious and prompt, yet not any further will they
Be endured, your measure is full; but I will no longer reprove.

Reynard thought: What now can I do? Oh, could I again but succeed
In getting once more to my home! But where shall I look for the means?
However it goes, through with it I must. Let us everything try.

Most noble sovereign, mighty king, he began to hold forth,
If you think I have merited death, then my case you assuredly have

Beheld from a wrong point of view; I therefore implore that you will
At least hear me through. Till now I have you to your profit advised,
In need I have stood at your side, when some, as you know, fell away,
Who between us are pushing themselves, my ruin to try to effect,
And their chances improve while I am away. With them you might well,
Noble king, when I have to speak been allowed, the matter adjust.
After that, if guilty I'm found, my fate I of course must endure.

But little of me have you thought, while I, all over the land,
In different places about, have the closest of watches maintained.
Think you that I now should come to the court, if I myself knew
To be guilty of great or e'en little misdeeds? With prudence I should
Have fled from the place where you are, and my enemies tried to avoid.
No indeed, from my stronghold at home, most assuredly would
Not all the world's gold have me here been able to tempt, for I there
Was free on my own ground and soil. But in fact I no consciousness have
Of one evil deed that I've done, so here my appearance have made.
I was staying for nought but to watch; there brought me my uncle the news

That I was required at the court. I had just been thinking afresh
How might I get rid of the ban, and thereover, with Martin the ape,
Much converse have recently had, who sacredly promised he would
From the incubus get me set free. I, myself, am in transit to Rome,
He remarked, and from now to its end the matter I fully will take
On myself; go you to the court and you shall get rid of the ban.
Lo! thus me did Martin advise, and what he's about he must know,
For the eminent bishop, Lord Waver, him constantly has in employ;
For fully five years has Martin him served in judicial affairs.
And thus come I here to your court, complaint on complaint but to find.
The coney backbites me, the toad; now Reynard, however, is here
In person himself, so let him come forward and speak to my face;
For indeed 'tis an easy affair complaints of the absent to bring;
But the opposite side must be heard, ere the matter to judgment shall come.

Those treacherous comrades of mine! By all that is holy, they have
Themselves well enjoyed at my hands, the rabbit as well as the crow.
The day before yesterday morn, ere the sun had got up, I was met

By the rabbit, who greeted me fair; at that very moment myself
I in front of my castle had placed, for reading the prayers of the day;
He made me aware that he was en route to the court; then I said:
May God you attend! At this he complained of how hungry and tired
He had grown. Then friendly I asked: Desire you not something to eat?
With thankfulness I will accept, he replied. I said in response:
I will gladly it give. So I went with him in and, quick as could be,
I cherries and butter produced; for on Wednesdays I never eat meat.
And he ate, to his heart's content, of bread and of butter and fruits.
But now the last born of my sons stepped up to the table, to see
If anything over remained, for children do always love food.
At something the lad made a grab, when the rabbit him gave such a blow,
With suddenness over his mouth, that from lips and from teeth ran the blood.
Now Reinhart, my other young son, saw the blow, and the hypocrite seized
Direct by the throat, played well his own game, and his brother avenged.
That happened; not more and not less. I tarried not long from the spot,
But ran and chastised the two boys, and managed with trouble them both
Away from the rabbit to get. His punishment let him endure.

For he merited more than he got, and the youngsters could well, I am sure,
Had I any evil desired, have thoroughly finished him up.
And thus he now gives me his thanks! He says that I pulled off his ear;
Yet he was with honour received, a token of which he has kept.

To me, after this, came the crow, and his lamentation poured forth;
His wife he had lost, who had eaten too much and herself had thus killed,
For a fish of a passable size, with all of its bones, she had gulped.
As to where the misfortune occurred, that he can best tell; but he says
That I have her slain. I'll wager he did it himself, and if he
Were earnestly asked if I had it done, his tune he would change.
Crows fly up too far in the air, no jump can attain such a height.

If any one wish to accuse me of actions forbidden like these,
Let him do it with evidence lawful and just, for thus is it fit
To prosecute worshipful men; this ought I at least to expect.
But if none of this kind can be found, yet another resource is at hand;
Here! I am prepared for a tilt! Let the day be appointed and place,
Then let an opponent of worth himself introduce in the list,

With me a full equal by birth, then each can proceed
with his claim;
Who honour shall gain in the strife, with him let it
ever remain;
Things always have thus been set right, and I nothing
better demand.

All stood there and heard what he said, and every one
at the words
Of Reynard were greatly surprised, which he had so
boldly pronounced.
And as to the rabbit and crow, they both were con-
founded with fright;
They quitted the court and ventured not further to
utter a word;
But each to the other remarked: 'Twould not quite
advisable be
With him any more to dispute; all means that we
know we might try,
And then not be near to success. Who is there that
saw what he did?
Alone with the rascal we were, for witness then whom
could we get?
After all the disgrace would be ours. For all of his
numberless crimes
May the hangman upon him await, and pay him as he
has deserved!
He would like us in combat to meet? That might
with us badly turn out.
No, in truth! that's a thing we would rather avoid;
for nimble and false,
Deceitful and base, we know him to be. Indeed we,
all five,
Should not against him be enough, and dearly therefor
should we pay.

But Bruin and Isengrim both were ill at their ease; they observed,
With annoyance, the two sneak away from the place. The monarch then said:
If any one yet has complaint, let him come! We will hear what it is.
So many but yesterday blamed, here stands the accused! Where are they?

Quoth Reynard at this: Thus it commonly goes; either this one or that
Is impeached, yet, when he comes here, his accusers remain at their homes.
These two little mischievous rogues, the rabbit and likewise the crow,
Would gladly have brought me to shame, and damage and punishment too.
But now they apologies make, and I them forgive; for, indeed,
They hesitate, now that I'm here, and slip aside out of the way.
How I should have made them ashamed! You see how with danger 'tis fraught,
Your ear to the wretched defamers of servants not present to lend.
The law they do nought but pervert, and are hateful to all of true worth.
For the rest only pity I feel, and care not about them a straw.

Attend! said the king upon this, you traitor malicious and mean!
Pray tell us what urged you to this, that Lampen, trusted and true,
Who used my despatches to bear, you killed in so shameful a way?

Had I not forgiven you all, so far as you ever had sinned?
From me you received both a wallet and staff, thus provided you were
For a journey to Rome and over the sea; you nothing I grudged,
And hoped for amendment from you; but now I find out, at the start,
How Lampen of life you deprived, and Bellyn as messenger made
You to serve, to bring in the knapsack his head; and who, when he came,
Said out, before all, that despatches he brought, which together had you
Indited and penned; and you, to the best of his power, he had helped;
And I found in the knapsack the head, no more and no less than the head.
This was done in defiance of me, and Bellyn at once I retained
As a pledge, his life was the price, and now we will see about yours.

Reynard said: What's this that I hear? Lampen is killed? And I find
My Bellyn no more? What of me will become? Oh, dead that I were!
Ah me! With them I have lost a treasure unequalled in worth.
I sent you some jewels by them, none better nor finer than which,
All over the world, can be found. Who could have believed that the ram
Would Lampen have murdered like this, and you of those riches have robbed?
One must be on one's guard, even when no suspicion of danger exists.

In fury, the king would not hear the whole of what
Reynard would say;
To his chamber he turned himself off, not having with
clearness, indeed,
Reynard's words understood; and him he intended to
punish with death.
And, as soon as he came to his room, he found in his
presence the queen,
Who there, with Dame Rückenau, stood. Now the
ape was especially dear
To king, as well as to queen, which useful to Reynard
would be.
Accomplished and prudent she was, and very pro-
ficient in speech;
Where'er she appeared, a sensation she made, and was
honoured by all.
The king's indignation she saw, and to him circum-
spectly she said:
When you, gracious master and king, have hearkened
at times to my suit,
No cause have you had for regret; you always my
boldness condoned
In speaking a quieting word when something your
anger had roused.
At present be likewise disposed to listen to me; it
concerns
My own proper race, of a truth! And who can one's
own disavow?
Now Reynard, whate'er he may be, is a kinsman of
mine, and if I
Shall frankly confess how his conduct appears unto
me, I must say,
Since now to the law he submits, I think very well of
his case.
His father, like him, was compelled, notwithstanding
the favour of yours,

Much evil from venomous tongues and perjured accusers to bear;
Yet always he put them to shame. So soon as more closely his case
Was examined, quite clear it became; but yet did the envious knaves
Try even his merits to make as heinous transgressions appear.
Thus ever himself he maintained in greater esteem at the court
Than Bruin and Isengrim now; indeed, 'twere of these to be wished
That they should be able to cast the grievances all on one side,
That are constantly heard about them; but little do they apprehend
Of justice and right, as is shown by their counsel as well as their life.

Here answered, however, the king: But how can it cause you surprise,
That I am with Reynard provoked? The thief who, a short time ago,
Put Lampen to death, led Bellyn astray, and with insolence now
All flatly denies, and himself, as a servant straightforward and true,
Has boldness enough to extol! In the meantime do all as one man
Raise with loud voices complaints, and only too clearly show forth
How he my safe-conduct defies, and also how he, with his thefts,
His robbings and murders, the land and my faithful retainers despoils.

Indeed, I'll no longer it bear! In answer thereto said
the ape:
In truth not to many is granted the gift, in things of
all kinds,
To act with discretion and counsel with skill, and he
who succeeds
Will certainly confidence earn, but the envious try all
they can
To covertly do him a hurt; and, soon as their numbers
increase,
They openly make their attempts. With Reynard it
often has thus
Of yore come about; they cannot, however, efface from
our minds
How he has you wisely advised in cases where others
were dumb.
You know (it but lately took place) how the man and
the serpent came here
To solicit your aid, and the case there was none who
knew how to decide;
But Reynard discovered a way, and you lauded him
then before all.

To this did the monarch rejoin, after brief meditation
thereon:
I remember the matter quite well, yet now it has gone
from my mind
How in detail it all came about; it was somewhat
entangled, methinks.
If you can still say how it was, I gladly shall hear
your account.
She answered the king: As my lord has commanded
so shall it be done.

Just two years ago or about, a dragon appeared and complained,
With turmoil, to you, gracious lord, that a peasant could not be induced
Himself to submit to the law; a man against whom the decree
Had twice been pronounced. To the court of your highness the peasant she brought,
And stated the matter at length, with numerous violent words.

Through a hole, that she found in a hedge, the serpent intended to crawl,
But got herself caught in a cord, that in front of the breach had been hung;
Ever tighter was getting the loop, and there she her life would have lost,
Had not, at the opportune time, a vagrant been passing along.
In anguish to him she cried out: Have pity and help me get free,
I entreat! To this the man said: Released, I will see that you are,
For your misery causes me grief; but first you must give me your word,
No mischief on me to inflict. The serpent agreed to his terms,
And swore the most solemn of oaths that she, in no manner or way,
Would harm to her rescuer do, and thus did the man set her free.
Awhile on together they walked; but the serpent was feeling, at length,
The gnawings of hunger, and flew at the man, with intent him to choke

And devour; and in fear and alarm the poor fellow sprang from her side.
Is this my reward? This have I deserved? he cried, and did you
Not swear the most sacred of oaths? The serpent then said in reply:
My hunger impels me, alas! I have no control of myself;
No law does necessity know; it constitutes right of itself.

In turn then responded the man: Keep off from me only so long
As we to some people may come, who us will impartially judge.
And thereupon answered the worm: Till then I will patience preserve.

Thus further a distance they went, and over the water they found
Cutpurse, the raven, along with his son, who Croker was called;
And the serpent invited them both to draw near, and thus them invoked:
Come here, we have something to say. The raven them soberly heard,
And judgment at once he pronounced, the man to ingest. Thus he hoped
A morsel to get for himself. Much pleased was the serpent at this;
Lo! now I have triumphed, she said, and none can the blame lay on me.
Not so, then responded the man, my case is not utterly lost;
Shall a robber pass sentence of death, or one judge alone try the case?

I demand that it further be heard, as equity me doth
allow;
By four, or by ten if you please, let the matter be
brought to be heard.

The serpent then said: Let us go. They went, and
were met on the road,
By the wolf and the bear, and together they all of
them walked.
The peasant now everything feared; for him in the
midst of the five
It dangerous was to remain, seeing what kind of fel-
lows they were.
The serpent, the ravens, the wolf, and the bear hemmed
him in all around;
And anxious enough he became, for soon did the wolf
and the bear
Make up both together their minds, in this way their
judgment to give:
The serpent might slaughter the man, as a ravenous
craving for food
Acknowledged no maxim or law; one's needs would
absolve from an oath.
Now fear and concern on the traveller seized, for they
all in accord
Were after his life. Then the serpent flew out with a
furious hiss,
Spitting upon him her spleen, and in terror he sprang
to one side.
Great wrong, he exclaimed, you commit; who you has
seen fit to assign,
As master and lord of my life? You heard what was
said, she replied.
Decided the judges have twice, and as often your case
you have lost.

To her then responded the man: They plunder and pilfer, themselves;
I acknowledge them not in the least, the case we will take to the king;
When he speaks, I'll submit to his words, and if I the loser come out,
In bad enough plight shall I be; I will it, however, endure.
The wolf and the bear then mockingly said: This plan you can try;
The serpent will certainly win, and better can she nothing wish.
They thought that the lords of the court, in session, would surely decide
As had they; and they went in good cheer, the peasant escorting along.
Before you they came, the serpent, the ravens, the wolf, and the bear;
Yea, a triplet of wolves was disclosed, for two of his children he brought;
Allbelly was one of them called, and Glutton the other. These two
Most trouble occasioned the man; for with the intent had they come
Their own proper share to consume, for ever rapacious they are.
With rudeness unbearable then, before you they bellowed and howled,
Until you expelled from the court both of the ill-mannered churls.
Then the man to your mercy appealed, and proceeded his tale to relate:
How to kill him the serpent had thought; and how she his generous act
Had forgotten, and broken her oath; so safety he sought at your hands.

And the snake contradicted him not: My hunger's omnipotent need,
Which knows not the meaning of law, irresistibly me did compel.

Good lord, you were greatly perplexed; the matter in hand to you seemed
To the brim with suspicion to be, and judicially hard to decide;
For to you very harsh it appeared, the kind-hearted man to condemn,
Who himself had beneficent shown; on the other hand still, you bethought
Of the mischievous hunger as well; you therefore the council convoked.
Alas! the opinion of most the claim of the man was against,
For they had an eye to the feast, and thought they the serpent would help.
But heralds to Reynard you sent, for all of the others, indeed,
Uttered more words than enough, yet the case could not rightly resolve.
Reynard came and the evidence heard; to him the decision you left;
As he on the matter should rule, even so should the law be enforced.

Reynard, with prudence, then said: It needful I find, before all,
Myself to betake to the place, that the snake in her bonds I may see,
Just as the peasant her found; after that, my decision I'll give.

The serpent was bound then afresh in the self-same position and way
As across her the peasant had come, when her in the hedge he had found.

When this had been done, Reynard said: Here now we find each of the two
In former condition again, not either has won or has lost;
Yet the right is made perfectly plain, as seems it to me, of itself;
For, provided the man shall see fit, he now can the serpent once more
Release from her place in the cord; if not, he can there let her hang;
He free and with honour can go, his business to seek and transact.
Since she so untrue has become, when his kindness she deigned to accept,
The man has now fairly the choice; to me that appears the intent
Of the law; who it better conceives, may now let us hear what it is.

The verdict was pleasing to you, and all of your council as well;
Reynard was eulogised much; you were thanked by the peasant; and all
The wisdom of Reynard extolled; the queen also praised him herself.
Much talk there was made at the time, how formerly you had, in war,
Both Bruin and Isengrim used; and how, far and wide, they were feared,
For always were they to be found where plenty there was to devour.
Burly and daring and strong, none could deny that they were,

Yet often in counsel was felt the lack of some much needed sense,
For they are accustomed too much on physical force to rely.
When work in the field is approached, much lameness and halting there is.
Bolder can one not appear, than show they themselves when at home;
Outside they are ready in ambush to lie; but, if once are exchanged
Sturdy blows, they then will be found neither better nor worse than the next.
The bears and the wolves destroy the whole land, and little they care
Whose house is consumed by the flames. They ever accustom themselves
To go and get warm at the coals, and pity for none do they feel,
If only their maws they can fill. The eggs they all swallow themselves,
And leave but the shells to the poor, and think such division is fair.
On the other hand Reynard, the fox, and all of his race comprehend
What wisdom and counsel imply; and, if now he has done something wrong,
Gracious lord, yet is he no stick. Be sure that no other will you
Ever give any better advice. For this, grant him pardon, I beg.

To this then responded the king: Upon it I'll think. The decree
Was given as you have described; the serpent the penalty paid.

Yet remains he a scamp, every inch, without any
chance to reform.
If a compact with him should be made, deception at
last will result,
For in proving that black is but white, who is there
can match him in skill?
The wolf and the bear and the cat, the rabbit and even
the crow,
Are not for him agile enough, he brings them to shame
and disgrace;
From this one he snatches an ear, from another he
tears out an eye,
And a third he deprives of his life. I certainly cannot
conceive
How you can thus favour the scamp, and speak in
defence of his acts.
Gracious lord, then responded the ape, it impossible is
to deny
That his race is exalted and great. Thereon it is well
to reflect.

Then up rose the king to go out, and all of those who
were there,
In a body awaiting him stood. In the circle thus
formed he observed
A number to Reynard most closely allied who all had
arrived
Their kinsman to shield and protect; so many to name
would be hard.
And he the great family saw; he then, on the other
side, saw
The enemies Reynard had made; divided it seemed
was the court.

In this way the monarch began: Give ear to me, Reynard! Can you
An excuse for such wickedness find, as, with Bellyn's assistance, to put
My innocent Lampen to death and, in your audacity, too,
His head in the wallet to thrust, as if to me letters you sent?
To mock me that deed you performed; I have punished already the one,
The penalty Bellyn has paid, and you may the same now expect.

Ah, me! answered Reynard thereto; oh, would that I also were dead!
Pray hearken to me, and then you can do as the case may demand.
If guilty, then slay me at once; I shall never, however, get free
From my burden of grief and distress; forlorn I must always remain.
For Bellyn the traitor's purloined the choicest of treasures from me,
The equal of which never yet has mortal his eyes set upon.
Ah, life to poor Lampen they've cost! These treasures I had to them both
Committed in charge; now Bellyn has stolen the costly effects.
But let them yet further be sought; however, I very much fear
That none will e'er find them again; they'll rest for eternity lost.

To this did the monkey reply: Why give you thus way to despair?
Be they but on top of the ground, to recover them yet there is hope;

Both early and late will we go, and of laymen and clerics with zeal
Will inquire. But first let us know, of what did the treasures consist?

Reynard said: So precious they were, that ne'er can we find them again.
Who possesses them now will guard them with care. How much at the loss
Will my wife, Dame Ermelyn, grieve! She will never forgive me for this,
For me she tried hard to dissuade from entrusting such riches to them.
Now lies are against me trumped up, and I am most basely accused;
But still I my rights will defend, and the issue await; and if then
Acquitted I am, I will travel about through kingdoms and lands,
And endeavour the treasures to find, even though it shall cost me my life.

CANTO TEN.

My king, furthermore said the fox, that villain so crafty in speech,
Permit me, illustrious prince, in the ears of my friends to relate
What comprised all the sumptuous things that I had transmitted to you;
Though them you may not have received, yet laudable was my intent.
Go ahead then, responded the king, and whatever you say, make it short.

Well-being and honour are lost! And everything now you shall learn,
Said Reynard, with sadness of tone. The first of the beautiful gems
Was a ring, which to Bellyn I gave, and he should the same to the king
Have brought and surrendered from me. In a most unaccountable way
This ring was designed and composed, and worthy it was in the wealth
Of my sovereign's treasure to shine, being made of the finest of gold.
On the innermost side of this gem, that next to the finger would be,
Were letters engraved to be seen, enamelled in blue and in black;
Three Hebrew cognomens they formed, of significance special and great;

And none in this land could explain what meaning lay
hidden therein;
Master Abrion only, of Treves, could decipher the sym-
bols for me.
Now he is an erudite Jew, and every language and
tongue
He knows, that is spoken by man from Lüneberg unto
Poitou;
And is also especially skilled in the virtues of herbs
and of stones.

When placed I before him the ring, he said that most
precious of things
Were hidden within its embrace; that the names,
which therein were engraved,
Were carried by Seth, the devout, from Paradise down
to the earth,
When the oil of compassion he sought; and who on
his finger it wears,
Finds free from all dangers himself; not thunder nor
lightning nor all
The mage's enchantments can hurt, while this on his
person he keeps.
And further the master observed that, at some time or
other, he'd read
That who kept on his finger the ring, could not, in the
fiercest of cold,
Be frozen to death, but would certainly live to a
peaceful old age.
Outside it a gem had been set, a carbuncle brilliant
and clear,
Which glistened so brightly at night, that things could
be seen as by day.
Many virtues belonged to this stone; all kinds of dis-
eases it healed;

Who came into contact therewith, was exempt from all want and distress;
Death was the only thing it had not the power to subdue.
Still further the master disclosed the magnificent gifts of the stone;
Its owner in safety can go throughout all the lands of the earth;
Neither water nor fire can him hurt; imprisoned, or even betrayed,
He never can be, and from all the assaults of a foe he escapes.
If, fasting, he looks on the stone, in battle he certainly will
A hundred and more overcome; by the potency too of the stone,
Is the action of poisons annulled, and malignant secretions as well.
So also it hatred destroys; how many soever there be,
Who do its possessor not love, they shortly a change undergo.

But who could enumerate all the virtues and powers of the stone,
That I found in my father's reserve, and I, to my master, the king,
Now thought in all safety to send? For of such a magnificent ring
I worthy was not; I knew it right well; it ought to belong,
I thought, to the one who, of right, is held as the noblest of all.
On him, and none other, depend our welfare and property both;
And I cherished the hope that his life I might from all evil protect.

Moreover was Bellyn, the ram, in addition thereto, to the queen,
A mirror and comb to present, to keep in remembrance of me.
These both had I once, out of sport, from my father's collection removed,
And not on the face of the earth could a work of art finer be found.
How oft has endeavoured my wife them both to obtain for herself!
For nothing so much did she long, of all that there is in the world;
And about them contentions we had, but my purpose she never could change.
At length both the mirror and comb, with best of intention, I sent
To my gracious lady, the queen, who always and ever to me
The utmost of favour has shown, and shielded from harm of all kinds.
She often has spoken for me a mild and benevolent word;
She is noble, exalted in birth, by virtue enrobed and adorned,
And her ancient descent is proclaimed by actions as well as by words.
She was worthy the mirror and comb, on which, to my sorrow and shame,
She has not been allowed to set eyes. For ever, alas, they are lost!

Now to say a few words of the comb: The artist, this comb to construct,
Had the bones of a panther employed, a glorious creature's remains,

Whose place of abode is the land from Paradise unto the Ind.
All species of colours are shown in its skin, and the sweetest of scents
Are thence given out, wherever it turns; and thus do the beasts
Instinctively follow its tracks, wherever it be that it goes;
For healthy they grow from this scent and, without an exception, they all
Are imbued with a knowledge of this. Of sinews and bones such as these
Was the beautiful comb, that I sent, constructed with wonderful skill;
Like silver in whiteness and gleam, of ineffable purity, too;
And better, by far, was its scent than cinnamon even and cloves.
When the animal passes from life, the aroma goes into its bones,
Remains everlastingly there, and always them keeps from decay;
It drives all distempers away, and against all the poisons is proof.
Again, on the back of the comb could excellent pictures be seen,
Quite high in relief, with delicate tendrils of gold interlaced,
And lazuli, azure, and gules. In the middlemost part of the field
Was the story insculptured with art, how Priam's son, Paris of Troy,
Was sitting one day at a brook, and three women, seraphic and fair,
Before him he saw, who Pallas and Juno and Venus were called.

In strife they had long been engaged, for each of them wished to possess
An apple that, up to this time, conjointly to them had belonged.
At length an agreement was made, that Paris this apple of gold
Should on the most lovely bestow, and she should alone it retain.

The youth regarded them all with the greatest attention and care.
Now Juno remarked: If the apple I get, and if me you adjudge
The fairest to be, you the richest of all in the world shall become.
And Minerva rejoined: Deliberate well, and the apple give me;
Then you the most potent of men shall become, and dreaded by all
Wherever your name may be known, alike by your friends and your foes.
Venus spake: What want you with power? And riches, what good will they do?
Are you not the ransomed one's son? And as to your brothers, are they,
Hector and all of the rest, not wealthy and strong in the land?
Is Troy not secured by its hosts, and I also may ask if you have
Not conquered the land round about, as well as more far away folk?
If me you the fairest pronounce, and the apple confer upon me,
You then shall have cause to rejoice in a treasure the greatest on earth.

This prize is an excellent wife, of women the fairest of all,
So virtuous, noble, and wise, that none can too highly her praise.
Give the apple to me, and you shall the wife of the King of the Greeks,
The beautiful Helen I mean, that treasure of treasures, possess.

Then gave he the apple to her, and adjudged her the fairest of all.
And she aided him, in return, to elope with the beautiful queen,
The great Menelaus's wife, whom he had in Troy for his own.
This story was seen in relief, in the middlemost part of the field;
And all round about it were shields, with writings insculptured with art;
And only had one them to read, the gist of the fable to know.

Of the mirror I further will speak; in lieu of a surface of glass,
A reflector of beryl was used, of wonderful beauty and sheen;
All things thereupon were revealed, even though a mile off they occurred,
Were it either by day or by night. And if, in one's face, there should be
A blemish, whatever it was, if nought but a fleck in the eye,
Should one in the mirror but look, from that very instant there fled
Imperfections away of all kinds, and every extrinsic defect.

Can you marvel that I am sore grieved at having the mirror thus lost?
For setting the plate was employed the costliest wood to be found,
Which shittim is called, so named from its solid and glittering growth;
It is never infected by worms, and also, in justice, it is
More highly regarded than gold, with ebony only as next.
There once out of this was contrived, by an artist of skill and renown,
In the time of Krompardus the king, a horse of remarkable powers,
Which its rider, in less than an hour, could take for a hundred good miles.
I find it impossible now to tell all there is to be told,
For not such a steed has been known, so long as the world has endured.

For the space of a foot and a half, entirely around, was the frame
Of the mirror embellished with work, all carved in the best style of art;
And in letters of gold could be seen, under each of the pictures inscribed,
The meaning and purport thereof; and I will these stories to you
Concisely relate. The first was regarding the envious horse,
Who thought that he would, for a bet, compete in a run with a stag,
But was left far behind in the race, which gave him inordinate pain;
And a speedy occasion he took with a shepherd about it to talk.

He said: It shall profit you much, if me you will quickly obey;
If you mount, I will give you a ride; there has, but a short time ago,
A stag hid himself in the wood, and him you shall surely obtain;
His flesh and his antlers and skin you can sell at a very high price;
Get up, and we will him pursue. All right! I am ready to go,
Said the rustic, and sprang on his back. They galloped away from the place,
And shortly got sight of the stag; then followed they on at full speed
In his track, and gave him pursuit. But the stag was the lighter of foot,
And the pace was too much for the horse, who finally said to the man:
Get down for awhile, I am tired, and greatly have need of some rest.
No, thank you, responded the man, you now will have me to obey,
And my spur you shall feel in your flank, for me you invited yourself
To get on your back for a ride; and thus him the rider subdued.
Lo! thus with much ill is repaid the one who doth others design
To lead into harm; himself he but loads with evil and pain.

I now will still further explain what yet on the mirror was shown;
How together an ass and a dog into service with Dives had gone.

The dog had, without any doubt, the pet of his master become,
For he sat at his table at meals, and partook of the food that was served;
And was also permitted to snuggle and rest in his guardian's lap,
Who him was accustomed to feed with the finest of bread; in return
The dog was incessantly licking his master, and wagging his tail.
Now Baldwin observed the good luck of the dog, and, grieving at heart,
The donkey then said to himself: Oh, why does my master incline
That indolent creature to treat in a way so excessively kind?
Upon him the animal springs and licks him all over his beard,
While I must the labour perform, and to carry the sacks am compelled.
Just let him make trial but once, and see if, with five or with ten
Dogs, as much in a year he can do, as I can get done in a month.
Yet the best is provided for him, while I have to feed upon straw,
And on the hard ground must repose; and, wherever it be that they drive
Me or ride, I am scoffed at and mocked. I can, and I will, such abuse
No longer endure; my master's affection I too will acquire.
Now just as he ended this speech, his master appeared in the street.
The donkey erected his tail and kicked up his heels; with a spring

At his master he leaped, braying and singing and blaring with might;
Licked his beard and displayed a desire, in the manner and way of a dog,
To nestle up close to his cheeks, and bruised him somewhat with his kicks.
In terror his master ran off, and cried: Oh, catch me the ass!
Strike him dead! His servants then came, and thickly upon him fell blows.
Him into his stable they drove, and there he a donkey remains.

There many are still to be met, of the selfsame asinine breed,
Who the welfare of others begrudge, without doing good to themselves.
However, should any such one to a state of great riches attain,
At once he resembles a pig, who should try to eat soup with a spoon;
Not very much better, in truth. The donkey let carry the sacks,
Have nothing but straw for his bed, and find among thistles his food.
If one shall him otherwise treat, he will still ever be as of old.
When an ass to dominion attains, it can meet with but little success;
His welfare he seeks to advance, and what beyond this does he care?

My king, there is more you should know, and at the recital I beg
That you take not offence; on the frame of the mirror could also be seen,

Well fashioned and clearly described, how my father
did, once on a time,
Himself with our Tybert engage upon some adventures
to go;
And how they both sacredly swore that, in all kinds of
danger, they would
One another with valour support, and all of their booty
divide.
As forward they went on their way, they noticed some
hunters and hounds,
Not very far off from the road; and Tybert, the cat,
then remarked:
Good counsel seems costly to get! To this did my
pater respond:
Though odd it may very well seem, yet with excellent
counsel have I
My pocket already made full; and we must remember
our oath,
Together to steadfastly hold; of all, most important is
that.
On the other hand, Tybert replied: However the thing
may turn out,
There remains yet a means to me known, and that
I intend to employ.
And thus up a tree he with liveliness sprang, in order
to save
Himself from the rage of the dogs; and thus he
his uncle forsook.
In terror my father stood there, and the hunters were
coming apace.
Quoth Tybert: Now, uncle, how goes it with you?
Throw open the sack.
Of counsel it's full, make use of it now, for your time
has arrived.
The huntsmen sounded their horns, and one to another
they called:

My father then ran, so also the hounds; they followed with yelps,
And he sweated all over with fear, enriching the ground as he went.
He thus was relieved of some weight, and so he escaped from his foes.

Most basely, as you have just heard, deceived him his nearest of kin,
The one whom he trusted the most. His life in great jeopardy was,
For the dogs were swifter than he; and, had he not quickly bethought
Himself of a hole that he knew, he certainly would have been killed;
But he slipped himself nimbly within, and thus to his foes he was lost.
Many more of such fellows there are, as Tybert was then, to his shame,
To my father so clearly revealed; how could I him honour and love?
I have it half pardoned indeed, yet something still rankles behind.
This all on the mirror was carved, with pictures and writings thereon.

In addition to this was displayed an accurate scene of the wolf;
Showing what kind of return for favours he's ready to give.
He found in a meadow a horse, nothing of which but the bones
Had been left; but a-hungered he was, and greedily nibbled at these;
Till a pointed one stuck in his throat, and askew in his gullet got fixed.

A deplorable figure he cut; for him it had badly turned
out.
Runner on runner he sent, the surgeons to call to his
aid;
But no one could give him relief, notwithstanding
gigantic rewards
He offered to all who should try. The crane, in the
end, was announced,
With the red-coloured cap on his head, and him did
the sick one implore:
Oh, doctor, relieve me at once of the fearful distress I
am in;
If the bone you pull out of my throat, I will give you
whatever you wish.

So trusted the crane in his words, that he pluckily
stuck in his beak,
With his head, in the jaws of the wolf, and pulled out
the bone.
Oh, dear! howled the wolf, how you hurt! you are
doing me damage, I know.
Let it not happen again! For the present, I will
it forgive.
Had it been any other than you, I would it not
patiently bear.
Be tranquil, responded the crane, for now you again
are quite well;
Give me the fee that I've earned; to you I have been
of great help.
Now hark to the fool, said the wolf, 'tis I who have
suffered the harm,
Yet he makes a claim for reward, forgetting the favour
that I,
This instant, have granted to him. Have I not his
noddle and beak,

Just now that I had in my mouth, released without
doing him harm?
Has the hoyden not given me pain? I had very good
reason indeed,
If reward is our subject of talk, to demand it myself
in advance.
Thus knaves are accustomed to deal with those who
them faithfully serve.

All graven with excellent skill, these stories, with
others, adorned
The frame of the mirror all round, with many an orna-
ment carved,
And many inscriptions in gold. Of the priceless
jewel, myself
As unworthy I thought, too ignoble I am, and it there-
fore I sent
To my sovereign lady, the queen. I was hopeful, by
means such as this,
To her and her consort, the king, myself reverential to
show.
My children were very much grieved, those two little
well-mannered boys,
When gave I the mirror away; to jump and to play
they were used,
In front of the glass, where liked they to look at them-
selves and their tails,
Hanging below from their backs, and laughed at their
own little mouths.
Of the trustworthy Lampen, alas! I little expected
the death,
When I unto Bellyn and him the treasure, in fulness
of faith,
Without reservation consigned, for as honest I looked
on them both;

No better or worthier friends did I think that I ever could have.
Let us woe on the murderer call! I've made up my mind to find out
Who has the treasures concealed; no slayer shall hidden remain.
More than one in this circle, perhaps, is able to give us the name
Of the spot where these riches were put, and tell us how Lampen was slain.

My beneficent king, I'm aware that daily before you are brought
So many important affairs, that you cannot remember them all.
Yet, haply, you still bear in mind the eminent service which he,
My father, once rendered to yours, in the place where at present I speak;
Your father lay sick unto death, and mine his life managed to save;
And yet you here freely assert that neither my father nor I
To you any good ever did. Be pleased me still further to hear;
And permit me, I beg, to relate how always, at your father's court,
Mine was at all times received with honour and dignity great,
As a worthy physician of skill. The patient's condition he knew,
With cleverness, how to inspect; and nature could always assist;
And whatever was wrong, with eyes or aught else, he was able to heal.

Well knew of emetics the gifts, and moreover did well understand
All matters concerning the teeth, and the aching extracted with ease.
I gladly imagine it's gone from your mind; that would cause no surprise,
As you then were but three years of age. To his bed was your father confined,
In winter, in exquisite pain, nigh greater then he could endure;
And he of himself could not move. Than all the physicians he had
Convoked between Rome and this place; and they, with unanimous voice,
Had given him up as past aid. My father was summoned at last,
Who heard all about his distress, and the cause of his illness discerned.

My father lamented it much, and about it he said to the king:
Beneficent master and lord, I would risk, oh, how gladly, my life,
If yours, in this way, I could save. I wish that you me would permit
Your symptoms to test in a glass. His request was allowed by the king,
Who also complained that the longer they waited the worse he became.
On the mirror was brought into view, how now, by good fortune, at once,
Your father's distemper was cured. For mine with discretion remarked:
If health you desire to regain, determine, without loss of time,

From off a wolf's liver to dine; the wolf, however, must be
Full seven years old at the least, and the liver entire you must eat.
You dare not refuse it to do, for your life is concerned in the act,
The glass contains nothing but blood, so make up your mind with despatch.

With those round about was the wolf, whom this did no pleasure afford.
Your father now spoke in this wise: You all have heard what is required!
Now listen, Sir Wolf! That I may get well, you will not, I am sure,
Your liver refuse to give up. To him then responded the wolf:
Not yet am I five years of age; what good will my liver effect?
Sheer nonsense, my father replied, we will not be obstructed by that;
I soon by your liver can tell. The wolf was commanded to take
His place in the kitchen below, and useful his liver was found.
Your father devoured it forthwith, and, as soon as he swallowed it down,
Relieved from his sickness he was, and all other ailments as well.
My father profusely he thanked, and all at the court were compelled
Him as Doctor henceforth to address, and none should it ever forget.

My father was constantly now at the right of the king to be found.
To him did your father present, as I most reliably know,

Very shortly, a locket of gold, and also a crimson barette,
To wear before all of the lords; and thus, from that time until now,
Have all held him high in esteem. With his son, however, have things
Assumed an unfortunate change: his father's great virtues and gifts
In remembrance no longer are held. The most avaricious of knaves
Are advanced, and all thought is bestowed on advantage and gain;
Wisdom and justice are pushed to the rear, and our servants become
Our most arrogant lords, while the poor, as a rule, must suffer for this.
If such gets dominion and power, he strikes out blindly, all round,
Among all the people he rules, and his birth he completely forgets;
His profit he seeks to extract from every game that is played.
Among the exalted we see not a few such as those I've described;
To entreaty they never give ear, if donations are not to be found
Profusely connected therewith; and, if they the people instruct,
It means only pay, no matter the number of times, you must pay.

These covetous wolves ever seek the daintiest morsels to keep
For themselves; and, had they the means, with even the smallest of loss,

The life of their master to save, about it they scruples would have.
His liver the wolf would not yield, not e'en to do good to the king!
A liver, indeed! I say it right out! Twenty wolves, of a truth,
Should be ready to sacrifice life, that the king and our idolised queen
Possession of theirs might retain; much smaller the damage would be.
If a seed be of potency void, what good can therefrom be derived?
The things that occurred in your youth, you cannot retrace in your mind;
But I can remember them well, as though they of yesterday were.
On the mirror the story was told, just as my father desired;
The work was embellished with gems, and garnished with tendrils of gold.
If I could the mirror but find, I would hazard possessions and life.

Reynard, the monarch observed, I have well comprehended your speech,
Have listened to every word of the stories that you have rehearsed.
So great were your father at court, and had he so many, forsooth,
Commendable actions performed, that still was in years long ago.
I remember them not in the least, and no one has told me thereof;
Whereas the transactions of yours are constantly brought to my ears;

You are ever at some kind of game, at least so I hear
it affirmed.
If injustice is done you in this, and all are but fabulous
yarns,
Some good I for once would fain learn; not often to
happen this seems.

My lord, answered Reynard thereto, I now shall make
bold, about this,
To explain myself fully to you; for the matter me
closely concerns.
Good service to you I have done; think not, I implore
you, that I
This cast in your teeth! God forbid! I know that in
duty I'm bound
To obey you so far as I can. One story, at least, you
have not
Let utterly slip from your mind: how, with Isengrim,
I, by good luck,
A grunter had once hunted down; it squealed, and we
bit it to death;
You came, making bitter complaint, and said that your
consort as well
Was coming, a short way behind; if some one would
only divide
With you a small portion of food, of help it would be
to you both.
Give us whereof you have caught, was the claim that
you made of us then.
And Isengrim said, indeed, yes; yet muttered he under
his beard,
So that one could him scarce understand. But I, on
the contrary, said:
My lord, I would grudge you it not, though herds of
swine were concerned.

Say, who is the one to divide? The wolf, you responded again.
Now Isengrim greatly rejoiced, and, according to habit, he shared
Without any shyness or shame, and gave but a quarter to you,
And your consort a piece of like size, while he set to work on the half.
This greedily swallowed he down and, outside the two skinny ears,
He offered me nought but the snout and just about half of the lights;
He kept all the rest for himself, and all the transaction you saw.
Little chivalry showed he us there; my king, you know it quite well!
Your portion you quickly devoured, yet I noticed, however, that you
Had your hunger not fully assuaged; though Isengrim would it not see,
But his gnawing and chewing kept up, and offered you nothing at all.
But then you inflicted a blow so hard with your claws on his ears,
That some of his hide was torn off; and then, with his bloody bald pate,
He ran from the place with bumps on his head, and howled with the pain.
And you to the cormorant called: Come back, and learn to be shamed!
When next you divide, deal better with me, or I'll know what it means.
Now make yourself off with all speed, and bring something further to eat.
Sire, order you that? I replied, then follow him will I at once,

And I know that I something can fetch; and you were contented with this.
Most doltishly then did Isengrim act; he bled and he groaned
And murmured to me; yet urged I him on, and together we chased
And caught a young calf; you are fond of the food, and when we it brought,
It proved to be fat; at it heartily laughing, you said in my praise
Full many an affable word; I should be, you imagined, first-rate
To send out at the time of one's need, and likewise, still further you said:
Apportion the calf! Then quoth I: One half is already your own,
And a half belongs to the queen; what inside the carcase is found,
As heart, and liver, and lights, belongs, as in reason it should,
To your children; the feet I will take, which to nibble I very much like;
And the head may be kept by the wolf, the savoury meat that it is.

The gist of these words having got, you answered: Who, pray, has you taught
To allot in so courtly a way? That, I should like to find out.
I answered: My teacher is near; this scamp, with the red-coloured head,
And bloody bald pate, has himself the intelligence opened to me.
I exactly observed what he did, when the porker this morning he carved;

Then learnt I the meaning to seize, of such a division as that;
Veal or pork matters not, I shall now find it easy and make no mistake.

With shame and disgrace were the wolf and his greed overwhelmed.
Of his like are enough to be found! They swallow the plentiful fruits
Of all the estates in the land, as well as the vassals thereof.
All, indeed, that is good they destroy, and not the least spark of remorse
Can any one ever expect, and woe to the land where they dwell.

Take notice, my master and king, thus oft you in honour I've held.
All I at this moment possess, or may in the future obtain,
I gladly devote to your use, and that of your consort, the queen;
Be it little or ever so much, the most of it all you shall take.
If you think of the calf and the pig, you will see, without shadow of doubt,
Where faithful allegiance resides. Would Isengrim, any way, dare
With Reynard to measure himself? But still, to our sorrow, the wolf
As chief of your stewards is held, and harasses every one.
Not much for your profit cares he; but well he knows how the whole way,

In promoting his own, to proceed. Thus now he with
Bruin, indeed,
Has your Majesty's ear, and what Reynard may say is
but little esteemed.

My liege, it is true that I'm under a cloud, but I will
not give way,
For through with it now I must go; and therefore
permit me to say:
If any one thinks he has proofs, let him now with his
witnesses come,
Himself to the subject confine, and judicially pledge,
on a bond,
His goods, or his ear, or his life, in case it may be that
he lose;
And I will pledge mine against his. Thus has it been
valid in law,
From time out of mind; thus let it be now, and the
whole of the case,
As argued both for and against, in just such a manner
can be,
In honour, conducted and judged. This now I make
bold to demand.

However it be, responded the king, from justice's path
I can, and I will, not detract; that is something I've
never endured.
Of a truth, the suspicion is strong, that particeps
criminis you
In the murder of Lampen became, that messenger
faithful whom I
So much loved, and whose loss I deplore; grieved
beyond measure I was
When drawn was his blood-covered head from the
wallet I'd given to you;

Bellyn atoned on the spot, that wicked attendant and base;
You now may, however, the case still further defend at the bar.
In what I myself am concerned, I Reynard all freely forgive;
For he firmly has stood at my side in many a critical case.
Has any one further complaint, we are ready to hear what it is;
Let him trustworthy witnesses bring, and prosecute all of his claims
Against Reynard in order and form; here, awaiting your charges, he stands.

Most gracious my lord! Reynard said, I give you my heartiest thanks.
To each you give ear and dispense the benefits all of the law.
Let me now with solemnity say, with what a disconsolate heart
I Bellyn and Lampen dismissed; I had a foreboding I think,
Of what was to happen to both; with tenderness loved I them well.

Thus Reynard's narration and words were garnished with skill so adroit,
That all were enforced to believe; he the treasures so neatly described,
And conducted so gravely himself, that truth to be speaking he seemed;
And to comfort him even they tried. And thus he deluded the king,
Who much with the riches was pleased, and gladly would them have possessed.

To Reynard he said: Be content, you shall go on a journey and try,
Far and wide, to discover the lost, so all that is possible do.
If need you may have of my help, it will at your service be found.

Said Reynard in answer to this: Your goodness I gratefully feel;
These words are a comfort to me, and reason they give me to hope.
To punish foul murder and theft is the highest of rights you possess.
The matter to me is obscure, yet clear as the day shall become.
With care will I after it look, and travel by day and by night,
Without any thought of repose, and question all people I see.
If I learn where the goods can be found, and them am not able again
To get in my hands, for lack of due strength, for aid I shall ask,
Which you to me then will vouchsafe, and the matter will surely succeed.
If the treasures to you I safely restore, I shall find at the last
My trouble requited in full, and my loyalty proved beyond doubt.

The king with enjoyment this heard; and, without reservation, he gave
Assent to what Reynard had said, who had woven his lies with such art

That the rest all believed him as well; he now had permission, once more,
To go and to come he as pleased, and that without question or check.

Lost Isengrim now all control of himself, and, gnashing his teeth,
He said: Gracious lord, you mean thus again to put trust in the thief,
Who you two and threefold befooled? Who can help being struck with surprise?
See you not that the scamp you deceives, and damage to all of us does?
He never gives voice to the truth, and nothing devises but lies.
But I, with such ease, will not let him off! You ought to know well
That he is a rascal and false. I know of three capital crimes
Committed by him; get off shall he not, even though we must fight.
We are witnesses told to produce, what good would it do if we did?
If they came and their evidence gave, for the sitting entire of the court,
Would that be of any effect? He still would do just as he pleased.
Very oft can no witness be had, ought the scallawag then to go on
Committing his crimes as before? Who would venture to go on the stand?
Some stigma he fastens on each, and each from such injury shrinks;
You and yours it experience too, and in the same boat are we all.

To-day I will keep him in hand, he neither shall waver
nor skulk;
But shall answer to me for his deeds, so now let him
be on his guard.

CANTO ELEVEN.

His charges brought Isengrim forth, and said: Pray attend while I speak!
Reynard, most gracious of kings, the villain that ever he was,
Remains to the present unchanged; on infamous things he dilates,
My kindred and me to disgrace; and thus has he ever for me,
And even more still for my wife, caused nigh unendurable shame.
He tempted her, once on a time, to wade through a marsh to a pond,
By making her firmly believe that, every day she was there,
Great numbers of fish she could catch. If she in the water should put
Her tail, and allow it to hang, then sure would the fish be to bite
So well that, if four of them tried, not all to be got could they eat.
She went upon this on her way, and found herself swimming, at last,
Toward the sluice-end of the pond, where deeper the water was massed,
And there he induced her to let her tail in the water hang down.
The cold towards eve was intense, and to freeze so hard it began,
That longer she scarce could hold out; and thus, very shortly, her tail

Had frozen become in the ice, so fast that she could not it raise;
And heavy, she thought, were the fish, that she had thus managed to catch.
Reynard, the dastardly thief, observed this, and then what he did
I can trust not myself to disclose; he had her, alas, at his will.
He shall not escape from us now! His villainous conduct shall cost
One of us two, as you'll see, his life before close of the day.
This time shall his tongue not prevail; I caught him, indeed, in the act,
As I was, by accident, led to the top of a hillock near by.
I heard her call loudly for help, the poor cheated thing that she was;
Fast in the ice she was caught, and him was not able to check;
And I, coming there, was compelled the whole of his doings to see;
In truth, an amazement it is that my heart was not broken thereat.
Reynard, I cried in dismay, what, in God's name, are you at?
He heard me and fled on his way. I came with a sorrowful heart,
Was driven to shiver and wade in the cold, frozen water, and could
The ice but with trouble break up, in order my wife to release.
Alas! we prospered not well; she tugged with the whole of her might,
And a quarter, at least, of her tail remained firmly held by the ice.

Long and aloud she bemoaned; the peasants, at hearing the noise,
Rushed forward and came on our track, and one to another they called.
They hotly ran over the dam, with axes and pikes in their hands;
With distaff the women came too, all making a terrible din;
Catch them, they all of them cried, and give them a taste of your clubs.
I never had felt so affrighted as then, and the same was confessed
By Greedimund too; we found it hard work to get off with our lives,
By running till skin fairly smoked. Then rushing along came a scamp,
A devilish fellow he was, and armed with a long, wicked pike,
And light on his feet, who after us stabbed, and pressed us quite hard.
If night had not come to our aid, our lives we had certainly lost.
The women still kept up their cry, the vixenish beldams, that we
Some of their sheep had devoured. Fain had they added their blows
To the horrible insults they cast; our footsteps, however, we turned
From land to the water again; and, quick as the lightning, we slipped
Back into the rushes at hand, where dared not the clowns to pursue;
For now it quite dark had become, so back they returned to their homes.
We hardly escaped as it was. You see, gracious king, in this case,

Treason and murder and rape; of infamous crimes such as these
The question is now, and these you will punish severely, my king.

When the king this arraignment had heard, he said: A case such as this
Shall be by us righteously judged; let Reynard thereover be heard.
Reynard spake: If it were as described, then certainly would the affair
Not much to my honour redound; but God, in his mercy, forbid
That facts should be found as set forth; I will not, however, deny
That fish I have taught her to catch, and also have showed her the path
That best to the pond will conduct, and her to the water would take;
But on she so greedily ran, so soon as I spoke of the fish,
That both moderation and road, and instruction as well, she forgot.
If she in the ice was held fast, then had she, without any doubt,
Been sitting too long at her post, for if she had pulled in good time,
Enough she of fish would have caught to serve for a dainty repast.
Desire in too high a degree is always malign. When the heart
To dissatisfaction inclines, it always must miss very much.
Who harbours the spirit of greed, has life with anxiety filled,

For no one can give him enough. This lesson Dame Greedimund learned,
When frozen she got in the ice. Poor thanks for my trouble she gives;
But this consolation I have, that help her I honestly did,
And pushed with the whole of my strength, in trying her safely to lift.
But she was too heavy a weight; and, while I was doing my best,
Isengrim chanced to draw near, in walking along by the shore.
There, standing above, he called out and, horribly cursing, came down.
Yes, I was in truth much alarmed, his beautiful blessings to hear;
Not once, but e'en twice and three times, his terrible curses he flung
At me there; and to scream he began, urged on by a fury so wild,
That I thought: You had better be off, and not any longer wait here;
Far better to fly than be flayed. The nail on its head I had hit,
For he would me to pieces have torn. Whenever two dogs shall begin
To fight with themselves for a bone, with absolute certainty must
The one or the other it lose. Thus seemed it to me for the best
To scamper away from his wrath and utter confusion of mind.
That ferocious he was and remains, how can he deny? Only ask
Of his wife; for I will have nothing to say to a liar like him.

So soon as he fastened his eyes on his wife, frozen fast in the ice,
He viciously swore and reviled, and came and assisted her out.
If the peasants made after them then, it certainly was for their good,
For thus got in motion their blood, and cold they no longer could feel.
Now what is there further to say? It mean and contemptible is
For him to dishonour his wife with lies such as these which he tells.
Herself you can ask, she is here; and, if what he says is the truth,
Would surely not fail to complain. Meanwhile I beg humbly to ask
That the case be continued a week, in order my friends to consult,
As to what kind of answer is due to the wolf and this charge that he brings.

Greedimund thereupon said: In all of your actions and thoughts
Can nothing be found, as we know, but roguery, falsehood, and fraud,
Villainy, intrigue, and spite. Who your cavilling words shall believe
Will surely be damaged at last; you always take care to employ
Confused and inconsequent words. I found it like this at the well.
Two buckets were hanging therein; in one you had stationed yourself,
For what I have never found out, and down to the bottom had gone;

And, finding unable yourself to get again back to the top,
You blackened the air with your groans. By morning I came to the well,
And asked: Who put you down there? You answered: You just in the nick
Of time, dear gossip, have come! I yield to you all of my gains;
Get into the bucket up there and down you will come, and may eat
Down here all the fish you can want. At an ill-fated moment I went,
For you I believed, when you said you had eaten such numbers of fish,
That a pain in your belly you had. I suffered myself to be fooled,
And stupidly got in the pail, which quickly began to go down,
While the other began to go up, till opposite me you arrived.
To me it quite wonderful seemed, and I, in perplexity, asked:
How chanced it to come about thus? In answer to me you replied:
Up and down, so it goes in the world, and so goes it now with us two;
The course of things ever is thus, while some must abasement endure,
Are others exalted in turn, in accord with the virtues of each.
Then out of the bucket you jumped and, fast as you could, ran away.
But, grieving, I sat in the well, and all the day long was compelled
Therein to abide; and blows without number, at eve, to endure,

Before I made good my escape. Some peasants then
came to the well,
And spied me down there in the pail, as I, with grim
hunger annoyed,
Was sitting in sorrow and fear, and feeling completely
undone.
The peasants among themselves said: Now see!
Down below in the pail
Is sitting, at present, the foe that lessens our number
of sheep.
Haul him up, then one of them cried; myself I in read-
iness hold
To greet him up here at the edge, and he for our lambs
shall now pay.
But the kind of a greeting I got! That pitiful was,
for there fell
Blow after blow on my hide. Not once, in the whole
of my life,
Had I a more sorrowful day, and scarce came I off
with my life.

In answer to this, Reynard said: The sequel more
closely regard,
And you will assuredly find how healthful that whip-
ping has been;
Although, with respect to myself, I prefer to dispense
with the like.
As then was the state of the case, was one or the other
compelled
To burden himself with the blows, for both of us could
not escape.
It will aid you to bear this in mind; for then, in a
similar case,
You none will so easily trust. The world is brim full
of deceit.

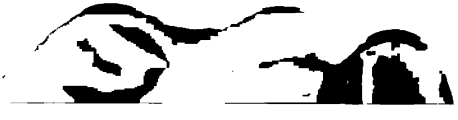
Indeed, retorted the wolf, what evidence more do we need?
No one has damaged me more than this rascally, treacherous scamp.
One matter not yet have I told: how he, out in Saxony once,
In the midst of the tribe of the apes, me led into shame and disgrace.
He there, on some pretext, induced me into a pit to descend,
Knowing quite well in advance that mischief on me it would bring.
If I had not quickly run off, my sight and my hearing would there
Have been lost. Before I went in he had said, with plausible words,
His aunt I should find in the place, meaning by that the she-ape.
It irked him to see me escape, for he sent me, with malice prepense,
Down into that horrible nest; I thought I had got into hell.

Said Reynard in answer thereto, before all the lords of the court:
The wolf most distractedly talks, not quite in his senses he seems;
If he of the ape would report, he plainly should say what he means.
Two years and a half have gone by, since into the Saxon confines
He led with carousal the way, and I thither went in pursuit.
That is true; the rest is a lie. An ape was there not in the place.

He is talking about some baboons; and, never at all, will I them
Acknowledge as kinsmen of mine. But Martin the ape and his wife,
Dame Rückenau, relatives are; I both as my cousins respect,
And of the connection am proud. The life of a jurist he leads,
And knows the whole law like a book. But as to those creatures of whom
Now Isengrim talks, he treats me with scorn. With them, let me say,
I have nothing whatever to do, they never were kinsmen of mine.
They resemble the devil in hell, and if the old lady I called
My aunt, at the time in dispute, I did it with prudent intent;
And nothing thereby did I lose, this much I will readily own;
She treated me well as her guest; or else might she well have been choked.

Behold you, my lords, we had gone a little aside from the road,
And round to the back of a hill, where we came on a cavernous pit,
Deep and gloomy and long. Now here, as accustomed he is,
With hunger felt Isengrim ill. Whenever has he, of a truth,
Been seen with his stomach so full, that he has contented appeared?
And then, unto him I observed: Down here, in this cave, may be found,

No doubt, food enough and to spare; and, doubtless, its inmates with us
Will gladly divide what they have; we come at an opportune time.
But Isengrim said in response: My uncle, I much would prefer
To wait for you under this tree, for you are, by far, the more apt
At making acquaintances new; and if food be extended to you,
Let me be informed. The villain thus thought that he would, at my risk,
The outcome await where he was. Thereupon I directed my steps
Down into the cavernous hole; and, shuddering, wandered I through
The lengthy and crooked approach, which seemed as if never to end.
But that which I came upon then! Such fright would I not undergo,
Twice in the course of my life, for a pile of the ruddiest gold.
Such a nestful of horrible beasts, the large intermixed with the small!
The mother, indeed, of the brood I took for the devil himself.
Capacious and broad was her mouth, with its big and detestable teeth;
Big claws on her hands and her feet, with long and most hideous tail
Set behind at the end of her back; a thing so atrocious have I
Not seen, in the whole of my life. The tawny, disgusting young cubs
Were all most remarkably formed, like nothing but horrible spooks.



Upon me she gruesomely gazed; I wished I was anywhere else.
She bigger than Isengrim was, and some of her cubs were, indeed,
Her equal in stature almost. Imbedded in festering hay,
I came on the sickening brood, all over and over besmeared
With mire up as far as their ears; while the stink that polluted the den
Was worse than the brimstone of hell. To tell you the truth unadorned,
But little I liked it in there; for of them such a number there was,
While I was entirely alone; and dreadful grimaces they made.
I gathered my scattering thoughts, and sought for a way of retreat,
But greeted them well — though this was a sham — and friendly behaved,
As if an acquaintance I was. As aunt I the mother addressed,
And cousins the children I called, and bashful was not in my speech.
May God in his mercy you spare to a long and a prosperous life!
Are all these dear little ones yours? But really, I need not have asked.
How pleasant to see them it is. Good heavens! how brim full of life,
And thoroughly handsome they are. For sons of the king they would pass.
I give you, a thousand times, joy, that you, with descendants of worth,
Thus are augmenting our race; I rejoice beyond measure thereat.

I think myself now in good luck, to know of such kinsmen as these;
In critical times it may be, that kindred some help can supply.

When honour so great I bestowed, although I in earnest was not,
She showed me, on her part, the same, and me as her uncle addressed,
And like a relation behaved; little indeed as the crone
Is any connection of mine. Yet not for this once could it do
Any harm to address her as aunt. Meanwhile, I was covered with sweat,
All over and over, through fright; and yet she most affably said:
Reynard, dear kinsman and friend, most heartily welcome you are;
I earnestly hope you are well. To you, my whole life, I shall feel
Obliged for this visit of yours; henceforth, you can rational thoughts
To the minds of my children impart, that they may to honour attain.

Such was her manner of talk; and this, in a very few words,
By calling her aunt and sparing the truth, I richly deserved.
I still had an earnest desire to get once again to the air,
But allow me to go she would not, and said: You, uncle, must not,
Without some refreshment, depart. Remain till some food you have had.

And she brought me a plenty to eat; I could not
at present recall
The names of the dishes she set; amazed to the utmost
I was
As to how she had come by it all. I feasted on venison
and fish
And other most relishing game; the whole of it just to
my taste.
When all I could eat I had had, then forward she fur-
thermore brought
A hunk from a stag she had got, and wished me
to carry it home,
For my wife and my children to eat; and I took
an affectionate leave.
Reynard, she said once again, I hope you will visit me
oft.
I promised her all that she wished, and managed to get
from the place.
Inside so unpleasant it was, as well for the eyes as
the nose,
That I was near dying while there; tried all I knew
how to get out;
The passage ran nimbly along, till the opening I
reached at the tree,
And groaning found Isengrim there. How are you,
dear uncle? I said.
Quoth he: I am not at all well, with hunger I soon
shall be dead.
I him, out of sympathy, gave the delicate collop of
roast,
That with me away I had brought. He this with
voracity ate,
And thanked me again and again; but he has for-
gotten it now.
When finished he was, he began: Now let me know
all about those,

Who make in the cavern their home. How did you
find things within?
Good or bad? And I told him the truth, and nought
but the truth;
Exactly apprised him of all. The nest was atrocious,
but still,
Therein was much delicate food. So soon as he felt
a desire
His share of the same to receive, his entrance he boldly
could make;
But he, above all, must avoid saying out what exactly
he thought.
If things you would have as you wish, be careful to
husband the truth!
I repeated it several times, for if it one foolishly
has,
For ever, at tip of the tongue, oppression he every-
where finds;
He stands, in all places, behind, and others are called
to the front.
In this way I bade him depart, and told him, let
happen what might,
That he must be careful to say what each was desirous
to hear,
And he then would be kindly received. These were
exactly the words,
Most noble monarch and lord, that conscience impelled
me to say.
But he just the contrary did; and, if he got punished
for that,
Then let him the punishment bear; he should listen
to what he is told.
In truth, are his shaggy locks gray, yet wisdom beneath
would be sought,
Without any chance of success. Such fellows but
little esteem

Good sense or ingenuous thoughts; the worth of all wisdom is kept,
From gawky and blunt-witted folk, for ever and always concealed.
I faithfully on him enjoined, this once to be frugal of truth.
I know what is proper myself, he proudly responded to that;
And trotted thus into the hole, and well for his trouble got paid.

Behind sat the horrible wife, he thought it was Satan himself,
That before him he saw. Moreover, the cubs! Now, bewildered, he cried:
Oh, heavens! What horrible beasts! Are these little wretches your whelps?
They have the appearance, indeed, of a hellish young rabble of fiends;
To drown them would be the best thing, so that the brood may itself
Not spread abroad over the earth. If mine they should happen to be,
I would strangle them every one. With them for a bait could be caught
Young devils, in numbers, with ease; in a bog one would only require
To fasten them well to the reeds, the odious, villainous brutes;
Marsh-monkeys they ought to be called, the name would exactly them fit.

With haste did the mother reply, and uttered some violent words:
What demon has sent us this guest? Who you has invited to come,

And greet us uncouthly like this? And what with
my children have you,
Good-looking or ugly, to do? Just now has departed
from us
That learned man, Reynard the fox, who very well
knows what he means;
And he did my children affirm, without deviation, to
be
Handsome, well-mannered, and good; he was perfectly
ready and glad
To recognise them as of kin. Not more than an hour
has gone by
Since he, standing here in this place, us all gave
assurance of that.
If please you as him they do not, why then I must tell
you, in truth,
That no one has asked you to come. Pray, understand,
Isengrim, that.

At this he demanded of her, that dinner at once she
provide;
And said: Fetch it here, or I will it help you to find.
I desire
No words any further to hear. And then he attempted,
by force,
To confiscate some of her stores; a thing that was
badly advised.
She threw herself on him forthwith, and bit him and
savagely scratched
His skin with her hideous nails, and viciously tore him
and clawed.
Her children did also the same, they terribly champed
him and rent;
Then cried he blue murder and howled, his cheeks
covered over with blood;

Himself he tried not to defend, but ran with quick strides to get out.
Wickedly bitten, I saw him emerge, all torn and in tatters his skin;
Split open was one of his ears, and blood freely flowed from his nose;
They'd nipped him with many a wound, and also his pelt had contrived
To cram all together with filth. I asked, as he trod from the place:
The truth have you spoken to her? And thus he replied to my words:
I said to her just what I thought, and then did the wretched old shrew
Me badly disfigure and lame; I would I could meet her outside,
She then should pay dear for it all. How, Reynard, appears it to you?
Did you ever set eyes on such whelps? So horribly filthy and vile?
No sooner I spoke, than it all came about; and as I in her eyes,
No more any favour could find, very badly I fared in the hole.

Are you crazy? I answered thereto; I cautioned you well against this.
I do you most heartily greet, is the proper thing to have said.
Pray how, my dear aunt, do you do? I would also ask after the health
Of those pretty children of yours. I am glad both my little and big
Young cousins once more to behold. But Isengrim said in reply:

That woman accost as my aunt? And cousins, those
hideous brats?
The devil may take the whole lot! Such kinsmen a
horror would be.
Oh, faugh! Such a damnable herd! I never will see
them again.
For this was he paid with such coin. Your judgment
now render, Oh king!
With justice can he now affirm that by me he was
tricked? Let him state
If the matter did not come about, as I have this
instant explained.

Then Isengrim firmly replied: We shall not, I can
readily see,
Determine this contest with words. From chiding
what good do we get?
Right is right, and wherever it dwells, itself it will
show in the end.
You, Reynard, now boldly step forth, if you think its
abode is with you.
We now with each other will fight, and then we shall
know where it is.
So much you have found to report, as to how, in the
den of the apes,
The torments of hunger I bore, and you me so faith-
fully fed;
Though how, I can't possibly think. It was only a bit
of a bone
That you brought; most likely the meat you had eaten
already yourself.
You stand there and ridicule me, and boldly you talk
in a way
That closely my honour affects. And you, with most
scandalous lies,

On me a suspicion have cast, of having a dastardly plot
To injure the king had in mind; and having conceived the desire
Of putting an end to his life; no scruples, however, have you
In bragging of treasures to him, which he would be troubled to find.
You shamefully treated my wife, and that you will have to atone.
These things I now lay at your door, with a firm resolution to fight,
Concerning the old and the new; and this I say over: That you
Are a murderer, traitor, and thief; and now, setting life against life,
We in combat will settle the thing, and chiding and scolding will end.
I tender my gauntlet to you, as always sufficient in law,
From every challenger, is. You may it retain as a gage,
And soon can our meeting be had. Our monarch my challenge has heard,
And all of his barons as well; and they, I most earnestly hope,
This battle for right will attend. Not a chance shall you have to escape,
Till the matter is finally closed; and then we shall see what is what.

Reynard now thought to himself: At risk are possessions and life!
He is big and but little am I, and this time should matters with me,
In any way, take a wrong turn, then all my devices and tricks

Of but little avail will have been; yet let us await the event.
I think some advantage I have; for lately he lost his front paws.
If cooler the fool does not get, he surely shall not, in the end,
His way in the matter obtain, let the cost be whatever it may.

And then, Reynard said to the wolf: It possible, Isengrim, is
That you are a traitor to me; and all of the sundry complaints,
You are thinking to bring against me, are made up entirely of lies.
If combat you wish, I will risk it with you, and never shall flinch.
I long such a thing have desired, and here is my glove in exchange.

The monarch the pledges received, and both did them boldly present.
At the end of this function, he said: You each must security give,
That to-morrow you fight without fail. Both of the parties, I think,
Are sadly confused in their minds, I nothing can make of their talk.
In an instant, as Isengrim's bail, came forward the bear and the cat;
And then, upon Reynard's behalf, as vouchers presented themselves
A son of old Martin, the ape, with Grimbart, the badger, conjoined.
At this, Dame Rückenau said: You, Reynard, must keep yourself calm,

You need all the senses you have. My husband, who now is in Rome,
Your uncle, once taught me a prayer, the subject of which was composed
By the Abbot of Bolton himself; and he to my consort it gave,
To whom he was kindly disposed, on a small scrap of paper transcribed.
This prayer, so the abbot maintained, has very great virtue for those
About to engage in a fight; one, fasting, must read it at morn,
And then shall one daily remain insured against danger and want,
And fully exempted from death, as well as from wounds and from pain.
Take comfort, my nephew in this: that I, in the morning betimes,
Will it over you read, that hope you may have, and freedom from fear.
Dear aunt, then responded the fox, I return you my heartiest thanks;
I shall always be mindful of this. Yet help I must ever expect,
Most, from the right of my cause and the skill I can bring into play.

Together abode Reynard's friends the whole of the night, and dispelled
His cares with hilarious talk. But anxious Dame Rückenau was,
And busy with all he might need. With alacrity had she him shorn,
From head to the tip of his tail, as well as his belly and breast;

And covered with fat and with oil; and then it was made to appear
That Reynard was fat and rotund, and very well set on his legs.
Take heed, in addition she said, and consider what you have to do.
Hark well to intelligent friends, for that will avail you the most;
Drink well, and retain what you drink; and to the arena be sure,
In the morning, as prudent, to come; then see that you moisten your brush
All over and over till soaked, and try your opponent to hit.
If you manage his eyes to anoint, 'twill be the best thing you can do,
For his sight will be clouded at once; and that will be useful to you,
While him it will greatly impede. At first you must fearful appear,
And at once, in the teeth of the wind, as fast as you can, run away.
If he should give chase, then stir up the dust, in order his eyes
To close with excretion and sand. Then spring to one side, and yourself
Adapt to his every move; and, while he is wiping his eyes,
Improve the advantage obtained, and thoroughly sprinkle those eyes
With your aqua fortis again, till totally blind he becomes,
And longer knows not where he is, then yours shall the victory be.
Dear nephew, just sleep now a bit, and we will you surely awake

"And covered with fat and with oil"

Photogravure from the painting by W. Von Kaulbach

When the requisite time has arrived. And now I will over you read
The sanctified words I described, that braced you may be by their aid.
Her hand on his head she imposed, and recited the words that she had,
From Martin, her husband, received, as stated above. Then she said:
Good luck you attend! You now are secure! The same were then said
By Grimbart, his uncle, as well; then led they him off to his bed,
And he peaceably slept. At rise of the sun, the otter arrived,
With the badger, their cousin to wake. They gave him a friendly salute,
And told him himself to prepare. The otter then brought to the room
A tender, delicious young duck, and, handing it to him, he said:
Pray eat; I have it for you, with many a spring and a jump,
At the dam by Pimpernel, caught; I hope it my cousin will please.

Good hansel is that, I declare, quite cheerfully Reynard replied,
A something not lightly to scorn. May God, of his grace, you repay,
For thinking so kindly of me. Now himself up to eating he gave,
And drinking quite freely as well; and then, with his kinsmen, he went
To the spot on the unwrinkled sand, where they were intended to fight.

CANTO TWELVE.

WHEN eyes upon Reynard he set, as now in the ring he appeared,
With body clean shaven and smooth, and over and over bedaubed
With oil and perfidious fat, with laughter the king was convulsed.
You fox, who that has you taught? he exclaimed. With justice, indeed,
You Reynard, the Fox, may be called; a trickster incessant you are.
Some hole you in all places know, and how to make use of it too.

Quite low Reynard bowed to the king, and also especially low
To the queen, who sat by his side; then came he, with spirited bounds,
Inside of the ring, where the wolf, with numerous kinsmen and friends,
His appearance already had made, all wishing defeat to the fox;
And many a choleric word, and many a menace he heard.
But Lynx and Lupardus at length, who kept the arena, brought forth
The sacred mementos, on which now both the contestants made oath,
The wolf and the fox, regarding the matter which each would maintain.

Isengrim swore, with vehement words and threatening looks,
That Reynard a traitor and thief, as well as a murderer, was;
Involved in all kinds of misdeeds; in rape and adultery caught;
In every matter was false; and life against life must be staked.
Then Reynard made oath, at once, in return, that nothing he knew
Of one of these infamous crimes; as ever did Isengrim lie,
And falsely, as usual, swore; but still he would never succeed
In passing his falsehoods for truth, at any rate, now he would not.
As follows the stewards then spake: Let each carry into effect
What now is incumbent on each, and soon will the right be revealed.
The big and the little vacated the ring, these two, by themselves,
Therein to confine. Then quickly to whisper the sheape began:
To what I have told you attend; forget not my counsel to heed.
With cheerfulness, Reynard replied: The good exhortation you gave,
More valorous makes me to feel. Rest easy, for now I shall not
The tricks or the boldness forget, by which I have managed to come
From many a peril more dire, into which I have often been thrown,
When I this and that have acquired, for which nothing yet has been paid.

And boldly my life has been risked. At present then why should I not
Come forward the scoundrel to meet? I certainly hope to disgrace
Both him and his genus entire, and honour to bring upon mine.
I him will serve out for his lies. At this, they were both of them left
Together inside of the ring, and the others looked eagerly on.

Isengrim wild and ferocious appeared; extending his claws,
Thenceforward he came with forcible springs and jaws open wide.
But Reynard, more active than he, sprang off from his furious foe,
And quickly his rough, shaggy tail with his aqua fortis he soaked,
And whisked it about in the dust, in order to fill it with sand.
Now, Isengrim thought, he is mine; in a moment the miscreant struck
Him over the eyes with his tail, when vanished both hearing and sight.
This trick was an old one of his; already had many poor chaps
Given the virulent strength of his aqua fortis a test.
He had blinded so Isengrim's cubs, as in the beginning was told,
And now he their father would mark. When he his antagonist's eyes
Had lathered like this with the stuff, he sprang away sideways and put

Himself in the wind, then beat up the sand, and much of the dust
Drove into the eyes of the wolf, who, by whisking and rubbing it in
In his haste, did the worst he could do, and greatly augmented his pain.
On the other hand Reynard contrived, with acumen, his tail to employ;
He struck his opponent anew, and rendered him thoroughly blind.
It wretchedly went with the wolf, for care took the fox to improve
The advantage he thus had obtained; and, soon as he came to observe
The bedewed, smarting eyes of his foe, he began, with impetuous bounds,
To assail him with powerful blows, and bring into vigorous play
His nails as well as his teeth, and ever his eyes to anoint.
Half crazed, the wolf scrambled about; then him to make game of began
Reynard more boldly, and said: Sir Wolf, you have oft, in the past,
Choked many an innocent lamb; and also, in course of your life,
Gulped many immaculate beasts; I hope they'll be able, henceforth,
The blessings of rest to enjoy; and that you may, in any event,
Be willing to leave them in peace, and take benediction for pay.
A penance like this will be good for your soul, and strikingly so,
If calmly your end you await. This time, rest assured, you will not

From me in escaping succeed; appease me you must
with your prayers;
Then mercy extend you I will, and see that your life
is preserved.

Hastily Reynard said this, and had his opponent, mean-
while,
Steadfastly seized by the throat, expecting him thus to
subdue;
But Isengrim, stronger than he, then savagely roused
himself up,
And tore himself suddenly free. Now Reynard laid
hold of his face,
Inflicted a terrible wound, and one of his eyes he con-
trived
Adroitly to pluck from his head; and blood ran below
from his nose.
Reynard cried out: This pleases me well! This means
my success!
The wolf to lose courage began; his blood and the loss
of his eye
Him out of his mind nearly drove; forgetting his pain
and his wounds,
Directly on Reynard he sprang, and forced him below
to the earth.
The fox now began to feel ill, and little his wisdom availed,
For one of his foremost paws, which he had made use
of as hands,
Isengrim hurriedly seized, and held with his teeth like
a vice.
In pain Reynard lay on the ground, and fear, at that
instant, he felt
Of losing entirely his hand; and a thousand ideas con-
ceived.
Then Isengrim bellowed these words, in a deep and
sepulchral voice:

Your hour, you thief, has arrived! Surrender you now
on the spot,
Or else you dead I will strike, for all of your fraudulent
deeds.
My debt to you now I will pay; to you little help has
it been,
The dust to stir up, your bladder to drain, your hide
to have shaved,
And body with grease to besmear. Woe to you now!
you have done
Such evil to me with your lies, and ruined the sight of
my eye;
But now you shall not get away; surrender, or else I
will bite.

Thought Reynard at this: I am now in a fix, and what
can I do?
If give I not in, he puts me to death; and if I give in,
Dishonour for ever is mine. This punishment well I
deserve,
For him I too badly have used, too grossly offensive
have been.
And then honied phrases he tried, in order his foe to
appease.
Dear uncle, to him he remarked, I shall, with much
pleasure, become
One of your vassals at once, with everything I possess;
And gladly will go as a pilgrim for you to the sacred
tomb,
To the Holy Land, into every church, and bring you
therefrom
Indulgences plentiful back. The same will undoubt-
edly tend
To the profit and good of your soul; and over enough
shall be left

For both of your parents, as well, that in life everlasting they may
This benefit also enjoy; who does such assistance not need?
I honour you much as the Pope; and now, by the gods, do I swear
A sacred, inviolate oath, that from now to futurity's end,
I will, with the whole of my kin, be ever in bondage to you.
Without intermission we all at your service will be. This I swear!
What I to the king would not grant, is now freely offered to you.
If you my proposal accept, one day shall the kingdom be yours.
Then all I am able to catch will I order to you to be brought, —
Geese and ducks and poultry and fish, — ere I the least part
Of any such food shall consume; to you and your children and wife
Shall the pick of it always be left. I will, in addition, with zeal,
Take care that your life is made safe, no evil shall ever you touch.
I crafty am called, and you have the strength, so together we can
Great deeds, I imagine, perform. If each by the other we stand,
The one with his might, the other with skill, who can us subdue?
If one with the other we fight, it only vexation will bring.
This thing I should never have done, if I but a decent excuse

Had known for refusing to fight; you challenged, however, and I
Had nothing to do but accept, if only in honour's behalf.
But courtly myself I have borne, and, during the course of the strife,
Not all of my strength have displayed; for seemed it to me that it must
To honour most fully redound, my uncle forbearance to show.
If hatred to you I had borne, it otherwise with you had gone.
Slight are the wounds you've received; and if, by unlucky mischance,
The use of your eye is impaired, for that I am heartily grieved.
The best of the matter is this: that I a restorative know,
And if it to you I impart, then thankful to me you will feel.
Though even your eye should be gone, yet well if you otherwise get,
That always a comfort will be; for, when you lie down to your sleep,
One window alone you must close, while we shall have double the care.
In order your anger to calm, my relatives all, straight away,
Themselves shall before you prostrate; my wife and my children, as well,
In the presence, at once, of the king, and in this assemblage's sight,
Shall make intercession for me, and beg that you will me forgive,
And let me depart with my life. I then will in public avow

That I have been telling untruths, and done you much
harm with my lies,
Deceiving you all that I could. And further I promise
to swear,
That of you nothing evil I know, and will, from the
present time on,
Not injure you, even in thought. Now, how could
you ever demand
Any greater atonement from me than what I am ready
to make?
If you put me to death, what get you by that? There
will always remain
My friends and relations to fear; and then, beyond
this, bear in mind
That, should you me spare, you will quit, with glory
and honour, the field,
And to all will seem noble and wise; for higher is
capable none
Himself to exalt, than when he forgives. A chance
such as this
Will not again soon to you come. Take it up! For
the rest, it is now
The same altogether to me, whether I am to live or
to die.

Hypocrite! answered the wolf, what pleasure to you
it would be,
If I should again set you free; but of gold if the world
were composed,
And it you should offer to me, now in the hour of
your need,
I would not again let you go. Thus oft you have
taken vain oaths,
Lying rascal, to me! In truth, not the shell of an
egg should I get,

If I were to part with you now. Your kinsmen not
much do I reck;
I am ready for all they can do, and think it quite
proper that I
Their enmity thus should acquire. Malevolent rascal,
how would
You not scoff, if you I let go on these protestations
you make.
Who you did not know would be duped. You say
you have spared me to-day,
You scurvy, detestable thief! And is there not one
of my eyes
Now hanging far out of my head? You wretch, have
you also my skin
Not damaged in places a score? The chance should
I ever have had
Again to recover my breath, if you the advantage had
gained?
Most stupidly would it be done if I, for this scandal
and shame,
To you grace and pity now showed. You traitor, on
me and my wife
You harm and dishonour have brought, and now you
shall pay with your life.

As the wolf was addressing the fox, in some way the
rascal contrived
His paw that was free to ingraft between his antago-
nist's thighs,
And clutch his most sensitive parts, inhumanly rend-
ing him there.
But of this nothing more will I say, except that the
wolf now began
In a pitiful manner to cry and to howl, with his
mouth open wide.

Reynard now swiftly withdrew his paw from the close
pinching teeth;
With both he held on to the wolf, with ever more
tightening grasp,
And pinched and grappled and pulled, till cried the
poor fellow so hard,
That blood he began to throw up. His pain was so
great that the sweat,
All over his body, broke out, and terror now loosened
his bowels.
The fox was delighted at this; and, hoping the contest
to win,
Held on to him now with hands and with teeth, till
such awful distress,
Such torture, came over the wolf, that he gave himself
over as lost.
The blood from his eye ran over his head, and he fell
in a swoon
To the ground. The fox, at this moment, would not
an abundance of gold,
For a sight such as this, have exchanged; and thus he
continued to hold,
To drag, and to worry the wolf, that all might behold
his distress;
He pulled, he pinched, and he bit, and clawed the poor
impotent brute,
Till he with convulsions was seized, and in his own
filth and the dust,
He rolled with unearthly howls, in a truly unmannerly
way.

His friends now lamented aloud, and proceeded the
king to entreat
The combat to bring to an end, if so it should please
him to do.

The king thus replied to their prayer: So soon as you all are agreed,
And it pleases you all that so it shall be, then I am content.

The king then gave a command to the keepers both of the ring,
Lupardus and Lynx, that they now to the two belligerents go.
So within the arena they went, and to Reynard, the victor, they said
That now it had gone far enough, and the king had expressed a desire
The combat himself to assume, and the quarrel see brought to an end.
He wishes that you, they went on, your opponent surrender to him,
And now, to your overcome foe, be willing his life to accord.
For if in this duel should one, by act of the other, be killed,
Harm would on both sides be done. The advantage you certainly have!
All, little and big, have it seen, and all the best men of the state
Accord you support and applause. For ever you've won them as friends.

Reynard, with feeling, then said: For this I shall thankful be found!
With pleasure I follow the will of the king, and that which is fit
I gladly shall do; I have conquered, and no greater honour than that
Can wish to achieve. But one thing I hope the king will permit:

That counsel I take with my friends. Then shouted aloud all the friends
Of Reynard, each one: It seems to us good with the wish of the king,
At once, to comply; and running they came to the victor in crowds;
His relatives all, the badger, the otter, the beaver, the ape.
Now too could be classed the marten and weasel as friends of the fox,
The ermine and squirrel as well, and many who bore him ill-will,
And would not have uttered his name; they all of them ran to him now.
There also appearance put in, those who had charged him with crime,
As if now relations they were; with wives and with children they came,
The big and the small and between, and even their infants in arms.
They fondled and flattered him all, as if not enough could they do.

It ever goes thus in the world. The fortunate always are wished
Enjoyment of lasting good health, and friends in abundance they find;
But he whom misfortune assails, in patience his soul must possess.
Just so did it here come to pass; and, next to the victor, was each
Himself fully ready to puff. Some played on the flute and trombone;
While others were singing with joy, or beating, at intervals, drums.

Said Reynard's adherents to him: Rejoice, in that you
have, to-day,
Exalted yourself and your race, by what you have done
in the ring;
Excessively troubled we felt, when it looked as if you
had succumbed:
But the aspect was speedily changed, and splendidly
played was the piece.
Reynard remarked: I have won! and tendered his
thanks to his friends.
At this their departure they took, with plenty of bustle
and noise,
And Reynard in front of them all, by both the ring
stewards upheld,
Until they arrived at the throne, where Reynard fell
down on his knees.
The king bade him get on his feet, and said, before all
of his lords:
The day you have saved in good style; with glory and
honour have you
This matter conducted all through, for which I acquit
you of guilt;
All penalties now are revoked, and about it I fully intend,
In my council of nobles, to speak, on the very first day
that again
Isengrim's health is restored; the matter is closed for
to-day.

Your advice, most gracious of lords, Reynard discreetly
replied,
Is good into practice to put; your knowledge is best
in the case.
When hither I came, so many complained; they lied
to the wolf,
My resolute foe to oblige, who thought he would me
overthrow,

And got me well-nigh in his power; then also the others cried out:
To the cross! and joined in complaint, in order to compass my death;
And all to be pleasing to him, for clearly it was to be seen,
That with you he stood better than I; and none had the slightest idea
Of how it would end; nor where, peradventure, the truth might reside.
To yon dogs I compare them, indeed, the which in great numbers were wont
In front of the kitchen to stand, in hope that the good-natured cook
Them would remember, perchance, with one or two bones now and then.
These wide-awake, open-mouthed dogs now one of their fellows observed,
Who managed to steal from the cook a portion of meat that was boiled,
And, haplessly, got not away sufficiently fast from the place;
For the cook, coming on him behind, hot water upon him had thrown,
And badly had scalded his tail. Yet let he his booty not fall,
But mingled himself with the rest, who one to another remarked:
Just notice how him does the cook, above all the others, befriend;
And see what a precious tid-bit he him gave! And then he replied:
You little the bearings perceive; you praise and commend me in front,
Where possibly pleasure you get, by feasting your eyes on the meat;

But look at me now from behind; and, if you me happy account,
You soon your opinion will change. They fully examined him then,
And found him so terribly burned, that fast coming out was his hair,
And shrivelled was all of his skin. With terror they all were now seized,
And went to the kitchen no more, but bolted and left him alone.
My lord, it's the greedy I'm aiming at here; while mighty they are,
Quite ready and willing are all, to have them as comrades and friends.
All hours of the day they are bearing off meat in their mouths.
Who does not conform to their ways, will for it to suffer be made.
Our praise they must always receive, how badly soever they act,
And thus we encourage their criminal deeds. In this way does each
Who does not reflect on his end. Such fellows, however, become
Very frequently punished, indeed, and their power has a sorrowful end.
No one will bear with them more; and thus, to the right and the left,
Falls off from their bodies the hair. Their friends of the former days,
Both little and big, recede from them now, and naked them leave,
As did in a body the dogs, at once their companion forsake,
When they had his injury seen, and noticed his badly used half.

Gracious lord, you know very well that none can of
Reynard so talk.
For me shall my friends never have any reason what-
ever to blush.
Accept for your favour my thanks, and if but I could,
at all times,
Learn with precision your will, I gladly would bring it
to pass.

Much talking will do us no good, responded to Reynard
the king;
To all I attention have paid, and know very well what
you mean.
You now as a baron I'll have in council again as before,
And make it a duty of yours, at every season and
hour,
With my privy council to meet. And thus I restore
you again
Completely to honour and power, and this you will
merit, I hope.
Help all to be done for the best! I cannot you spare
from the court.
And if you take care to combine uprightness with
wisdom, I trow
That none will you ever surpass, or with greater
acumen and skill,
Advice and contrivances plan. I will, in the future,
complaints
Not hear about you any more; and ever shall you, in
my stead,
As chancellor speak and perform; the seal of the
empire, as well,
Committed shall be to your hands, and what you may
do or indite,
Shall remain as indited and done. Thus fairly has
Reynard again

Himself into favour propelled, and everything has to be done
In accord with his counsel and will, be it either for evil or good.

In thanking the king, Reynard said: My noble commander and prince,
You grant to me honour too great, in mind I shall ever it bear,
As I hope understanding to keep. That clearly by you shall be seen.

What happened meanwhile to the wolf, let us briefly endeavour to find.
Defeated he lay in the ring, and treated with insult and shame;
His wife and his friends to him went, as also did Tybert the cat,
And Bruin the bear, and children and servants and all of his kin;
With manifestions of grief, their friend on a stretcher they laid —
Which they had well padded with hay, in order to furnish him warmth —
And carried him out of the ring. His wounds being seen to, they found
That he twenty-six had received. A number of surgeons arrived,
Who bandaged him up out of hand, and administered curative drugs.
He was crippled in every limb. They likewise applied to his ear
A salve made of herbs, and loudly he sneezed both before and behind.
They, after consulting, resolved to bathe him and rub him with oil.

Such was the way that the wolf was cheered by his sorrowing friends;
They carefully put him to bed, and he slept, though not very long,
But woke in confusion and grief; his shame and the pain of his wounds
Him greatly upset; he lamented aloud and seemed in despair.
Him tenderly Greedimund nursed, though bearing a sorrowful heart,
As she of his injuries thought. With manifold spasms and pains,
There stood she and pitied herself, as also her children and friends;
Then looked at the suffering man, and thought he could never get well;
He was raving with pain, his anguish was great, the sequel was sad.

But Reynard, half crazy with joy, an agreeable gossip enjoyed,
On various things, with his friends; he heard his own praises resound,
And went in high feather from there. The gracious and worshipful king
Sent with him an escort along, and heartily said, as he left:
Come back again soon! The fox on the ground then knelt at the throne,
And said: I give you my cordial thanks, and also my lady the queen,
Your council, and all of the lords. My sovereign master, may God
Many honours in store for you keep, and what it may be you desire

I gladly shall do; I love you indeed, as in duty I'm bound.
At present, if you will permit, I purpose to go to my home,
My wife and dear children to see, who are sadly awaiting me there.

Go at once, responded the king, you further have nothing to fear.
And Reynard thus took himself off, raised higher in favour than all.
Great numbers there are of his kind, who practise the very same art;
Red beards do not all of them wear, but still are they kept out of sight.

Proudly now Reynard withdrew, with all of his race, from the court,
With forty relations, who felt much pleased at the honour received.
Reynard stepped forth like a lord, the others all marching behind.
He seemed in good spirits just then, his brush had much broader become,
He had, by his luck and success, found favour again with the king,
Was now in the council once more, and thought how to put it to use.
All those whom I love, it shall aid, and benefit all of my friends,
He resolved; more highly is wisdom, by far, to be honoured than gold.

Thus Reynard betook himself off, attended by all of his friends,
Toward Malepartus his fort, whither now he directed his steps.

Himself he showed thankful to all who friendship to
him had displayed,
And who, at the moment of doubt, had rallied them-
selves to his side.
He offered his services now in return, as they parted
and went,
Each one of them all, to his own; and he, when he
came to his home,
Found his wife, Dame Ermelyn, well; she joyfully
welcomed him back,
About his vexations inquired, and how he again had
escaped.
All right, Reynard said, I came off! Once more have
I managed myself
Into favour to raise with the king; I shall, as in
seasons gone by,
In council again have my place, and this, for the whole
of our race,
Will to honour and glory redound. He has, as prime
minister, me
Appointed in presence of all, and to me has entrusted
his seal.
All Reynard may do or may write, shall now and for
ever remain
Exactly as written and done, and well may all bear
this in mind.

A lesson I've taught to the wolf, and not many minutes
it took,
So he will impeach me no more. Sore wounded and
blinded he is;
And dishonoured, the whole of his race; my mark I
upon him have left.
Small use after this will he be to the world. Together
we fought,

And I have come out on the top. I think he will hardly again
Recover his health. What care I for that? Above him I am,
And all of his comrades as well, who with him have taken their stand.

His wife was now greatly rejoiced; more resolute also became
Both of his two little boys, at their father's promotion and fame.
With joy to each other they said: Delectable days we shall have,
Respected and honoured by all; meanwhile we must do what we can,
Our citadel's strength to increase, and cheerful and fearless to live.

High honour has Reynard just now! And now unto wisdom let each
Himself at once turn, all evil avoid, and virtue esteem!
This is the sense of the song, in which has the poet seen fit
To mingle both fable and fact, that evil from good one may learn
To winnow, and wisdom may prize; that buyers likewise of this book
May daily instruction receive in the ways and affairs of the world.
As in the beginning it was, is now and will ever remain.
And thus doth our narrative end of Reynard the fox and his ways,
The Lord in his mercy us help to glory eternal! AMEN.

THE END.

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